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Mission Life Among the Zulu-Kafirs

Anne MacKenzie

MISSION LIFE

AMONG THE ZULU-KAFIRS.

A Memoir of Henrietta,

WIFE OF

THE REV. R. ROBERTSON,

S.P.G. MISSIONARY,

COMPILED FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS

WRITTEN TO

THE LATE BISHOP MACKENZIE AND HIS SISTERS.

EDITED BY ANNE MACKENZIE.

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PREFACE.

It is with no small pleasure that the Editor of this Memoir finds that a Second Edition is called for, and she hopes, in many ways, it will be an improvement on the first. Additional matter has been added, to bring the history of the Mission down to the present time. The letters were written amid daily distractions, with no idea of their being seen beyond the small circle of friends who were interested in Mr. and Mrs. Robertson's work among the natives, first in Natal, and then in Zululand.

These letters, the Editor is glad to think, have given to many a more real idea of what a Missionary's life is among the heathen, both in its joys and difficulties, than they had before, and she would hope that every true picture of the needs of those who "still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death," may do something towards breaking down the indifference which so largely prevails on the subject of Missionary work.

During the ten years which have passed since the first edition of this book appeared, a much larger number of friends have become acquainted with Zululand. The Editor has had the opportunity

of making known its history and its wants in the Monthly Missionary Magazine, "THE NET."* Considerable sums of money have been entrusted for it to her care, the expenditure of which, in its turn, involves more and more responsibility. Beyond a small endowment for the Bishopric, the maintenance of the work there depends upon the offerings month by month collected, and acknowledged on the cover of "THE NET." God, in His goodness, has largely blessed her efforts, and she trusts while time and strength are granted to her, to be able to do yet more to strengthen the hands of those who have given their lives to do Him service amongst the heathen.

Woodfield, Havant, Trinity, 1875.

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MISSION LIFE AMONG THE ZULU KAFIRS.

CHAPTER I.

1854—1855.

THE attention of the English Church has been more and more directed towards Missionary effort during the last few years, and this Memoir is put forward as a sample of a quiet hard-working missionary life, in the belief that it will help to show both what the labour is, and how it may be performed in a spirit of true love and self-devotion. It will be told chiefly by leaving the letters of those who were engaged in the work to speak for themselves, except when they have clearly needed explanations and elucidations, such as I, from having been an eye-witness of some portion of it, am able to give.

A widow lady, Mrs. Woodrow, who had long been working in England in a truly missionary spirit, was led to embark for Natal at the close of the year 1853, in the hope that her frail health might improve in a warmer climate, and so enable her to work more effectually than at home. It was at this time that Natal had been formed

into a Diocese, Bishop Colenso having been appointed the first Bishop. He placed her in charge of the Church Orphanage at Pieter Maritzburg, and there she continued until her marriage two years later, to the Rev. Robert Robertson, who had been recently sent to Natal by the Bishop of Capetown, and who was then the only Missionary clergyman to the Zulus in the Colony. They at once went to Durban, and of her life she thus wrote to a friend in England:—

"You will know of my marriage to Mr. Robertson, at present the only real Kafir missionary. He has so mastered the language, that he is gaining great influence with the natives, and we trust with God's blessing the Church may take root amongst them. We have much to cheer us, although we are often inclined to say, 'What are we amongst so many?' But the very existence of the Church here is acting as a testimony throughout the land. Kafirs, even those who have never heard the sound of the Gospel, do no work on the Sunday, because the white man rests. The light seems not to shine in vain. On Sunday Mr. Robertson was returning from his distant parish to his Kafir services in town, and called at the kraal of the chief of the Kafir police. He was out, but Mr. Robertson introduced himself to his people as a missionary from the Bishop, and invited them to his Church and school, and stayed some time, telling them of the kingdom of God. Then leaving his invitation to Ututa their chief, and begging them to tell him all they had heard from him, he went on.

"Early next morning, when we were going to breakfast, Ututa came with two of his men, thanking Mr. Robertson for his visit, and telling him that he

not only wished the police to be under his care, but begged Mr. Robertson to come to his own kraal in the country, to teach his wives and children. This was just the opening we had longed for—to have it in our power to teach them in their own homes; and Ututa's kraal is within an easy ride through the most lovely country, quite putting it within the power of us all to visit them. So Mr. Robertson arranged to hold a Service there every Saturday afternoon. We had already in one of our rides, without knowing who they were, made friends with some of their little boys who were cracking whips in the road to make echoes from the neighbouring precipices, and with an aged woman of the tribe, who gave us water to drink, and gathered flowers for us by the river.

"We are all working in our Kafir School every night. The people are taught reading, writing, singing and chanting, concluding with direct religious instruction and catechising and prayers.

"I think you know that two of our Kafirs were baptized last Easter Eve; they have been living in our service ever since. We have great cause hitherto for thankfulness in their steadiness in their religion, and faithfulness in their service to us.

"I like to tell you of these things, dear Madam, because you care for our work, and these are the few bright gleams we have to cheer us amidst much anxious working. We are *so few*. Mr. Robertson has it very much at heart to devote himself solely to the heathen, but at present, besides holding two services on Sunday for the Kafirs here, he has to ride altogether thirty miles to conduct an English Service and school in a neighbouring village, which is very exhausting in this climate."

It was shortly before this time that I made acquaintance with her when I went to Natal

with my brother, then Archdeacon—afterwards Bishop Mackenzie.

I had read many of her letters, and looked forward to being introduced to her, with more pleasure than to any one in the Colony. My first visit was paid to her. She came into the room with a little black baby in her arms, which she laid on my lap, telling me it was her youngest charge, the child of her two servants, Abraham, or, as he was always called, "Boy," and Mary, who were both Christians.

I had not then the love for the coloured people, which after-intercourse is sure to bring, and the thick lips and large nostrils of the little Harry (as he was afterwards christened), were not prepossessing; but it was impossible not to be touched with the sight of this little infant, on whose brow the cross was soon to be marked, when he should be washed in the water of baptism, and brought up as a Christian English child, for his parents said he was to be the Lady's boy.

This name, *the Lady*, was one we delighted to give her; and it seemed peculiarly her own, for any one might have envied the marvellous power by which she would make the poorest and most scantily furnished hut look more than habitable. When I first saw her, I wondered how she had strength for all she did, her look gave such an impression of delicacy and weak health.

She was tall and fair; her shoulders were narrow, and the length of her neck added to her apparent height. Her face was very pale, and she wore her flaxen hair in long loose curls.

She spoke very slowly, but in spite of her evident weakness, one could perceive in her a

strength of will and purpose, which enabled her to bear up, when most others would have lain down unable to do anything; indeed she never gave way.

The very small cottage of three rooms in which she and Mr. Robertson lived, exemplified what I have said of her magical power. No one could have recognised it as the same house before they took possession and after they left it.

The following letter, written by myself to a friend, gives a description of some of her difficulties.

"*November* 15, 1855. The other night when Mrs. Robertson went home she found her sitting-room full of flying ants. They have very large wings, and flabby bodies, a dirty soft white colour. They swarmed on the carpet, got into her eyes, ears, neck, and she was alone, Mr. Robertson and all the Kafirs being at school. In flapping them off she put out the candle, and could find no matches. When Mr. Robertson came home, he said they were the same as those I have described before, which make large heaps, bigger than molehills, on the floor, and that the walls are full of them. He found a hole in the fireplace of the next room where they had made their exit, so he desired the Kafir boy to light a fire, and shut himself in the room. He did so, and came back shortly after, smacking his lips, and saying he had roasted and eaten them all, that they were 'bagna muthly,' *very fine*."

And on December 1st I wrote:

"Mrs. Robertson is still often plagued with dense swarms of flying ants in her room, which are followed by eight or ten toads, hopping about and eating them."

In another letter, written before her marriage, Mrs. Robertson gives encouragement to those who remember the needs of others who are labouring among the heathen, to whom gifts of clothing and of pictures are invaluable.

"Now I must tell you about our missionary doings. 'Boy' takes great interest in the coloured illustrations of Scripture, which Mr. Rose gave to the mission. Through little Georgie, as my interpreter, he now thoroughly knows them; and I have learned enough Kafir to teach them to his wife. Our pictures are become so well known, from first one coming to the house and then another, that Kafirs arriving out of the country come to 'see the Missus's pictures, and learn about Jesus Christ.' The more one knows of the Kafirs, the more one gets interested in them. You *must* value them. There seems to be an increasing earnestness among them to learn, and they beg for schools. One day 'Boy' came in, 'Missus, Boy is very frightened; more Kafirs come to know about Jesus Christ.' This tone of *deprecation* was used because I had told him that my children must not be neglected, and that I cannot teach the Kafirs in their lesson time. The Kafirs about here all know me now, and I might have my room filled with them—some of them knowing *something* about Christianity, but imperfectly, and earnest to know more.

"Pray tell Mr. Rose how much his pictures are valued here. I always tell them, 'A good man in England gave them to the Bishop to show to the Kafirs,' and this very much pleases them. The pictures of the sufferings and crucifixion of our blessed Lord cut them to the heart. They turn away at the sight of them, so that it is quite a relief to show them the Ascension, just as one turns to Easter Sunday from Good Friday. Their questions,

indeed, show both feeling and intelligence; and it is very often ten at night before they leave me, grieved that I do not know more of their language, humbled by their earnestness. Often, when their eager faces are around me, I think of the disgust expressed by some in England at the thought of teaching coloured people, and I wish that I could only bring these simple-minded, earnest, *noble* people so lovingly before them, that they might love them as we do. They come to me of all ages, men and women, some old men from the country, with their *rings* upon their heads, and wrapped in their house-blankets. Then they sit down upon the kitchen-floor, our 'Boy' telling them in his earnest way about Jesus Christ. These I cannot speak to; but I manage to let them know that I care for them, and 'Boy' says they go away with 'tears in their hearts.'

"One evening four Kafir women came, and it was touching to see how they appreciated the picture of the 'little children coming to Jesus.' With their infants in their arms, they told each other that *they* might come to Him.

"It is a good feature in the character of the Kafirs, that, when they know anything of the truth themselves, they always wish their relations to know it. 'Boy' has a noble, warrior-like brother, who he is anxious should love 'the Book.' He is employed as a waggoner, and whenever he comes to town, we are sure to see his fine face at our window, where he stands to look at the pictures."

The Robertsons' household, at this time, consisted of a Hottentot woman called Mam, and her three children, John, William, and Alice; the father was also a Hottentot, a wagon-driver, called Adam, seldom at home; Kumgani, a groom, who had been baptized by the name of Benjamin, and two Zulu refugee

girls, who did all the work in the house and kitchen.

These two young women came to them perfect savages, unclothed, with only a blanket between them, but under Mrs. Robertson's kind and wise training they soon became very useful. At first they were sad and moped, saying they had only left their own country, in Zululand, because they were afraid of being speared. When Mr. Robertson spoke to them of their blessings in having friends to teach them, they said they had friends at home, and when he spoke of their clothes which they now wore, they said it was pleasanter to be without them, as they had more air about them. One of the first things that seemed to give them real pleasure was to hear the concertina played. They were entranced, and said, "We had nearly died without hearing that." They were apprenticed to Mr. Robertson for three years by the magistrate, it being a law in the colony, that all natives who fled from Zululand and took refuge in Natal, should be assigned to some white master, who should be bound to pay them fixed wages, and treat them with justice.

Those were fortunate who were given to the Robertsons.

Another of their servants was called Josanna. He was a short time in our service, but we could make nothing of him, he was so fat and lazy, so he returned to his first friends, who never lost faith, patience, or hope with any one. He was baptized by my brother and Mr. Robertson on the Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, which day I have ever since associated with him.

We had some discussion as to what name to

give him, as we all disliked the Jacks, Toms, and Jonases, which the Kafir servants generally adopt, and the Scripture names of Benjamin, Joseph, Abraham, &c., which the Wesleyan Kafirs prefer. *I* wanted him to be called Inhlalifa, which means *Inheritor*, alluding to his becoming an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, but the word signifies literally, one that eats by death, and as our friend Josanna had a prodigious appetite, Mr. Robertson objected to what others might make game of, so he was named Usajabula, *one that rejoices.*

His Baptism was a very interesting ceremony, and the Kafir manner of kneeling, being rather prostration—touching the ground with the face—added to the solemnity of the scene.

He was accompanied by Benjamin, as his witness, when he took his baptismal vows. He had then been under teaching for two years, and he told Mr. Robertson that he had often prayed that he might be baptized, but had been afraid to ask it. Mrs. Robertson told me she heard him saying his prayers very early in the morning at the kitchen-door.

It was a very happy day to us all, and one I shall never forget, for it was the first Baptism of an adult Kafir, at which my brother assisted and I was present.

CHAPTER II.

1856.

EARLY in 1856, 500 acres of land on the Coast were given by the Natal Government to form a Church Mission Station. It was arranged that it should be conducted by Mr. Robertson, under my brother's superintendence, and there the Robertsons took up their abode in the month of March. It was a very good situation as regards beauty, fertility of soil, and the number of Kafir kraals in the immediate vicinity.

The Mission Station was named Ekufundisweni, which means *a place of teaching*, but as this word is difficult of pronunciation, and as the station is on the river Umlazi, it became much better known as the "*Umlazi Church Mission Station.*"

Mr. Robertson was called *Umfundisi*, a name meaning Teacher, commonly given to all missionaries, but with us it became distinctively his own, so in future I shall often speak of him by his Kafir title.

Of the difficulties thrown in the way of mission work in Africa by the superstitions and customs of the natives, much will be seen in the letters that will appear in this book; yet, perhaps, it may not be amiss to mention a few of them, such as the dreadful curse of polygamy, and the payment of cows by the men for their wives,

the consequence of which is that young girls are virtually the slaves of their nearest male relatives—bought and sold as such.

Again, every misfortune that occurs is believed to be the work of an Umtakati, or evil-doer, and the witch-doctor is at once sent for to *smell out* the offender. In Natal, the life of the unfortunate accused, who has generally nothing to do with the crime imputed to him, is of course protected, but he is made so miserable, his neighbours shunning him, and even the children refusing to associate with his little ones, that he is obliged to leave that part of the country and seek a home elsewhere.

In Zululand things are in a very much worse state, as we shall see in the course of this Memoir.

It was in the beginning of June of this year that my brother and I paid the first of many happy visits together to the Mission Station.

The Archdeacon had been with our friends there several times, and Mr. Robertson with us, but we ladies did not meet till a hut made with poles had been built for me. The last preparation for my comfort when we were seen crossing the river, was made by Mrs. Robertson, who called for a rake, and desired that the floor should be raked smooth, before the mats were laid down.

A still more amusing incident occurred on my brother's first visit. He was to occupy a Kafir hut built expressly for himself, with a high door, but otherwise looking like a gigantic beehive. When it was ready, a day was appointed when he was to come out and take possession of it. It happened to be very rainy, so Mr. Robertson did not expect him. The day before he and Mrs.

Robertson had been pleased with their Christian Kafirs for buying a cow, which they wished to make into sausages and salt, instead of, according to Kafir custom, making a feast, and gorging it at one meal. But great was the lady's horror when the Archdeacon arrived, and she was introducing him to his hut, to find it pre-occupied by the cow hanging there preparatory to being cut up. It was immediately dismissed, but the next morning it was found in the bath, the Kafirs saying there was no other place for it. So the old truth was forced upon her, that there is no unmixed good upon earth, and that if the Kafirs are to eat salted beef instead of devouring a whole cow at once, she must suffer some inconvenience.

Before I arrived she had described the house to me.

"We do so wish to have you here, it is such a pure air and fine country, everything so beautiful, and our house quite bearable, all so much better than I expected. Although there are many finishings-off still to do, you would be quite surprised at Mr. Robertson's many nice arrangements, and he would like to have some of his long Kafir chats with you. The floor of our house is so *springy* that we make the furniture spring as we walk. We have frogs, and ants, and spiders, and mice, but we are daily finding out new ways not to have them. We have coffee-coloured walls and brown-thatched roof. It is a very brown looking house."

The house, at this time, consisted of one room, 30 feet by 14, floored with loose planks, a false step on which produced occasionally a portentous commotion among the tables and chairs at the other end of the room.

It was divided by screens, so as to form a dining-room, drawing-room, and bed-room.

A wide verandah in front served the purpose of a sitting-room.

The Kafirs hailed the arrival of the Missionaries among them, but it took some time before they would accept any of the advantages offered them. They were jealous of the attempts made to civilize and clothe their women, and fancied that if they let their little ones come to school, they would be made Christians by force.

Mrs. Robertson soon afterwards wrote to a friend at home describing the life at the Mission Station.

"We generally pass the afternoon in visiting the different kraals in the neighbourhood, and make many friends in this way, but with children and parents there is as much difference in the tone of different families as in English villages; some are so much more gentle and domestic in their manners than others; the parents and elder sisters tender and gentle with the little ones, who always seem happy and intelligent; and they have home employments and duties binding them to each other. One little girl has charge of the baby, others herd the cattle, the elder ones work in the mealie-garden, which is also the employment of the wives. The fathers work, too, in keeping the huts and fences in repair.

"At one kraal that we visit (a very nice one) the father is a basket-maker; and they make their own cooking utensils of a kind of clay which they burn when moulded, and they are not without taste in form; they also make wooden jars, which they have a way of burning sometimes entirely black, or in patterns, and we often meet them at sunset on our way home, winding up the hills with a water-jar on their heads, a green branch put in it to keep the water from

upsetting; others are coming home chatting and laughing, with the cows they have been herding, and the Kafir cranes are flying high over head, as our home rooks do in the evening. Miss Mackenzie wins the children to pat her horse, which they are much afraid of, and then she gives them little packets of sugar, which they share with the whole family, the father and mother taking pinches of it as eagerly as the children. The children who know us best are fond of riding on our horses, and the Archdeacon accommodates a great many on his. There is one a great friend, a bright looking *good* boy who has attached himself to the Archdeacon, and came home with him one night on his horse, and slept in his room. He is as obedient as a faithful little dog, and watches us with his large wistful eyes to see what we wish him to do. He has almost domesticated himself with us now, and with two more is sleeping in the Archdeacon's hut to-night. They stayed in the room at evening prayers, and when he saw our little ones clasp their hands in standing up to chant, he stood up also and clasped his own. We might have others if their parents could spare them from their work.

"At present we are only able to make friends among the people and gain their confidence. We are often inclined to feel impatient at the little we are really doing, from want of time and other difficulties in the way of distance from the families, which prevent our holding classes with many at once, or their coming to us for daily teaching. And home duties take up so much of a missionary's time in this country from want of good servants and various causes, that we quite wish people at home should be prepared to find we are still *in* the world though we are missionaries, and a very troublesome one we sometimes find it. We are apt to look upon all such trials as interruptions to our work, and not as a discipline in our daily lives, as we do at home. And

the climate itself, although so delightful, makes us more sensitive to annoyances, and tempts us to bear them impatiently. Missionaries would do well to be prepared for this. There is also so much to make our lives happy, that we often think they would be too luxurious if it were not for some such drawbacks in our home comforts."

A very gentle, pleasing looking youth, Uncepai by name, used to come very often to be taught. He sat for hours on the ground at the open door watching us, and seeming pleased when we spoke to him. My brother asked if he would like to be taught. He answered with beaming eyes, "Yes, I like to hear of the narrow road." We asked him how he *had* heard of it; he said, "On Sundays," meaning at Church. Then with earnest solemnity he added, "The way to Satan is a bad way."

These remarks were the fruit of Mr. Robertson's reading and preaching to the whole congregation. Uncepai had received no private teaching from him or any one else, which confirmed us in the hope and belief that those who appeared to be attentive, were really imbibing the truths which Mr. Robertson with so much earnestness endeavoured to deliver.

It was his custom to start on a walk to visit the neighbouring kraals, "raids" we used to call them, when he took with him the few children who attended school, and who wore little dresses. They would enter a hut, and begin to sing hymns and catches, which attracted many to the spot.

The first result was, that some children were allowed to come to school, but only on condition that they were not to be clothed. However,

before a week was over, the children themselves petitioned to be dressed like the others, and no objection was made, nor offence taken.

In September my brother and I went to Maritzburg, and we received the further history of the Mission in the following letter.

"*September* 26th. Uncepai (the young man who spoke to you of the broad and narrow way) paid his daily visit with an older man from his kraal, the father of the boy we hope to have in our school. I showed them the new pictures of Natural History, Trades, &c. Uncepai was delighted and remarked on them to the old man, who grunted and gave the children a push whenever he could not see them. They stayed a long time. Next day they came back, and Umfundisi talked some time with them, and the old man asked if God lived in England.

"On Sunday we had a very good congregation of Kafirs in the afternoon, but the wind was so high the voice could scarcely be heard, and at last Umfundisi was obliged to move them all. They were very orderly considering the numbers present, but we do want a *real* Church. All the young girls on one side begin to chant sweetly, and the men join in the responses in a hearty way, as they did *not* when you were here. It is very beautiful to hear their deep sonorous voices in such a subdued tone. We always go round and chat with them all after the service, and they seem quite to regard dear Umfundisi with loving looks. I am getting great friends with Shilling, the man from whom you bought your assegai, the evening Fingwane guided us into such a Scramble. We spoke to a little group of girls, and I was much struck with one of them who seemed about 11 or 12, and who I fancied was the daughter of the man you thought so handsome. We asked her father's name, but the poor child turned away, and

the rest told us very sorrowfully she had lost her father. The child hid her face and cried bitterly, and I was comforted in seeing the kind way in which Joseph's wife soothed her, and told us about it."

This Joseph was a Christian, and an excellent man, who had been rescued from a slaver when he was a child, and his wife Lydia was a Kafir woman. She was much more civilized than any other on the Station, and I used to admire her neat dress on Sundays, for she was the only one who wore white stockings and shoes.

Mrs. Robertson continues her letter thus:

"*September* 29. 'Boy' and I took the coloured school, while Umfundisi went to the Isipingo to start the Kafir in cutting the right kind of grass for thatching the Church. He found a new road with no bogs or flats, so that we may hope to go to Church through the summer in spite of the rains. 'Boy' was excellent in the school, keeping the children attentive and bright, and in thorough discipline, in such a nice way. If they looked at me during the reading lesson, he asked them if it was the Inkosikazi (the Lady) who was teaching them. Then he made them stand according to their sizes, his own little boy being the smallest. When my class of sewing girls was over, I told Vanisa they might go, so they were all running away, when he called them back, placed them in a row, clasped their hands, and made them sing the Missionary hymn. Joseph's little children, who, when you were here, used *only* to sit at the table, are improved wonderfully. All the children are improved, but in the little ones the difference is more apparent. They seem to have so much more understanding. After dinner we decided on going to Ujojo's, and the other kraals near. We met Ujojo, and I told him how much I wished to have Gitshima.

He said he was afraid to come alone. I proposed that whichever of the little Hottentots went for the milk should bring him, and he seemed really pleased; but when we reached the kraal, the mother told me he was afraid to come, because he had torn his coat, *i.e.*, shirt. I promised him another. If he does not come now, I must manage to go myself for him, and tempt him with a ride. The progress things have been making since I have been ill makes me strong at heart about the work. We went next to see Umandemela, who is a great friend now. He has hurt his foot and is unable to come to work. When we arrived, the whole family were out, herding the cows to keep them from the young mealies which are looking so green in the different Kafir gardens. We saw your friend, the old woman who is Umandemela's grandmother, and quite blind. Umfundisi offered her his arm to help her to come and speak to me. I wished I could have sketched them, such a contrast, and the old woman looked so happy as he guided her. As we were going to the kraal we met one of Ujojo's wives, the oldest one, and she asked me what I was going to do with the flower in my hand. Umfundisi told her we only gathered them, and she laughed in amusement, asking if we were children. Umfundisi told her Who made the flowers, that we thought them very beautiful, and that we thanked Him for them. She did not laugh then, but asked if God made everything, pointing to everything about. Ujojo's youngest child who is still called by your name 'Pretty Baby,' stands alone now, and comes to me on Brownie (Mrs. Robertson's horse), and when it wishes to go back to its mother, does not cry, but only looks at me and holds out its arms to her. Such a sweet little thing.

"*September* 30. Umfundisi took the school this morning, and when I went into the hut, it was such a pretty scene, the pupils were all round him, so

quiet and attentive while he was teaching them *Steps to the Catechism* in Kafir. On the mats three babies were sleeping soundly. We had placed them there, after their clean frocks were put on, and smoothed down, and each baby had a little pillow: they looked so pretty, but Umfundisi had all the benefit of the babies' sleeping, for they all woke up crying for their respective nurses during the sewing class which succeeded the lessons. Alice superintends the girls, teaching them how to use their needles, &c., and her brother William the boys. He and Ungafa worked together, and he threaded the needles.

"This morning your favourite horseshoe hill was the rendezvous of a hunting party of Kafirs with assegais to kill the wild boars which are committing sad ravages in the gardens. The boars are in the woods around. Parties from different kraals assembled, and then they joined in a hunting song which sounded wild and exhilarating across the river.

"When I first came here I wanted you so much to see the spot, because it was beautiful. Now I want you to see how wondrously beautiful it is in all its spring colours: the shadows are deeper and the outlines softer from the increasing foliage, and the colours are brighter and more varying. Before it seemed passive, now it seems to be rejoicing in its own loveliness. At Maritzburg you will see the morning mists clearing away from the hills about you, but here it has been like real dissolving views.

"*October* 2. I have had such a happy morning. I went to Ujojo's kraal, but my friend Gitshima resisted all my coaxing, and after I had him before me on my horse, he kicked and roared so that I could not hold him. His mother said it was the elder boys who had so frightened him with threats of our punishment for spoiling his dress, and that that

made him afraid. The mother gave me 'Pretty Baby,' the sweet little thing. I asked if I might take it home. She said, Yes, if I would bring it back. So Unomuko, Unomkila, and Fingwane, and all the other children came back with me, thirteen in number. The baby rode the whole way, for some time holding the reins and whip, and galloping itself on my knee. Then I took it on my arm to change its position, and it nestled its little woolly head in my neck, and went fast asleep. I felt so grateful to the mother for giving me her baby, and quite proud that she had trusted me."

Bright gleams such as these were the more grateful, as disappointments were experienced in others, to whom much had been done. The three children of the Hottentot family quite lived with, and were supported by, the Robertsons. Old Adams the father, when he was in want and distress, had brought the children to Mr. Robertson, entreating that they and his wife might be cared for, while he pursued his former occupation as wagon-driver; but about this time he took offence at some trifle, and claimed his children, only allowing them to come to school, because Mr. Robertson said if they did not they must leave the mission ground. Having been baptized, and two of them being our godchildren, this would have been very grievous; one, little Alice, was improving very much under Mrs. Robertson's training, and had become quite useful.

Adam had the impudence to say he only let Mr. Robertson have his children because he was a young teacher with no children, and he wanted to encourage him; that Mr. Robertson was a

young mouse with a very short tail, whereas he, Adam, was an old rat with a very long one!

Of the refugee girls Mr. Robertson wrote me the following nice account:

"I gave a Kafir Prayer-book to each of the Zulu girls. One of them, Umasigoza, has been in a hopeful condition for some time; the other, Umadelwazi, the reverse, always persecuting her whenever she made any attempt to learn. Latterly however she has been very different. She takes a delight in learning to read and write, and is surpassing those who have been at their books two years before her,—coming to prayers *without being asked* as hitherto; and I trust and pray that a real change is being gradually wrought in her heart. A few days ago, hearing some one reading aloud in one of the huts, I drew near, and found that it was Umadelwazi reading the Lord's Prayer to a little child. I entered and guided her as to the words, for she was really repeating it by heart. Since then she has frequently given me opportunities of doing the same thing, and has always received it with thankfulness.

"One day, just as I was going to breakfast, a woman came to say that her husband was dying and wished to see me. Of course I went at once. His name was Ululu, and he is the brother of Unomcilo (the lame half-caste girl). He has been long ill, and I have been in the habit of visiting him regularly of late. When I reached the kraal, I found him in a very excited state, his nostrils distended and his cheeks wet with tears. After a time he became quiet, and said to me, 'I am dying, Umfundisi, I know I am, but I wish to be good, and to do according to your words.' He also said that he wished me to convey him to the Mission Station that he might die there; and he pressed me so hard, and begged so anxiously that it might be so, that I consented, and

after having prayed with him, returned home and had a stretcher prepared, and marshalling the school children, 32 in number, we all set out to bring him. It was a melancholy procession, the school children marching silently in front, and his mother and sister crying behind him. His wife was too much overcome to accompany him. We were very gentle with him, resting him under every shady tree, and whenever we did so the children gathered round him, and we sang a hymn or psalm. He always tried to join very earnestly when we sang the round 'Baba wetu si ya tanda si fundiswe,' *Our Father, we wish to be taught.* We reached the Mission in safety. Yesterday and to-day I have spent in instructing him in the nature of the Christian faith and the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, as he was able to bear it, and this evening I had the happiness of entering him by that sacred rite into the fold of the one great Shepherd. God grant that he may indeed end his life according to this beginning, and may his relations soon follow his example."

It pleased me very much to be told that 'Boy,' Benjamin, and Usajabula carried poor Ululu, and the two latter gave up their hut to the sick man. Heathen Kafirs have such a superstitious fear of sick or dying people, that it was only Christians who would have carried in his state, one who was a stranger to them and to their tribe.

On St. Stephen's Day, Mr. Robertson wrote again:

"I have so much to say that I hardly know where to begin. The young man I wrote of who was so ill, is still alive, but his time cannot be long. He is fast going I trust to the happy home.

"Sunday, the 21st, we had a very good congregation of Kafirs, upwards of 200 were present. This

Christmas Day has been a very happy one. We had the best Kafir congregation I have ever seen. There must have been nearly 400 present, and there were eight Baptisms. In the evening the Kafirs had a feast. To-day we gave our school children their feast. Many thanks to you and your brother for kindly helping us in it. There were 52 children present with their parents. Between 11 and 12 o'clock the little darlings began to make their appearance, each with a little bundle of sticks for the fire, which was to cook an ox. After they had nearly all assembled, we sang a hymn together and I addressed them, after which they set out in high spirits to prepare for the feast. Four of the elder girls had the care of the fires. Another party had to draw water, and a third to keep up the supply of fuel. Eight large Kafir pots were provided and placed in a row as the Kafirs place them. The whole ox was put into them, except a small portion, which the married men begged they might have to cut into strips (their favourite way of roasting meat, laying the strips on the embers). The children seemed very happy. It was very pleasant to see eight of them carrying a large pot of mealies and water from my hut to the fire, which was down at the old school-place under the tree. They all got hold of it with their little hands, and with loud cries from their chattering tongues, keeping it just a few inches from the ground, conveyed it to the fire. We were, however, soon helped by the mothers, who began to come in considerable numbers, and who seemed to think that the working department was entirely their own, and that the *Amadoda* (married men) *nezinsizwa* (and the bachelors) had nothing to do with it.

"During the afternoon I had the children occasionally together to sing a song. After the food was cooked, they all assembled in the large verandah, which we have built since you were with us, and the

food was distributed to them kraal by kraal, the children excepted, who formed *my* kraal. The food consisted of meat, porridge, boiled mealies, and a mixture of coffee, treacle, and sugar. There was an abundance of everything, and all seemed very happy. Of course we began by chanting the grace, and after all was eaten, they sang two or three of their national songs. I addressed them again, and after a short service, concluded the whole by singing 'God Save the Queen,' to Mr. Shepstone's Kafir words."

Thus ended the year 1856.

CHAPTER III.

1857—1858.

In the beginning of the year 1857 we paid a long visit of nearly four months to the Robertsons.

My brother was no longer Rector of Durban, and his duties obliged him to be moving from one place to another, whilst I made my home at the Mission Station, where I was joined by my sister from Scotland.

The preparations for her comfort are described in the following letter from Mrs. Robertson to my brother:—

"You would have been rather amused at the appearance your hut had assumed before you could have reached Durban. Everything out of it, the floor dug up, and the girls (the two Zulus) and two Kafirs prepared to make a new one (by smearing it with cowdung and antheap, that is, anthills). The rain coming on, Fea gave me all the Mission Kafirs to work in it, and to fetch the clay from the Umlazi; and in the afternoon it was finished, and I quite laughed at myself for having so much pleasure in the *luxurious* preparation for your sister, and thought she could scarcely be expected to appreciate our labours. If Umfundisi comes home to-night, as you hint is possible, but which he had no intention of doing when he left us, he will find nothing in his hut but a damp floor and a fire on it, but I will manage

somehow. We have got tall reeds from the ground before the window, a sort of grating to break the hens of the habit of coming in, which is preparatory to your more finished invention of the wicker-work."

I do not mention every illness Mrs. Robertson had, her illnesses were so frequent; and the marvel was how, even when confined to her room, she exercised so much influence over all at the Station.

The school continued to increase in numbers, and one week in March nineteen new scholars were added to it, who came from kraals where we had been assured there were only grown people; and the making dresses for the children occupied much of our time when not in school. The afternoon was generally spent in riding over the beautiful country, making friends with the people, and trying to gain more to come for instruction.

The most beautiful lesson in school was the catechising the children by Mr. Robertson, and the daily Bible teachings; the Bible stories illustrated by pictures, being as interesting to them as to any white class at home.

They also sang very sweetly, and were taught to chant a grace before their meals, and Mr. Robertson was told by the parents, that they were sure the children would become believers, as even at home they would not take their food without singing thanks for it.

Our endeavour to make the women wear clothes was also beginning to be crowned with success. Our nearest neighbour Umapinda, the father of Ungafa and Umamkema, had four wives on whom we had often pressed skirts and jackets, but had been always answered with a decided

"Ca, a si tandi," "*No, we don't like.*" But one day Ungafa's mother remarked how good it was to see all the children dressed so nicely alike. We told her we should rejoice to see the women also wear the clothes of white people, and would not she accept them? She said she would, if Umapinda made no objections. Next day he came to the verandah, and told me it was good for women to be dressed on Sundays, but that on other days they must work, and then he told me he had five wives. One of them, however, I discovered was not his wife but his mother, so being an old woman, I let her off with a blanket. The others arrived in good time on Sunday, and one of them when we were dressing her said, she knew they would be oppressed and persecuted at first, as the children had been, but that when people were accustomed to see them, they would wish to be like them. It was very amusing to see the decided tastes they showed in the skirts,—the oldest wife despising a sombre one which we thought suited to her years, and which Ungafa's mother was quite pleased with. The youngest wife had a pretty, sweet, innocent face, and we delighted in putting a pink skirt and white bedgown on her. We thought it very nice to give Umapinda a pink shirt, when his wives were so well got up.

The service on Easter Sunday was most intensely interesting. For the first time I received the Holy Communion with five of the Christian converts, who had been confirmed, and the offertory was devoted to the building of the much wished-for Church, for which we were collecting funds. On this subject Mrs. Robertson wrote to a friend in England:—

"I have not yet asked you to pray for us, to make our work here *specially* a daily prayer. It is a truth one realizes more and more that our work chiefly depends on prayers; it is *spiritual* work we aim at, and I am sure there is something deadening in looking so much to funds. If our friends love us and pray for our work, and our faithfulness in it, everything else will follow. To remember us especially in the daily prayer for "all sorts and conditions of men," and in the "Litany," would help us. Our life here is one of so much care and toil we know little of the calm leisure of English hours; we are labouring in the vineyard all the day, and need the prayers of others."

In the beginning of May my brother and sister and I went to our new home at the Umhlali, a distance of 50 miles from the Umlazi, and constantly received letters from our friends, telling us of the progress of their work:—

"June 1. Our three great boys remain firm. Fingwane is sometimes sent for to work at home, but he gets back as soon as possible. The last time we went to the Isipingo Church they asked to go, and were extremely quiet and orderly. I saw Utshetshingwane looking up so earnestly at Umfundisi when he was reading the Lessons, as if he longed to understand him, and felt it was something holy he was engaged in.

"We have a new girl called Gudu; she is very active and understanding, but wild rather; her white teeth glitter with laughing and excitement in the school, and she is up to any amount of play, if not romping, but at present she is restrained by a word. She is part of the morning in the school doing needlework, and so is Umadelwazi, and all the three girls work in the afternoon, which *tokozas* (rejoices)

our boys particularly as they get their clothes mended; and then Gudu takes the coloured children for a walk. 'Boy' now works with Usajabula at the Church, and gets his meals with us. The rule for our three boys is, to garden after Kafir prayers, until it is time to get their breakfast ready, when they lay their own cloth. We have the mealies for porridge ground over night, so that we have our breakfast out of the way generally before nine, and then they are to bathe whilst we are at English prayers. We cannot get the school assembled much before eleven now. The mothers are all preparing the ground for mealies, and say that for the next month they cannot spare so many of the children, but we generally have between 30 and 40 I *think*. Umfundisi says, 'Yes, the average is 37.' Sometimes we have *all* Umapinda's children at the evening school, but the attendance of the *Amadoda* at the Sunday services is not improving. Umfundisi thinks social causes may account for it, so many marriages are going on, but it is sad. Next Sunday we hope to have our building forward enough for Service, which may help us, as the people have been complaining of cold in our present Church.

"To-day we had a meeting of the *Amadoda* in the *immediate* neighbourhood to have an *indaba* (talk) about cultivating their land; they had coffee, a cup each, and sweet potatoes, and just enough slices of meat for *them* to consider, I daresay, that they had a slight sandwich luncheon. Umfundisi did it well, working up their interest so thoroughly, all the time telling them how secondary it was to the *Izindaba* (good news) which he came expressly to teach them."

In July of this year my brother paid them a short visit, and was much pleased with the continued improvement in all the people, but especially in the children. Hali had always been

a great pet of ours, and was a very thoughtful boy. With joy we heard that the new girl, Gudu, had asked to be prepared for Baptism, but the next letter from Mr. Robertson will show something of the persecution that is endured by all who show a leaning towards Christianity. It is dated Sept. 7, 1857:—

"We truly rejoice to hear of your work among the Kafirs, and that your love for them increases. May it yet more and more. Mixing as we do with the Kafirs (hearty goodnatured fellows most of them), we are too apt to forget that they are *heathen*, and therefore *not* in a state of salvation. The opposite to this I cannot believe. Recent events have impressed it upon me more than ever. In the heart of every unconverted man, however amiable, there is a spirit of bitter enmity to the Gospel of Christ, and where that exists how can we preach peace to them? Would you believe it that since Gudu made her profession, she has been an object of scorn and derision to almost every heathen here, including (God have mercy upon them) Umasigoza, Fingwane, and Utshetshingwane. We know how vain it is to fight against the truth which must conquer, and it is cheering, though at the same time most sad, to think that young ones like Fingwane think and act thus. It shows us that they *do* think and are capable of being acted upon. Thank God, Ungafa sternly refused to join with them in deriding Gudu, and is in consequence styled by the others '*Isiula*' (Fool).

"With respect to Gudu herself I am happy to say she is 'all right.' Back-goings there have been at times, but by God's mercy ending in confirming her more and more in the faith of Him we love."

She was baptized on the following Easter Eve

by the name of "Christina," and afterwards married to Usajabula.

Being under age, Mr. Robertson had to ask permission of her legal guardian, her uncle, a heathen of reputed violent temper and hatred to Christian teaching. Mrs. Robertson's account was:—

"She was so decidedly a Christian in heart that it was painful not to dare to bring her into the Church of Christ, and Mr. Robertson was thinking that he would go and see her uncle, who lives at a great distance, and had never been within the sound of Christian teaching, when one day he suddenly made his appearance to claim her. I only thought so anxiously about the sadness of her being taken to a heathen home, that I quite lost sight of the opportunity this gave us of doing good to *him*, but directly Mr. Robertson came in that was his first thought. He had a long and interesting talk with him: he is a clever man, superior as a heathen man, and defended heathenism as well as it could be defended, but it all ended in his becoming quite friends with us; and though not willing to come and stay himself, he quite gave this poor girl to us, consenting to her Baptism. This was a matter of the greatest thankfulness, and on Easter Eve Gudu was baptized by the name of Christina. It was a peaceful hopeful day, and was made still more glad by the elder of our Zulu girls, who had long been on the verge of professing herself, coming to Mr. Robertson and saying that she could no longer be happy 'without doing the will of the Lord,' and would he take her as his child, for she would stand quite alone from her friends, and teach her her duty. A few days after this the other made a like profession, and a short time ago they were both baptized by the names of Louisa and Emily. I can scarcely tell you the change that is

apparent in these girls, who from being superstitious wild heathens, are become quiet, Christian young women. They are now my greatest helps in my work. I could scarcely go through my daily duties without them. They are excellent needlewomen, and we have more than thirty depending upon us for help in making their clothes. Christina is my nurse for the little children. She is so modest and earnest in her religious duties, that I quite know if I am too tired to go to my little ones at night, she will not put them in their beds without hearing them say their prayers. From being the most wayward, impulsive girl, she is growing so tractable, and quiet, and watchful over herself, and she quite understands that she must fight the battle unto her life's end."

To another friend Mrs. Robertson speaks of the great interest the little ones specially under her care were. She says :—

"I must introduce you to the three little fellows; they are from three to three-and-a-half years old. One you know as Hali,* who has been under our care since he was an infant, and here he has lived with us as our own little child. He is an affectionate, intelligent boy. He speaks English, and is, I think, as advanced as any English child. He knows from Sunday picture books all the stories of the Old Testament about Adam and Eve; and he points to the picture of them, and says, 'They are crying very much; they were sorry to leave the pretty garden." In his pretty baby way he goes through on Sundays all the histories from this to the life of Moses, and also the lives of the prophets Elijah and Daniel. I must tell you one story out of many that may give

* This was the little fellow whose Baptism is described Page 4. Kafirs cannot pronounce the letter "r," so his name Harry got changed into Hali.

you an idea what a teachable, loveable child he is. One day lately Christina brought him to me when he was dressed, to make him confess he had been very cross in his bath. The next morning he came into my room, looking very bright and animated. 'Hali good boy to-day, Mama, not cross to Christina.' After he had said his prayers, he repeated, as usual, in Kafir, 'Jesus Christ loves little children.' I said, 'Yes, Hali, He loves little children; they ought not to be naughty if He loves them.' He shook his head, and said earnestly, '*Ca.*' (No.) I added, "But Hali was naughty yesterday.' He said, 'Yes, but He loves Hali *very* much.' I said, 'And yet Hali was naughty.' He looked at me, his head a little aside as he does when he is very earnest: 'He *make* Hali bless; He *make* Hali good.' He said this in such an assured and yet half-pleading way, it was so pretty and so hopeful, too, because it was applying the meaning of one of his little prayers to meet the difficulty he was in—'Bless me and make me a good child.'

"Little Billy, our next, is a little orphan boy; he is a very engaging child, more passionate and wilful than Hali, but affectionate and intelligent. He has such an ear for music that you hear him singing the chants and hymns he catches from the daily service in the prettiest way. He is a sweet, loving, bright boy, but he has not at present the comprehension that little Hali has, so that I cannot reason with him on his naughty tempers as I can with Hali; he gets over all by saying, 'Billy not a naughty boy *now*, Billy loves Mama;' and he nestles so closely to make quite sure that 'Mama loves him again,' that you can only end it in his own way. He has delicate health, which we hope he is outgrowing, but it has kept him backwarder.

"Our third is a little *heathen* boy, a most graceful, noble-looking child. He has attached himself to us

from his babyhood; his name is Ujadu. I used to bring him on my pony as a baby asleep, so that his sister who took charge of him might not make that an excuse for staying away from school; and it has been a growing attachment, until at last it has ended in his parents allowing him to remain with us: he has fine sense, is a manly boy, and it is surprising how he adapts himself to our habits, and follows the example of the other children in all his ways, until you would scarcely think he had not grown up with us. Pray for us, dear Mrs. —— that this little lamb may be brought into the true Fold. It is hopeful to see how he yields to teaching: when he first came to stay with us, he was rough, and so spirited that he would always have his own way with the other little ones; but gradually he is becoming quite gentle; and now though he often forgets and knocks them down, or attacks them in some way if they do not give up their playthings to him, he picks them up again, and comforts them, and kisses them, until they are happy again, and then he turns to me, 'Ujadu will not do it again.'

"These little ones are a great interest and care. They are scarcely ever out of my sight or hearing, and I often see the mercy which enables me to do some good in this land with so much of weakness and ill health. I see that the love of these little ones has been given to me; and though for weeks I may not be able to do more than rest in the open air, yet these infants on the lawn are always a charge and interest.

"Mr. Robertson's hands are more than full. We have much to make us thankful, but it is hard to be content while so many around us are living in heathenism. Pray for them and for us, that we may be stronger in faith, hope, and love, and that their hearts may be turned to Him who only can *turn* them to Himself.

"Mr. Robertson desires me to thank you from him for your kindness. 'It is their kindness even more than what they send that helps us,' he says; and indeed it is so, for it is lasting."

While the little band of Christians was increasing in numbers, heathenism with all its superstitious horrors was rampant around the Mission Station. I have already mentioned that all misfortunes are attributed to witchcraft, which is a most heinous crime in the eyes of a Kafir, and under this plea many enormities have been committed and the grossest injustice perpetrated.

About this time a man called Unotshuto lost two wives, and under the belief that some enemy had bewitched him, he determined to leave the place and make a new home elsewhere, if he could not discover who the "Umtakati" (or wizard) was.

The whole neighbourhood took alarm, and a meeting of witch-doctors was called to discover who was the guilty person.

They fixed on a man called Impepu, the father of three of the best and dearest school-children, and quite innocent of the crime imputed to him. Towards sunset all the people went to his kraal, took possession of it, and watched it all night until the doctors came in the morning. They were to look for the "Umuti" (or medicine) by which the poisoning or bewitching was supposed to have been done.

The remainder of this story I will give as Mrs. Robertson told it in one of her letters.

"Umfundisi determined to be present, and he described the appearance of them under their sup-

posed supernatural influence as most awful, but in spite of it they could nowhere find the 'Umuti.' He would not let them get once out of sight to resort to any artifice, and at last one of them said the presence of an Umfundisi was a counter influence. He had until then been only a looker on, but he could no longer keep quiet, and he talked to them so strongly of their wickedness and wicked work, that one of them changed colour, and trembled all over. Another confessed that it (their work) was all a lie. He determined to stay as long as they did, hoping it would end there. Poor Impepu was most grateful, —his wives and children were in great sorrow. At last the witch-doctor decided, without being in the least able to find the place in the floor from which they said it (the 'Umuti') had been dug, that the great snake had told them that his wife had thrown it into the sea. But this did not satisfy even these poor deluded people, who had been many of them horrified at Umfundisi's attack upon their sacred witch-doctors. However it ended that day in the doctors running away to a kraal on the opposite side of the river, shouting 'Mubi Umfundisi, mubi Umfundisi (Bad teacher—bad teacher), until poor Umasigoza (one of the servant girls), who was washing at the river, came up terrified that such people should call him '*Mubi*.' Umfundisi afterwards followed these witch-doctors, and found the people they were with dreadfully distressed that *he* should have been favouring an 'Umtakati.' He stayed until one of the doctors promised to give up the whole thing entirely, and to come here (to the Mission Station) next morning. He did not come, but Umfundisi knows where he lives, and hopes to do him good.

"Poor Impepu was not suffered to rest here. The people all determined to go to some greater doctors at Ututa's kraal. They of course all confirmed the charge against Impepu without coming to search his house.

"I forgot to tell you that the doctor, before leaving Impepu's, demanded a cow of Umapinda, and then of some one else for not accusing them. They refused, and afterwards Umapinda sent over the river to ask them why they had indirectly accused them. They sent word back they had done with the Umlazi, and never wished to see it again. But these doctors at Ututa's not only accused Impepu, but went into detail, and declared that Impepu's son had taken away your horse that evening it was missed (in July, 1856) when you were staying here—that he had ridden the whole night that his footsteps might not be traced, and had gone setting at work his malicious influences on the different kraals he meant to affect.

"After this visit to Ututa's the matter was considered ended, and poor Impepu came early on Friday to take leave of us. Umfundisi said he would not consent to that. If he *had* done all those wicked acts, he must be committed by a magistrate and take his trial, and if not he *should* be cleared and remain. The Amadoda were determined against this, and said they would all leave the neighbourhood if he persisted in such a course. They regarded us with horror for any expression of sympathy with an Umtakati. I am writing this as I can, and now I must tell you to the end; for we have thought of you all so much in it, especially of your sister Alice, who loved Umputungwane (Impepu's little girl) so much.

"It has all been so very sad, so much that is horrible in heathen life has been revealed to us, that Umfundisi had known before but never realized. Can you believe that among this apparently kindly hospitable people the habit of secret poisoning is such a known thing, that the more nearly they are related, the more they dread each other, and that the custom of the host drinking himself or tasting the food himself before he gives it to a guest, is

really necessary to assure him that it is safe to take it;—that the mere wish to have a neighbour's garden, or something that is a brother's, his cows for instance, is temptation enough to resort to poisoning, and then it is visited on a supposed 'Umtakati' through the agency of these witch-doctors?

"I was with Umfundisi when the people came to meet him about it. They strongly resisted the plan of going before a magistrate, and put before Impepu so strongly that he would be sure to be hanged (this was while we were at breakfast), that when we went back poor Impepu said, 'It is true; Umfundisi, I confess it all.' He would rather confess himself a murderer and go away with his children, than run the risk of appearing before a magistrate. I can scarcely tell you how horrible it all was, but Mr. Robertson saw through it all, and how they had frightened Impepu into acquiescence, and he at once spoke severely to him, telling him No, he must not go; he would not connive at murders, and he must be committed at once. The poor man turned to those heartless, unmoveable, snuffing Amadoda, saying, 'You made me say it,' with such a hopeless look, it was more than we could bear. Then the people told Umfundisi he might get out his gun and shoot him there, but they had determined not to let the case come before the court. Mr. Robertson *determined* to go into town to see what could be done, and left them all regarding him with a fear they had never known before. And he thinks he has gained respect, though at present they all stand aloof except Umapinda.

"But to turn from this dark cruel people, who looked as if they would like to shoot me, because I was sorry for the children; let us go from them to the school, and see our dear little Umputungwane, and the rest, shunned by the whole school, as if their touch was poisonous, their eyes red, and their features swollen, so unlike their usual bright faces. You could only weep at the dark state of things which involved these little ones. Umfundisi managed to put them near our own Christian boys in the class, but they seemed more astonished than reassured at our caressing them."

Whilst Impepu remained at the Umlazi all the people in the neighbourhood lived in such fear of the Umtakati keeping their children from school that, after a little while, Mr. Robertson did not discourage him from removing to one of the American Mission Stations. Had all this occurred in Zululand death would have been Impepu's fate, but British rule in Natal protects life, and murder is punished as in England.

We had been hoping for a long time to have the Robertsons as our guests at our home at the Umhlali, and the time for their coming had been fixed more than once, but a long illness, which confined me to my bed for many weeks, had hitherto prevented this. Early in December, however, our friends arrived, bringing with them the two boys Hali and Billy, Christina, Benjamin, Utshetshingwane, my sister's great friend, whom she used to call the Prince of the school, and two or three others who were new friends since we had left the Umlazi.

They had not intended to remain over Christmas with us, one reason being Benjamin and Louisa had been betrothed for some time, and they did not wish to delay the marriage. This difficulty was overcome by our begging that the ceremony might be performed at our home, and that we might have the pleasure of giving the marriage feast, and of entertaining as many of

our old friends as Mr. Robertson would bring back with him; for he was obliged to return himself to the Umlazi on account of his Services at Christmas for both black and white congregations.

They were so kind as to agree to our proposal, and on the last day of the year he returned with a large party, telling us that he could not resist the tears and cries of the many who wished to come. Umapinda's eldest wife was of the party, and she had had the clothes we had given her nicely done up for the visit. We were able to accommodate all the party in the huts of our own people, and in those which we used as school-rooms.

We were very glad of the opportunity which this marriage gave us to collect our own heathen neighbours together, when Mr. Robertson spoke to them with all the advantage his perfect knowledge of their language gave him.

So ends the year 1858.

CHAPTER IV.

1859.

THE 5th of January, 1859, was the day on which Benjamin and Louisa were married, when a large congregation assembled in the Church. The marriage service was choral and in Kafir, and at the Holy Communion which followed, seven of the communicants were coloured. A letter from Mr. Robertson to a sister in Scotland describes the wedding:

"It was very pleasant and very happy that we should all be present at our first wedding (of converts from heathenism), the first wedding in the Church, and the bridegroom, Benjamin, the first convert made by the Church in these lands.

"You will get a particular account of all our doings on that happy day from others who can describe it much better than myself. I will only add that a more holy and respectable wedding than that of Benjamin and Louisa I have never seen; and it gives us strength and happiness to remember that your prayers before the Throne of Grace will be united with ours, that they may go on as they have begun, and be a pattern and example for others to follow. All things work together for good in God's hands, but there is no more powerful instrument for winning souls to Christ than the consistent straightforward lives of His children. But I will not say

more. I am afraid to say much of our own work, lest we should seem to boast of that which in truth is not ours, but His. Ever pray for us, that we may be kept steadfast, and for the work that it may prosper."

To the same sister Mrs. Robertson wrote on the 8th January—

"I think I am not at all the best person to write a descriptive account of the marriage, a less interested person would do it so much better. It was such an unexpected pleasure being all together at the time, for your brother and sisters are *our* best blessings here, and to be with them again is new strength and refreshment. I think we have all the sort of feeling, that we are intended all to work together, though we are so far separated; and then it was a day of such grateful thankfulness, that a blessing had been given to Mr. Robertson's teaching, that these two should be joined in Christian marriage, and that we had such loving sympathy in our joy. Benjamin and Louisa were like two obedient, grateful children, listening to every word of counsel from my husband, in such a humble teachable spirit. Nothing could be more decorous and impressive than the conduct of the Kafir congregation during the service. The Litany was intoned in Kafir, then the Marriage Service, ending with the Holy Communion. The bridesmaids were four in number, namely, Emily, Unomhlali, Usemune, a little girl of your sister's, and Unosidobula, a young girl likely soon to be married herself, a niece of 'Boy's.' It was very pretty to see the party winding along the path among the hills; I think there were seven couples. We followed on our horses, and they came home in the same quiet manner.

"Then we were very busy. Every one had gone to the wedding, so there was no one at home left to

prepare the feast, and there was a whole ox to cook —scarcely any fire. Our kitchen that day was in the open air; a piece of matting tied to posts served as a screen from too great a draught, and here were awaiting us large empty caldrons, that were to contain all the meat, vegetables, and puddings, for at least 40 Kafirs, and 20 white people. We looked at all in dismay, and 'Boy' joining us, said no dinner would be had unless some energetic measures were taken; so he headed a party with buckets to get water from the river, set another party to prepare the vegetables, and others to put the great joints of meat in the caldrons. After the cooking was fairly in operation, we joined the sports, for we all had to take a part in everything; and the running races for prizes, and throwing the assegai, was a very exhilarating scene. It was most amusing to see the gestures of humorous disappointment when the assegai failed in its intended mark and lost the prize; and very pleasing to watch Bafute's eager interest in his young brother Umputuza, who won a knife in running a race, so earnest was he in watching his anticipated success, proudly patting him on the shoulder when he walked off with the prize. These amusements gave ample time for the dinner preparations, and we had then to arrange plates and knives and forks in the long building, decorated with evergreens, and the seven long tables required some ingenuity in making room for so many.

"We placed the Archdeacon at one end, Mr. Robertson at the other. They were supported on each side by some white people, and the Bride and Bridegroom were at the centre of the table, 'Boy' and his wife opposite them, and the remainder of the guests at discretion. We had a great many troubles at this feast which none knew of but ourselves; one great one was, that just as we wished to have the coffee served at the cutting of the wedding cake, we

were told there was no water in the kettles: it had all been used in washing the plates *we would have washed*, they told us reproachfully. No one, however, knew they were waiting for coffee whilst the water was being brought up from the river and boiled. Then, again, in changing the plates for the plum-pudding, I was taking especial care to have a set of forks and spoons carefully washed for the white people, when the Archdeacon, supposing that none had been thought of, made a sortie into the real kitchen, and possessed himself of some not very nicely washed ones for them, but I do not think any one observed it.

"*January* 31*st, Umlazi.* Since I wrote, our happy visit to the Umhlali has ended; and we are again at home, surrounded by so many duties that we hardly know how to write, but it is pleasant to look back and picture them all in their happy home and work. It is quite rest when I am tired, to recal their bright garden with green wooded hills sloping to the sea, which makes an ever-varying distance. It reconciles us to the distance which separates us, to have seen the wide and good influence, and the love and honour they have inspired. You would quite know those gentle, loving, black school-children, clinging to each other, and inquiring for Alice, on our visits to the kraals, were *her* children; they could be no one else's, and I quite felt when I saw such a happy band of school-children, their mothers so lovingly enquiring for her, that our grief at your brother and sisters leaving the Umlazi was more than repaid, and that we were being helped in our work in a more extended way. I do not think we at all grudge the Archdeacon to his laborious and widely extended work; he is doing what so few could do, *no* other here. I pray that I may really profit by all I gained in this visit.

"I think you would be much pleased to see our

Louisa in her neat white-washed cottage, which she is furnishing by degrees. They are beginning their married life holily, and we hope their example may be blessed. She has such a bright happy quiet look, and so has Benjamin. It is quite a new interest observing their domestic life; industry and neatness mark it at present. She is an excellent needlewoman, and very neat in her appearance, and will, I think, keep her husband so too. I am just going to look out some pictures to hang up in their house."

No opportunity was ever lost of adding to the number of those who could be brought under their influence, although, as must happen to all who are engaged in a spiritual work, their patience and faith and hope were often tried. Many would have been tempted to relax their exertions, and to give way to discouragement, when hopeful cases came to nothing.

The next letter will show how Mr. Robertson took advantage of every incident. Mrs. Robertson wrote to me:

"A lame man having lost one leg from the knee is come to stay with us. Umfundisi had met him one day a year and a half ago in one of his excursions, and told him if he would come to him he would make him a wooden leg, and his father has just brought him. He is a fine-looking young man. He lost his leg as a boy from the bite of a snake in the foot. He manages to swing himself forward with great rapidity by means of a long pole, and creeps very actively. You would have been amused with Mr. Robertson's canny look when he said, 'You know the leg will take a long time to make; there is the tree to cut down and dry before we begin, and all this time he will be learning.' He is able to do a great deal

of work, and has been on the verandah roof tying the reeds and doing various things.

"God is making His blessing manifest in Mr. Robertson's work, and the fruits of Christian teaching are apparent to the most prejudiced against Mission work. One of the Kafir superstitions is a dread of a dead body, and dislike to touch it; or, indeed, to have anything to do with a sick person who does not belong to the same kraal. But a short time ago Mary Fea died of fever, and there were only the two Christian girls to help in nursing her, and in performing all the last offices. The funeral was attended by all belonging to the Station, and the grave was dug by Christian boys. Poor Mary being the sixth baptized coloured person who had died, we feared the people might think there was an evil influence against them, so you may imagine what a comfort it was when 'Boy's' wife said, 'Surely this place must be near Heaven, so many are taken to it.'"

We soon heard of other marriages, that of Usajabula to Christina, and of a Christian lad named Robert to Anna, a niece of "Boy."

"*Umlazi, May* 20, 1859. Such a happy day as yesterday leaves one so very tired that it is not easy to convey a sense of it to another the next day, but we thought of you all continually, and of the happy day on a similar occasion at the dear Umhlali.

"The Church was quite full of heathens as well as of Christians. As Usajabula was the only one of the marriage party who had been confirmed, there was not the Holy Communion, but it seemed a quiet holy time in the Church. 'Boy' gave away his niece Anna, and I gave away Christina. You will picture Umfundisi's quiet happiness. After the breakfast Umfundisi addressed them all, and then

the grace was sung, and 'God save the Queen,' the tables cleared, and the register made. Then came quiet talk, and soon 'Boy' and Mary said they must go to prepare *their* feast, which was to be a late dinner, and all were invited in honour of his niece. They gradually dispersed, and in a little time we went down to see them, and it was such a pretty scene: the table was under some euphorbia trees, and all was neatly arranged, 'Boy' just putting the finishing touch to everything. Umfundisi asked for a blessing upon it, and 'Boy' and Mary presided at each end of the table. The guests were all very hungry in spite of their late good breakfast. In one part, according to arrangement, our Mission Kafirs (the working people) were all grouped together in their white and scarlet shirts, and we heard 'Boy' order a joint of meat to be taken to them; and he feasted besides many of the people from the kraals. There were chairs and matting placed for us, so that without checking the mirth it made it a happy merriment for them. After dinner, Umfundisi was again summoned to return thanks: and then rounds and songs sounded so sweetly in the open air: the stars were shining overhead when the party dispersed.

"Christina kept close to me, and crept into the cart after me, and so we brought her to her home. In an hour afterwards *all* were at evening prayer in our own home. It was a day of great thankfulness. I was so glad to be out, it would have been such a damp to it all otherwise."

At this time my brother and I were preparing to return to England, as we then thought, for a few months; before we sailed, we spent two days at the Umlazi, and were much struck with the growth in the work since we were there before. The Christian village which did not then exist, now consisted of several *square* built

houses. Heathens seem always to build in circles. Every thing belonging to a Kafir kraal is circular.

There was a marked difference at the Morning and Evening Prayers between the baptized, the catechumens, and the heathens, and the numbers were steadily increasing of those who desired to be sworn followers of the Cross. Persecution was resorted to, and all arts used by the relatives and friends at home, but very often this led to other members being brought into the fold, when it was seen that by becoming Christians the fifth Commandment was not abrogated.

On the contrary, Mr. Robertson used to urge that, in everything lawful, even more love and submission should be given to parents, and to those in authority, by believers, than by heathen. And his people seldom paid a visit to their own homes without bringing back brothers or sisters with them.

I was introduced during this visit to many new friends. Amongst others, to Mr. Samuelson, a catechist, who, with his wife and family of young children, was located in a hut close by the Mission House. Having a competent knowledge of the Zulu language, and being an expert carpenter, he was an acquisition to the Mission staff.

Several lads, catechumens, and others who we hoped would soon become so, visited me in the evening, and we were told of ten persons of different ages, who were shortly, D.V., to be baptized.

It was with a sorrowful heart that we bade adieu to the dear Umlazi, though I did not know

it was the last time I should be there. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson accompanied us to Durban, helped us with our last preparations, and went on board the steamer with us.

It was on St. Barnabas' Day that we sailed. We had a farewell service in my cabin. My brother read some collects, and we knelt down together for the last time: then watched them in the little boat till it was lost to sight. Mrs. Robertson rode home on my brother's horse "Bob," his parting gift to them.

They knew full well that absence in England would not diminish our interest in all that concerned them, and before long we had letters telling us of the Baptism of the ten catechumens. Of these, four belonged to one family, and Mrs. Robertson gave me the following account of the father, who was given the name of Heber:

"He is very earnest in Christian learning; we are very glad for Lydia to have such a protector, and this marriage will bring all the children on the Station, for hitherto her children by her former husband have been living with her mother at a heathen kraal.

"Heber we find was one of the men who came to my house at Pietermaritzburg when 'Boy' was with me. Do you not remember my telling you of 'Boy' coming to my room late one night, tapping at my door, and begging for the pictures to show to some of his people who had come from Faku's country, and that they were so interested in them that they were talking nearly the whole night? I saw them the next morning, they were Amadoda wrapped in stained blankets like all heathen Kafirs. Heber was one of these. I have not yet the link between this and his directly giving up heathen life. He

must have seen something of the Mission Station at Palmerston, as he would naturally pass that, but his visit to Pietermaritzburg, and his knowing that 'Boy' was settled with us here, seem to have determined him to come to us. He had two wives when he determined to come, and he told them he wished to remove where he could be taught: the elder wife refused to be taught, or to come where she could be taught, so strongly, that it ended in his giving her up, and she left him and went back to her own people in the Amaponda country, and he quite gave up all claim to her. She left all her children with him. The other wife was one in spirit with him, but she was taken ill by the way; they stopped at Mr. Wilder's Station, where, after a lingering illness, she died. Charles Mackenzie is *her* child. Then Heber came on with his family; they having learnt a good deal during their stay with Mr. Wilder, and now they are quite a leading family in all good things. He will not allow his daughters to take snuff, and he is so wise in his management of them, so tender and yet so strict, and they are a clever family. Hannah, the eldest, is to be married to a young man from Dr. Callaway's Station; and although we thought he had yielded to James's entreaty that he would take the cows for her, from fear at his death of her heathen relatives claiming her if she were not James's wife according to Kafir law, he has not, but has made a decided protest against such an unchristian custom as *selling his child*, as he calls it, and declares that he has *given* her to James. This has been duly witnessed, to prevent any future doubt about it."

Two of the boys baptized on the same day were named Henry and Warner. Udhlupela was the heathen name of this last. The evening of their Baptism Mr. Robertson was going round

the last thing, and gently looked into their room to see if they were there. He saw them at opposite corners of the room in earnest prayer; Henry was the nearest, and he heard him offer many short petitions, each ending, "Ubaba wami," My Father. He came quietly away.

The touching history of Udhlupela is told by Mrs. Robertson in the following letter.

"Udhlupela, one of the two boys who were introduced to you in your bed-room the first evening, had a great trial to go through about his becoming a Christian: his father came over and *kala*-ed (cried) terribly about him, and urged his returning home, representing his mother as ill. We were very anxious, but Udhlupela gave us great comfort: he looked so sorry to see his father so really grieved, and said most firmly he would go home to see his mother, but should not stay; and when Mr. Robertson suggested that it might be too great a temptation, he told him he did not think so. The next morning Umfundisi sent him to me to say 'Good bye,' and asked me to repeat his words of caution. I said I was so afraid he might stay and lose the teaching necessary for his Baptism, and forget what he had been taught; but he was sure he should never forget that, and that he would be back after two Sundays. And true to his word, he left home the Monday after the second Sunday, and on the Tuesday night tapped at the window to tell me he was come back. He told Mr. Robertson no one had been glad to see him at his kraal, and that he was very happy at the hearty greetings which welcomed him here: and it is a very good feature in the people, how heartily they welcome every new convert."

The next letters told us of the sad death of Warner. If Mr. Robertson's suspicions were

correct, he may be considered the first martyr among the Zulu Christians: his steadfastness may entitle him to be ranked among them whether his death was caused by poison or not.

"Warner is one we love to think of, he was so meek and reverent, and had such calm strength of character, which no doubt was purified in the trial he went through in becoming a Christian. We did not know the full extent of it until after his death. All he said to us when he returned from his home visit was, that no one had been glad to see him, and he contrasted the heartiness of his reception here with that at his own kraal. But we heard afterwards of the force and violence that had been used to prevent his return to us; and that from the time of his return, many thought that poison had been given him from the internal pain he complained of. Ukumba told Mr. Samuelson of it at the time, but he did not think much about it until his sudden death. We did not even know he suffered; he continued at his work, and was such a strong-looking boy, and always so steady and earnest, that Umfundisi afterwards said, 'I think he is the only boy I have never had to find fault with.' And as he lived six weeks in this way from the time of his return here, we could not think it possible he could have been affected by poison. We sent for the doctor, but poor Warner died an hour after the messenger started. He came the next day, and Umfundisi had purposely postponed the burial that Dr. Taylor might make any examination he wished, but he said that vegetable poisons could not be detected; that the Kafirs use such subtle poisons, that it was quite possible his death might be caused by poison, even at that distance of time. Dr. Taylor was struck with his beautiful expression as he saw him in the coffin; and Umfundisi said it was most delightful

that in the midst of such intense suffering you heard no complaint; nothing like impatience, but joyful trust in God.

"Can we be too much to those who give up all to be taught in the right way?

"His grave is near the bench where we have sat so often, a little lower down. All here loved him."

Mr. Robertson, after telling my brother the same story, adds:

"My heart is very full. He is now at rest from all his troubles, and it is comforting to remember that he had grace given to him to stand in his fiery trial."

After this sad story, it was refreshing to read the following:

"All our married couples are giving us great comfort, they go on so steadily."

An expedition, which afterwards had for its result the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Robertson to Zululand, was now made by Mr. Robertson and Bishop Colenso, to obtain from King Panda a grant of land for one or more Church Mission Stations to the North, for as yet there were none beyond the boundary of Natal. During Mr. Robertson's absence, in spite of all the additional responsibility it entailed, Mrs. Robertson contrived to give us an account of how the Mission work progressed:

"*Umlazi, September 30th.* 1859. Umfundisi left for the Zulu country, Friday, September 9th, with the intention of taking the Sunday services *at the Umhlali*, which he was able to do. And he wrote: 'It is very happy to be tracing the footsteps of the

good Archdeacon, and very heart-stirring to hear the earnest enquiries after him and his sisters.' I have not heard from him since he reached ——, where he was very kindly received. The Bishop had not met him on the Wednesday, and he had not heard anything of him on the Friday. He (Umfundisi) was going that night to sleep at Emily's kraal, and meant to push on the next day. I have since heard of the Bishop's starting, so I hope they are both somewhere in company, as I was jealous of Mr. Robertson's being without any night shelter this stormy weather, and the Bishop took two wagons. There is one part of the country where there is not an inhabitant for forty miles, and he proposed walking this, but I succeeded in persuading him to take 'Bob,' if understanding people did not think he would lose him, so as 'Bob' has not come back, I hope he may have him. I should not have felt so anxious in the winter, but these heavy rains always affect him. Henry, Umpamusa (a fine youth he is hopeful about), John Adams, and an old Zulu refugee, are his attendants, and he made the most curious little tent to shelter himself and the people, so small that in a storm I know he would put the people in and get wet himself. The old man is quite a character: two of his children live here very often. He wished very much to accompany Umfundisi from a double motive; at first it was to have an *indaba* (a talk) with Panda about a relation of his, as well as to take care of Umfundisi. When Mr. Robertson found this out, he declined taking him, fearing that it might do harm, and involve him with Panda. The Induna would not however hear of his going without him as his guide, and said he would give up his own indaba, and that his mouth and his heart should only be Umfundisi's. So it was arranged, and when they started he divided the *impahla* (baggage) into three parts, leaving one man free to help the others.

The Induna is a powerful man, and he had the heaviest load, which he made great fun about, pretending he could not lift it, and would not touch it; until Mr. Robertson reiterated *impela* (verily) there was a wagon in front somewhere: then he took it up and ran down the hill as if he had nothing to carry, though it was rather bulky. Mr. Robertson left with a full heart; the people down the hill who saw him last were talking to each other, saying, 'He is *our* Umfundisi *only;* did you see the tears that his eyes shed?' &c. I feel so thankful for his health's sake that he could go, he was looking so white. The loss of poor Warner, and my illness coming immediately on his own, made it I think on his own account very good that he should go, but I had to arouse all my nervous energy to seem well enough to be left, and can scarcely yet sit up the whole day, it was such a pulling down attack. Miss Gray has been so very kind and helpful both to me and the people. She took the white school entirely for a few days, then I gradually took part, and we were getting on very nicely, when at only a day's notice she was summoned to Pietermaritzburg. I was very sorry to lose her, but it could not be otherwise, so now I am quite alone in all my doings. I have the white school, my six wee black ones, and all the girls in the evening school. For some time we have had the girls separate from the other school in my room or the sitting-room, and I cannot tell you how happy this evening school is."

Of Mr. Robertson's journey to Zululand there is no account from himself. On the 8th December he wrote to my brother in anticipation of our speedy return:

"It is so happy to think of your coming being so near. This letter is to meet you at the Cape, and if

you leave England when you hoped you would, you will be starting about this time. We have for the last few days often thought of you and your sister as bidding adieu to friends and getting ready for your departure. Now we shall think of you as on the sea, shortly again to be back among us!

"May God give you a safe and happy voyage, and so be merciful to you and to us!"

CHAPTER V.

1860.

THE year 1860 was an eventful one to Mr. and Mrs. Robertson. It opened with news of the intended Mission to the Zambesi. To my brother Mrs. Robertson wrote:

"*Umlazi, January 9th*, 1860. You do not say it, but we do not doubt that you will accept the charge of the Zambesi Mission to which you have been called, and we are very glad that it should have such a head, though *we* must lose so much in your removal from this diocese. I mean *we* as the whole diocese, as well as *we* Umlazi, and *we* personally. We have been following the Zambesi Mission from the very first talkings about it in England, and we had said often, 'Why don't they get the Archdeacon to head it?' but it did not seem the less surprising when the news came at last, because it appeared to be so settled a thing that you were coming back, and we had begun to feel quite safe about having you again. We had been using the prayer for those at sea, both in the black and white Services since the beginning of December, and quite trusted to see you all by the next steamer. I am not at all up to writing. It is a very hot summer, with changes to chilly rains, which have made it rather trying. I have not been out of my room since the day after Christmas."

They were soon themselves to prepare for a

new field of labour. It was decided that they should begin the new Mission in Zululand, and in August they began their preparations. Mr. Robertson wrote about it as follows:

"*Umlazi, August 1st.* I cannot sufficiently thank you for your very kind letter, and if I do not reply to it so fully as I ought, please to know that it is because we are exceedingly busy, being in the midst of preparations for a start to the Zulu country, in which we are (D.V.) to labour in future. The pang of leaving the Umlazi will be very severe, but it will be much lessened by so many of the Umlazi people going with us.

"*August 2nd.* I am in a very bad frame for good letter-writing to-day. I am beginning to feel, not overpowered with work, but fidgetty about the time it is taking to get ready. I am very sorry to report to you that two of the oxen are dead. I do trust and pray, dear lady, that you may be spared to come out to the Zambesi, and to see at least the work begun. We can ill spare you yet. But why should I say this, as if I myself, strong man as I am, were sure of staying long? His 'will be done.'"

In writing to tell us of the projected move, Mrs. Robertson said:

"There will be many pangs in leaving the Umlazi —the greatest to me, will, I think be, if our going involves sending back Ujadu and Tzegula to their kraals; they are now so *entirely* ours, weaned from unchristian habits, and so loving and intelligent, that we mean to try very hard to have them with us; the others we are sure of; the children themselves are ever talking of going with us, and will not hear of being left behind. Tzegula is such a fine little fellow in body, mind, and spirit; I have known him

in my illnesses come in the evening of the Sunday and sit down beside my bed, telling me all he had heard in Church; and once he quite related the Gospel for the day (the miraculous feeding), and had so realized it, that he told me it all correctly in his own child-like words, and seemed pleased that a *little boy* had the bread and fish which fed the multitudes: when he had finished, he told me it would not be right to throw food about, as it was a gift from the Lord. He is a brave, true, upright-minded boy, one of those right-hearted children who seem only to need being placed under good influences to imbibe them unconsciously; he has a fine understanding too; every one who comes is struck with him. If we cannot take him with us the Rev. C. Grubb (who is to succeed Mr. Robertson at the Umlazi), will try to keep him here; but it is I who have the character of dealing with children of their age; the mothers say the Abafundisi (teachers) are not intended to have the care of children.

"Two sisters of Tzegula have lately come to ask me for clothes to come to Church in; you know how opposed all these girls were to clothing when we first came here. I asked them why they wished to come in clothes, that I saw a great many girls come to Church who would not come if we wished them to put on clothes, and they too had long come without them. They said, 'Yes; but now their hearts would not let them any longer.' I asked them if they would like to learn to make them, and they were most anxious, coming quite early in the morning. They were so eager to get them done by the following Sunday, that Christina and I had to help them a great deal. It looked pretty and cheering the next Sunday to see them coming over the distant hill to Church in neat clothing. We tried to make it an improving week to them; and we hope one of them will marry a young heathen man to whom she has

been long attached, and settle here. Umfundisi has had hopeful talks with him.

"All the people are most resolved to go to Zululand, even the girls, who being refugees from the country under painful circumstances, were at first horrified at the sound of the Zulu country. Susan said to Umfundisi (after having all along turned away at the thought of Zululand) when he was telling her she should stay at the Umlazi, 'And whom should I stay with if you go away? I will go with you and the Inkosikazi.' She and her little sister, Qenisa, who has been living here, and Usimune, are all given into his care by the father, who told them that he wished them always to work for Mr. Robertson and be taught, and that he should follow and build at the Umlazi. Then some of them murmured and objected that he was using force to have them made Christians, but he said, 'No, the Umfundisi did not flog people into believing; that if they believed, it would be their own hearts that agreed.' This was on Mr. Robertson's journey to the Tugela, on his way to Zululand. We *ask* no one to go, and advise many to remain, but give permission to all who really wish it."

The pain of leaving the Umlazi was naturally very severe, but it was somewhat lessened by the desire expressed by so many of their people to accompany them to their new home.

This was a striking proof of the love and confidence the Robertsons had inspired, for several of their people were refugees who had been obliged to flee from their own country, where they would have been murdered had they remained.

The next letter, telling us about their preparations for leaving, was the last we received in

England, a very few days before we embarked for the Cape on our way to the Zambesi. It was from Mrs. Robertson:

"*Umlazi, August.* My last letter from the Umlazi would naturally be a very full one, and yet I am so very very busy that I scarcely know how to write quietly. I am writing in the verandah, so you will know it is a quiet bright day, and on the lawn is a huge wagon to which 'Boy' has been giving a fresh coat of paint, and now he is painting tent-pegs; and we are very busy. Mr. Samuelson and Usajabula are making doors and windows,—the latter so earnest and eager to start that he works from early morning to sunset.

"Christina starts with us too, and 'Boy,' Benjamin and Heber, Henry and Umpamusa (Susan's betrothed), Susan and Frances, and Qenisa, the sister of Susan, and *some* of our little children, *not* Ujadu. We wish to make our first party as small as we can, on account of scarcity of food and no buildings. The Bishop has allowed Umfundisi two wagons, one a working one. Two of the oxen died in bringing the wagon from Pietermaritzburg, two of those which were bought with the money from Scotland,—which grieved Umfundisi very much; but here the long, dry, cold winter is as fatal to oxen as the winter was to sheep in Scotland. It has been the most difficult thing for him to get sufficient oxen for his wagons, and one other is dying, not an Umlazi one. He is most anxious that not a day should be lost.

The travelling wagon will be our home for the next three months, though the people say they will work with strength to get up a building; the difficulty is the roof; at this time of the year there is no grass. We have three tents which Umfundisi was so fortunate as to pick up at a military auction in Pietermaritzburg. The huts in Zululand are made so flat, that even if

we could have the use of a good one, it would be scarcely available. Even Umfundisi when he was travelling with the Bishop, fainted in the night, and was recovered by laying his head out at the doorway."

The journey was made in safety, and on the 17th of September Mr. Robertson wrote to my brother as follows:

"I have only time to write a very short note to you this time. We are, as you see, in the Zulu country, and now within two day's trek of our destination; while I write the wagons are being prepared for inspanning. We have had a few troubles on our way, but far more blessings than I can count up. One of our greatest troubles has been the death of Bob.'"*

This letter, which was finished by Mrs. Robertson, was written jointly to my brother and myself a fortnight later:

"*Kwamagwaza, October 2nd.* This letter got no farther by the last messenger, and though we have now been at Kwamagwaza nearly a fortnight, our writing has been at a standstill, our first settling here has been so engrossing and exciting. We had many troubles on our journey, but the joyous rapturous greeting which awaited us here more than repaid us for all it had cost us to leave the Umlazi. Not only on Sundays, but every day, we have endless visits from the *numerous* people about us. They are so thankful that they can entirely understand Umfundisi: they mention to 'Boy' constantly that they have an Umfundisi who is never at a loss for words. On Sunday 'Boy' was beside himself

* "Bob" was the horse the Archdeacon rode during the few last months of his residence in Natal, and which he left with Mr. Robertson as a parting gift.

with joy at seeing such a crowded congregation under the shade of these tall trees, not any jealous fears of the wives and daughters coming, but even white-headed old women and little children were present, and they were all so pleased because I arranged the little ones in a group close to Umfundisi, and told them we loved little children. They were most attentive and tried to join in the singing and chanting, but at first they did not scruple to make remarks aloud on all that was new to them. There is something refreshing in their simple, frank, joyous manner. They had known Umfundisi was coming, and had been looking so long for him, that it was quite with a burst of feeling they received him. They did not know he had a wife, and a lady being an unusual sight to them, completed their ecstasy; they said they had been looking for one, and now it was as if four had come. One said, it seemed as if the sun had come to shine among them, and another man pointing upwards said, he thanked God for bringing us to them; that they should now so rejoice and grow in our presence that others would envy them. They are getting quite a depending feeling on Umfundisi, as if they had known him for years, and it seems wonderful that such a people should be living under such a murderous system of government. Life is most insecure, yet they look happy and cheerful, and are willing to receive teaching. Home feelings are strong, and yet one that you may be most familiar with, may any night be executed by the King's people, and you see his face no more. The whole country is in a state of excitement, in consequence of the king and his sons having called the whole nation to arms. All must go;—all are trained soldiers, and must appear before the king or his sons, and go through their drill: none are excepted but the old men and the young boys and women and children. They have been summoned to go and make war

against the Amaswazi, who had massacred a party of Zulus; but it was thought a *ruse*, and our Kwamagwaza people are getting confirmed in the belief that there is another crisis at hand between the king and his son. Our soldiers here are summoned, but they are not yet gone, and it is most interesting listening to their long talks with Umfundisi about their system, and the cruel results of it, in which they heartily agree with him. Last week Umfundisi went to Panda, and as he had to walk, it took him five days. His visit was most satisfactory: he was received respectfully and cordially both by the king and his sons. Ketchwayo is a fine amiable-looking young man, very noble in his appearance, and he quite attached himself to Umfundisi. At his kraal there were from 1500 to 2000 soldiers quartered, and although there were fresh regiments or fresh companies of the different regiments constantly arriving, there was no confusion or noise. They went through their drill before their chief, and then marched to their quarters in the kraal in perfect order. The regiments are all named, and their quarters in the kraal have the same name as the regiment. Last year at Ketchwayo's all seemed rabble and confusion, so that Umfundisi was quite struck with the improvement and with the respect of all towards himself. At Panda's it was the same. Last year his kraal was all ruin and dilapidation; now it is entirely rebuilt, in quite another place. I think there are 2000 huts in his kraal. Umasipula, Panda's great Induna, was particularly respectful and cordial to Umfundisi. He is dreaded by the whole nation: all orders for executions or murders come *through* him, if they are not originated *by* him. At Umfundisi's interview with the king and his people, he took Usajabula in case they should not understand him, and when he would have referred to Usajabula as interpreter, they prevented him, saying with strong expressions of

delight that they understood all that he had said, 'he was a Zulu.' Umfundisi was the more struck with their respect and attention to him, as it is common for the king to keep people waiting days before he will give them audience. *He* was immediately received both evening and morning, which we are most glad of, for we are living in a wagon and tents, and find a great many adventures in terrific storms and rains which need his strong arm to help us. The people here are delighted with our little children, and indeed are very good to us, all bringing us daily such supplies of milk and amasi and mealies, that we never fared so well, and we quite wish we could send our Natal friends on the coast some of the abundant supply of milk and butter which we have. We do not feel the loss of animal food. Kwamagwaza is a most favoured place. A constant fall of mist and rain preserves the grass all the year round, so that the cattle thrive, and there are abundance of mealies when other places are almost starving. It is in a most fair spot that we have pitched our tents, where we hope soon to have huts on a natural lawn of smooth grass—tall trees before us ending in a shrubbery, quite unlike the bush we are accustomed to—tall single trees and sloping hills opening into lovely valleys and distant mountains.

"Pray for us that *we* may not fail in our duty, for all seems so promising."

Meanwhile, as was natural, the thoughts of these dear friends were very much with my brother in his new work, mingled with recollections of the time when we were together in Natal.

To himself, before his consecration at Capetown, Mrs. Robertson wrote as follows:

"*Kwamagwaza, October* 23. We are very thankful and rejoicing that you are to enter upon your new work with the high functions of a Bishop. Through

the photographs Miss Mackenzie sent us, all our Kwamagwaza people know you, and they know the Zambesi many of them. As we came up the coast of Natal on our journey here, we kept the photographs at hand, not only for our own pleasure, but for all your friends, who were deeply interested in them. While they acknowledge the greatness of the work you were called to, they said it could not make up for your loss. I think you will like best to hear of your old people, and I am sure I have not half told you all that so much gratified us in their earnest remembrance of your life amongst them."

The spirit that actuated the dear fragile lady in writing the next letter, and in enduring such roughness for so many weeks, is a proof from whence she received the strength that enabled her to keep up; and her example has inspired many at home to bear with courage and patience, and even with gratitude, ills which seemed great until they were compared with hers. The letter was dated,

"*Kwamagwaza, October* 23*rd*. There is a messenger going to-day, and though I cannot write much, I must write to say how fervently I trust it may have pleased God to bring you safely to the Cape when this arrives there. It seems almost impossible to be *prepared* in writing now; wagon and tent-life in wet weather, which we have had almost incessantly, consume all my energies in *drying* things, and in keeping the children and girls cheerful and happy. My own health has been wonderful, in spite of much real suffering from the closeness of the wagon, and exposure to rain or hot sun, which is even more trying. I often have to sleep with the wagon open, and a damp, foggy air flowing through, to keep me from fainting; and I have often told

myself, 'You might be worse off in the cabin of a steamer,' that I might 'not pity myself too much.' But you will be convinced I have not had so very much to bear when I tell you that I have not had a cold or sore throat, or any real attack of illness, since I left Natal: although even on the journey, until I had quite left the Umgeni, I had a *dreadful* cough, and was much too weak to bear anything. It is certainly much less relaxing at Kwamagwaza, and the more we see of these people the more we are cheered and encouraged. They are certainly far superior to the Natal Kafirs. There is such a generosity and courtesy amongst them. Umfundisi says many of them are really gentlemen in feeling.

"He is more than busy, and says, 'Tell them I am making a hut for you on the first fine day we have had for a week, and I dare not leave off to write. Say every kind thing; tell them how we talk of them, and how we should have liked it if our lot had been to accompany them.'

"The army is just disbanded: the demonstration of assembling them has, as it is said, brought a compensation from the Amaswazi for their attack, in the shape of cattle: and this morning four of our Kwamagwaza people have offered themselves to cut grass and work at a hut. The native huts, though *beautifully* made, quite unlike those in Natal for finish and strength, are very low, we could not breathe comfortably to sit *on chairs* in them, and even on the floor they are very oppressive."

It was not till the month of November that the wished-for hut was habitable. The luxuries it afforded will elicit a smile from those who have always been used to houses.

"*Kwamagwaza, November* 14. Another mail has reached owing to the kindness of the Walmsleys,

who sent an express messenger loaded with letters, newspapers, mulberry cuttings, &c. We had your letters with the tidings that you really were starting early in October, and that our dear niece's berth was secured next to yours. It is most welcome and gladdening intelligence to know that you were hoping to sail so soon; perhaps whilst I am writing this you are just arriving in Table Bay. It will be such a comfort to have a letter from you after you know that we have left the dear Umlazi: it brings a fresh pang every time we read your congratulations that we are still there. *Not* that we *would* return: but it was a very painful parting, and even now I can scarcely bear to remember it. It was something the sort of feeling I afterwards had in going down some steep precipices on the journey here, which looked so frightful that I could only shut my eyes, keep quiet, and trust. I am sure Fanny will be happy here, there is so much that is beautiful in the country, and the people are so friendly and courteous. When I was ill the wagon was quite beset with inquirers begging to be allowed to see me, and some came more than two miles with presents of milk and amasi. We are now really in our first hut, which is *wonderfully* nice considering the materials Umfundisi had at command. It is not a Kafir hut, because that kind of hut could not have been built high enough. It has wattled walls covered with grass, one post in the centre about 12 feet high supporting the roof, which is made of branches of trees, and it looks something like a magnified, rather unsymmetrical, spider's web. Matting first covers it, and the thatch is put on over that, so that it has a very neat look *considering*. The walls are about 6 feet high, and are lined with mats double or treble: it has two windows, one of which is a large glass casement: the door at present is a blue blanket, but one is being made of wicker-work, which is to be covered with skin. It is such

a luxury to be able to sit at a table, or stand upright, and to look at a book-case. We thought we had brought scarcely any books, but we have more than enough to fill it. It is sitting and sleeping-room, &c., &c., at present. The children's tent was so leaky, we were glad to give them the wagon, and to take theirs to make the girls' tent a double one. It has been so incessantly wet that it has made the want of buildings more trying, and yet the difficulty of getting on with them much greater. We have constantly just one or two fine days, then five, six, seven, or eight rainy and foggy, nothing but *damp*. Umfundisi has not been very well, and has had a thumb which we thought was getting like Mr. Samuelson's finger; then the whole hand became affected, but most mercifully it yielded to cold water treatment, or got well in spite of it. This morning he shook his clenched hand with great satisfaction, saying, 'Now I am a man for work again.' He walked thirty miles the other day to pay a visit to Mr. Schreuder, and was only gone two days and the evening of a day. I am not sure that he does not exhaust himself too much without being conscious of it at the time; for he has sometimes such a weary look, and I am inclined to think that the inflammation in his hand had some connection with an exhausted system. But he is so earnest and hopeful in his new work; whether he is building or digging, he is surrounded by people, and gets into most interesting talks: he is very much out (as to-day) amongst them, and they seem so thoroughly to love and reverence him. We hope to get a school, but to do that he must again visit the king. Were the people to send their children without an express messenger from the king to permit them, they might be killed without any notice, but we hope he will sanction it. Ketchwayo told Umfundisi he could not enforce their sending their sons to him, but he would not prevent them: and last

week, when he was visiting about, he came upon the kraal of a rather influential Induna, who had not before returned since the disbandment of the army. He told Umfundisi that after his visit to Ketchwayo, when he had been so pleased with the prince, Ketchwayo had ordered the chief Induna of Kwamagwaza, whose *town* residence is near the king's kraal, to come over, and in every way facilitate our settling here, whatever site we might fix on, and to let us choose what land we pleased. This was a great thing, because if the people had objected, and the king had supported them, we should have been in a difficulty. They are all devoted to Ketchwayo here, and express their devotion sometimes by saying they even dream of him when they are sleeping, he is so much in their hearts: so that it is very good to have secured his friendship.

"Last Sunday the attendance of people was larger than it has ever been; even on wet Sundays many come. We are most anxious to get up some building for Service; no tent that we could have would hold the people, and it is always either so windy, or so wet, or so cold, that it is very difficult to manage.

"We have three broods of chickens out within the last week. We brought a few from the Umlazi; there are none here, and our fowls have a great many wondering visitors. It is about the climate of Pietermaritzburg, I believe, here. We have gathered radishes. We have vegetable marrow, peas, cabbage and beans out of the ground, and plenty of pumpkins and mealies. Balsams are our only garden-flowers, but there are many most exquisite wild ones. The Sandersonia *abounds* here, I have a glassful beside me, and the real African marigold, which I had not seen before; it is a *bright* red. The Zulus adorn themselves with it most becomingly."

It greatly increased the difficulties that must necessarily have attended a settlement in a new untried country, that the year the Robertsons went to Zululand was one of war and famine. Their new friends often regretted this, but, as we shall see, they did their best to help them:

"*Kwamagwaza, November 16th.* We are feeling very thankful to-day. This morning we cooked our last basin of mealie-meal, but, thanks to our kind friends here, Unxusa, Ungiza, &c., we have now (evening) more than a sackful. The famine is very severe, however, both here and in Natal, and we are confining ourselves to two meals a day, until the new crop comes in. Five baskets of the mealies we got to-day were *presents*—three of them from a very nice old man named Ungiza, a relation of Umapinda at the Umlazi. He is a good-hearted old man, and has especially attached himself to my wife, to whom he makes frequent presents of milk from his fine herd of cattle. I trust to her to tell you all news. Most likely while I write you will be arriving, if you are not arrived, at the Cape. We have remembered you in our *black* prayers. I began without telling the people about it; but on asking them what the addition was made for, they all knew. Susan was the first to speak. But I must stop. I need not say that our thoughts are often and will be often with you in the arduous work before you.

"*December 7th.* When you get to the Zambesi please to let us know exactly your position upon the globe. I am strongly of opinion that Dr. Livingstone's healthy ridge extends to here, and have a presentiment that one day we shall be edged a little further along it.

"We are as happy as ever in our new home, and are getting deeper and deeper into the confidence of the people around, but in consequence of the horrid

state of government in the Zulu nation, we can hope for but little fruit here for a long time. Murders are of almost weekly occurence, I mean judicial ones; and no one dares to move in anything without the consent of the chief and the Izinduna. I do not give all the blame of this sad state of things to the chiefs; the people are equally to blame. They murder one another by false accusations, which the chiefs for the sake of the cattle, are but too ready to act upon. I do trust and pray that we may be able to influence them.

"We deeply sympathise with you in your coming trial, in having to part with your dear brother. Do take good care of yourself and try not to be ill. You and my dear wife have gone through so much roughing that I think it would be difficult to lay down a limit. At first sight the Zulu country seemed rather formidable, but now it looks nothing, and despite the roughing, she has had upon the whole better health here than at the Umlazi."

CHAPTER VI.

1861.

Mr. Robertson, in all his letters, confirms his wife's account of their new home, in which, as we have seen, he says, they are as happy as ever, and are getting deeper and deeper into the confidence of the people, but it was their misfortune to arrive in a year of famine when mealies were scarce, and a disease among the cattle had killed many. A kind friend at home had given me a rifle for them, and in the expectation of it Mrs. Robertson said what a gain it would be, as they might hope with it to have some Guinea fowls and partridges, and perhaps an occasional buck.

In consequence of this scarcity of food, of the anxiety how to procure it for his own family and for the natives depending on him, and of the heavy work which fell on him as head of the Mission party in a new land, Mr. Robertson early in this year was brought very low with fever, but with a thankful heart he thus told me of it.

"You will have heard from my dear wife how ill I have been. It has pleased the Giver of all good to raise me up again, and I can now look back and thank Him for all I have gone through. It is good for us to know how weak we are."

It was a severe trial to Mrs. Robertson to see him so ill, and she wrote to me thus on the 12th February.

"I had no opportunity of writing to you by the last mail, as the letters had to be sent back the day after those from home reached us, and as usual I was quite unprepared with any. Since that my whole time and thoughts have been absorbed in nursing dear Umfundisi through a very severe attack of illness, which left him so prostrated that he could not walk without my help. It was a very anxious time, *I* was so ignorant what to do—*he* too ill even to describe his symptoms. It was very sad watching him through so many days and nights in fever and pain, and only to hope you were doing the best; but through God's great mercy he has been raised up again, and we are all thankfulness. He is still very bent and stooping, but so wonderfully improved from the mere wreck he was a fortnight back, that he only wants feeding up now. I quite think his illness was brought on by over fatigue and want of food, or proper food. It is the third attack he has had since he left the Umlazi, and though the other attacks were slight compared to this, yet they were similar and followed on over-exertion and scarcity of food.

"All our people are returned with the wagon, and they were so thoughtful and kind: nothing could exceed the anxiety of the natives about him, and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping them from the door; he was almost always unconscious either from exhaustion or fever, and anything that disturbed him caused delirium. They came in great crowds on the Sunday, and when I had succeeded with the help of some of the most influential in getting them to return home, they *shouted* out, 'Sala kahle Umfundisi wetu,' (Farewell, Umfundisi). They do not

at all understand the need of quiet in a sick room. Our very great friend, Umayigane, told me if I would let him come and look at Umfundisi, he would not say a word, so I brought him in, and he looked at him so earnestly, and then walked away with such a sorrowful face. Even now the people are not satisfied with his thin looks, though he is really well; but he has so much depending on him, that being weak tells upon him.

"The famine still continues, and getting food for our people and children is an almost daily anxiety, but we have never been quite without, morning and evening, although sometimes we have had a very little.

"The Zulus are very patient. There has been long sickness throughout the country, and now a year of famine, but you never hear an impatient word; they really spare us of their need, and then express their sorrow that we should have come in a year of famine, when they can do so little for us. Many of them are very attentive to Umfundisi's preaching and teaching, and there are many things amongst them to give us hope, but it needs great patience and hope, this working amongst the heathen. I do not think we ought to expect to *see* much of the fruit of his labours, and yet we must work on patiently."

In answer to a letter I had written, in which I had mourned over the wrong-doing of two very dear friends among their converts, not any that were then with them, and in which I said it almost tempted one to despair, Mrs. Robertson wrote me the next beautiful and comforting letter.

"However heart-breaking their falls may be, there is a wide difference between the Christian and the

heathen Kafir, and we must not have our faith shaken though tried, and though seeming to work in vain. I do not think, though erring as they do, that they have in heart a thought of returning to heathenism, but theirs is the sin of a degraded nature, even when beginning a higher life. A shepherd among a heathen community, or rather a community just emerged from heathenism, must have to deal with much that is humbling—must follow his sheep into sad bogs and morasses, to bring them back on his shoulders toiling; indeed our every-day life seems a toil of bearing upwards what appears ever to tend downwards: and yet very much of simple heart-goodness comes out to cheer us often.

"Christina is come back quite bonny, and her baby, although too like Usajabula to be pretty, is a nice wholesome-looking little creature. Hali is growing such a sensible little fellow; Umfundisi finds him quite useful to trust to on many occasions. Billy is a very engaging little boy, and is improving in understanding, but his disposition is not quite so good as Hali's though he may grow up the stronger character of the two."

Zululand was at this time in a very unsettled state. Panda the king was a very old man, and extremely infirm. I have already mentioned that his son Ketchwayo was the chief Induna, all important matters being carried first to him and Umasipula, and then referred to Panda for final sanction; but when now he was asked by his Izinduna who was to succeed him as king, he replied that his successor was still "among the calves." This was reported to Ketchwayo, who took the expression to mean that the king intended to make one of his younger brothers his successor. Upon this Ketchwayo sent an

army to kill the lad and his mother, but they, having heard of the impending danger, escaped to Panda's own kraal, Kanodwengu, which was not far off.

The king sent away the young boy with a brother to the Boers beyond his border, but kept his wife under his own protection. The army, or the *impi*, as it is called in Kafir, finding their prey gone, burnt down the large kraal, and then went on to Panda's, where they broke into his presence, and demanded their victims. The king said, they should kill himself before he would give up his wife; and the boys he told them were safe with the Boers. The warriors were furious, and behaved most insolently, and one of them rapped the old man upon his head with the wooden end of his *umkonto*, as a threat that they would come and kill him next. The poor king fell down in a dead faint, and continued in that state for some hours. Upon recovering, and finding that the *impi* was gone, he called for his chamberlain, and begged him to take the queen by a bye path, which he indicated, to a place of safety. Instead of doing so, this confidential servant sent intelligence beforehand to Ketchwayo's impi, and then led the poor woman right into the middle of them, and she was butchered at once.

Ketchwayo now summoned all his forces, and set off to *demand* the two princes from the Boers of Utrecht. The Boers consented to give up the unfortunate boys, on the promise of Ketchwayo that they should not be killed, as if such a promise was worth much.

Upon this intelligence reaching the colony, the

Natal government, whose interference in an amicable way might long ago have healed the wounds of the Zulu country, as both Panda and Ketchwayo earnestly desired it, decided to send Mr. Shepstone, the secretary for native affairs, on a visit to the king, for the purpose of negotiating between the conflicting parties, and settling the succession.

The account of Mr. Shepstone's visit I will copy verbatim from a letter in the *Mission Field*, which was written at the time by a resident in Natal.

"Mr. Shepstone thought his influence might be of service in settling things a little, and, regardless of all personal risk, he set off. His account of what happened was most interesting, all told in the most simple quiet tone, as if to risk your life for the good of others was quite an everyday thing, not worth notice. He had a small band of followers (about eighty natives), Zatshuke, Ngoza and other chiefs, The king had about 6,000 followers at the meeting; both these parties were unarmed. The young tiger, Ketchwayo, brought 4,000 wild young men, all armed, and ready for any sort of violence. The arrangement made was, that Panda should name Ketchwayo his successor, and we may hope the poor old man may be left in peace during the remainder of his life.

"Mr. Shepstone had never seen Panda before, and, except from the Bishop, had never heard him spoken of as the dignified intelligent man, as well as the thorough gentleman, which he really is. In speaking of his troubles, he said how much we learn from being in sorrow; but he said to Mr. Shepstone, 'Excuse my speaking much about my boy, or I shall make a woman of myself; you never lost a child, or if you did, you never lost your youngest, your darling,

and by his brother's hand.' He said, though he had made the arrangement for Ketchwayo to succeed him, he does not in his heart believe he ever will be king, because the Amatongo (the spirits of their dead fathers) will not suffer it. 'One who has acted as he has done will not be aided by the powers that rule.' (It reminds me of the 'barbarous people' of Melita, 'Justice suffereth him not to live.') He said that Mr. Shepstone's coming to them convinced him more than ever that there are ruling Powers over us, for he was sure it was no human agency that had brought it about.

"But now comes the exciting part of the story. They demanded that Umkungu (the young prince who is at Ekukanyeni, under the care of the Bishop of Natal) should be given up to them. Mr. Shepstone said he was willing to take their message, and if Umkungu was himself willing to go back, he could, of course, go, but he could not be given up. 'You must fortify me with reasons to induce him,' said Mr. Shepstone; 'but a few months ago his mother and brother were killed, and the kraal up there burnt to the ground,' and he pointed to the ashes of the kraal which were lying within sight of them all. 'These are no reasons to induce him to come back; and as to giving him up, you must not think that we are like the Dutch, who gave up those boys; they may give way to your wishes, either because they want some paltry bit of land, or other advantage from you, or because they are afraid of your assegais. But we care nothing about your assegais. We could soon make an end of you, if we pleased, but we have no wish whatever to do so. You must not think of Natal only. We are the subjects of the Queen of England, who lives far away in that direction (pointing to the north). Umkungu has been reported to the Queen, and *if* we could ourselves consent to such a disgraceful thing

as giving him up, we should have to answer for it at home. The Queen would send and blow us to pieces. We are nothing but a cattle-feeding kraal to the great nation to which we belong (alluding to kraals where the king's cattle are sent to feed, under the charge of a boy, perhaps), and at home they care nothing for you or your assegais, or for us either, only they care about this—not to do a dishonourable thing.'

"He had begun by saying he *must* say things they would not like, and had apologised beforehand to the old king himself, but they must listen and bear it, he said, and then, if they could, answer him. Well, they listened quietly; but after it was over the young men tried to get up a skirmish, on different grounds. Umkungu's sisters are there: and this, by the way, was the reason they gave for wishing so much for Umkungu to go back. There were constant messages and reports, they said, carried from the members of the family here to those in Zululand, keeping up a continual ferment about what the Government will or will not do. Mr. Shepstone said he thought by this time they might be able pretty well to distinguish between true and false reports, for they know our mode of dealing, open and aboveboard, 'not like snakes in the grass:' and then he suggested that if they were still afraid of the family being separated in this way, they might give up the girls to him, and he would bring them here to be with Umkungu. This they rejected.

"Then they began to call Ngoza to account for having gone to visit these sisters in their huts, declaring it was some political affair he had gone about; and they called on him to stand up and answer for himself. Here was the danger. Mr. Shepstone saw if he allowed Ngoza to speak, some of these wild young fellows would insult him, and then his blood would be up, and that of his friends,

and in the row mischief was sure to be done. He was afraid for the old man's life, and yet the whole thing might be represented to our Government as an accident. They were all in the greatest danger; but he said he would not allow Ngoza to speak. The young men told Mr. Shepstone to sit down and let Ngoza answer for himself; and some went so far as to say, 'Who are the English?' 'We don't care for the English.' 'They never beat us.' Ngoza and his friends, and the old men of the king's party too, begged Mr. Shepstone to allow him to speak; but he stood firm. He said to the young men, that they knew all the facts before the meeting, and in common courtesy ought to have come to him privately, if they had any complaint to make of his people; but he could not, consistently with his position, allow any of his people to be called to account in this way, and therefore he would not allow him to speak. Well, his firmness mastered them. They gave way, and next day Ketchwayo got a tusk from his father for Mr. Shepstone as an *amende* for having allowed his young men to act so; and one of the most violent among them came to thank Mr. Shepstone, saying they saw when they lay down at night the danger he had saved them from; but protesting it was his superior wisdom which had made him see it in time to prevent mischief, by keeping Ngoza from speaking. Mr. Shepstone did not believe them; for he quite thought they meant to get up a quarrel, but in the end every thing went off quietly. His wagon was broken in going there, and Panda gave him another, saying he was quite glad the accident had happened, as it gave him the opportunity to present something which he knew must be useful and acceptable.

"Mr. Shepstone at first accepted it. But after the outbreak, he declined it, saying people might call it a bribe; but Panda protested against being in

such bondage to his people as not to be able to give a present without its being spoken of as a bribe, and then Ketchwayo himself and his principal people came too, and begged Mr. Shepstone to take it; so he accepted it, and has it now."

In spite of the country being in this state of civil war, which obliged Mr. Robertson to remain at home to protect his people, Mrs. Robertson started alone in the wagon with only Kafir attendants, to go to Pietermaritzburg for her niece, Fanny Woodrow, who had come out with us from England to join them. She gives an account of the journey in the next letter written to my brother, and dated *Kwamagwaza, June* 1.

"I have been such a travelling person for the last two months that I have left off writing any letters. It needed all the anxiety I had to make me start on that long journey alone. Round by Ladismith was the only way open to us at that time, and we had to find a road out of the Zulu country via the Buffalo-river. We were eight days getting out of our own country; it took us three weeks to go to Pietermaritzburg, and a month to return. William (the Hottentot, son of Adams) was our driver, and it is the third time the little fellow has driven to and from Zululand in the last eight months. Usajabula went too as the strong one in case of accidents. Daniel was the leader. Hali and Billy and Johnnie Fea went as supernumeraries, and Susan as lady's maid. She slept in the back of the wagon: all the rest underneath it with a tent round it: Fanny and I in the cartel. We had no evil accident or trouble going down, beyond the fatigue of excruciating roads over huge boulders of stone. In coming back with the wagon loaded, we had often to unload to get over bad places, and we broke the wagon too, but we had

so many friends by the way that we got on very well, and Fanny is a brave cheerful traveller, so that small mishaps only made an amusement afterwards.

"We are getting goats, sheep, and cows, &c., about us, and plenty of fowls, so that we have a great many pets to think of. You can scarcely imagine how pretty our present hut looks. The glass windows serve for doors. The drawing-room is only ten feet square; but it is all very comfortable and pretty, only that the keen winds will come through, though it is thatched so thickly, and the rods tied so closely, that you do not see the thatch inside.

"It is very cold here, which in the summer I found very preferable to the climate on the coast, but I do not quite know yet how the winter is going to suit me; however the new house will decide that.

"I must tell you the happiness your last most brotherly letter from Natal gave us. We did not have it for a long time; when it did come it seemed like the soft bright shadow of angels' wings coming round us. True pure love and kindness seem always to speak of something above the earth.

"The plan is that the house is to be 20 feet wide—to have a centre room 20 feet square—four end rooms 10 feet by 12 each, and the verandah rooms beyond—that is, if we can do it with our funds. One of these end rooms is to be fitted up and set apart as a Chapel for family use at the station, I mean not for the heathen services. We have just unpacked Mrs. Mountain's exquisite altar-cloth and alms-dish, and we have a font, and the harmonium is to come by the next wagon-load, which we are quite longing for. We have plenty of seringas to plant near our new house, raised from Umlazi seed, as well as grenadillas, and we have just planted acorns on the Queen's birthday.

"I have had a night much freer from coughing, and I think I am getting quite right again. I have

so often thought of you in all our roughings and troubles and travellings, because there has been a sense of His care through it all. I felt sure that you too were in His hands. When Umfundisi had the Zulu fever, and I knew nothing, and could do nothing but watch, and commit him to God's care, I especially felt this. He is *quite* well again now.

"I think you will like to know that the time of Holy Communion is at half-past eight every Sunday morning. We keep up with Fanny the habit of learning a Psalm every week. Umfundisi gives us one every Sunday; and we are going to keep up a great deal of reading aloud with her.

"I must tell you about the horse: it is such a boon to us all and will follow us about. It is a nice grey, and in size and in character too, Umfundisi says, is between Cricket and Brownie, very strong, without being awkward. I cannot tell you how glad we *all* are of it.

"Now I must say, Good-bye, with many prayers for you now and ever, that you may have His presence in all your need."

To a friend in Scotland, Mrs. Robertson wrote on the 19th June, confirming the account already given of the sad state of the country which was now their home, and every one must admire the faith and courage which enabled her to take so long a journey unprotected and alone.

"*Kwamagwaza.* I will try to do what I have not hitherto done, to give you a slight sketch of the work here, which is essentially different in many respects to that at the Umlazi. We have come here just at a very critical period in Zulu history, at the decline of life of the old king, and amid all the miseries of a disputed succession, where, generally, the strongest

wins, and the son who can destroy the most of his family and people gains the respect and homage of his barbarous subjects. Ketchwayo has gained his dreadful position by a succession of wars and murders, to which he is mainly urged by the suggestions of his older barbarous counsellors, who gratify their own revenge and jealousies by stirring up doubts and suspicions in Ketchwayo's mind. When we first came here, Mr. Robertson was not only favourably impressed with him, but quite loved him; he seemed so brave, and amiable, and intelligent, and has always been so friendly and respectful to himself, that he quite hoped to be much with him, and to gain some influence over him for good, to resist his evil counsellors, improve his government, and gradually bring him to the truth. The country has lately been fearfully convulsed by his own and his father's armies coming into collision, and not only some of his father's wives and children, but even his *own* brother, have been murdered in the struggle; his people desolating the country, eating up the new crops, destroying whole kraals, even to the little children, have been common occurences. Three months back, at the time the rivers permitted us to start for my niece, who had been anxiously awaiting us in Natal through the wet season, the country was so disturbed that Mr. Robertson dared not leave home, and I was obliged to start with our people only, and take such children as needed my care. Had the army come and found us both away, and conceived the idea that we had left the country from *fear*, besides its producing a most undesirable impression on Ketchwayo's mind, all our people might have been murdered, and things destroyed. As the rivers were only safe to cross in the high part of the country, we were obliged to go a new way, instead of the coast-road. Mr. Robertson wished very much to go first, to inspect the road, which he did until he came to

a mountain that needed some digging to make a road. When he returned, having giving the proper directions, though only three days had elapsed, he had the sorrow of finding kraals all destroyed, the inhabitants of which had shown him kindness on his way; and such as had still their houses left to them, living in fear and dismay, saying they were waiting for the rivers to go down, to escape into Natal. One man said, 'Would that he lived on the Tugela, that he might watch it going down!' Mr. Robertson was so anxious at our going alone, that he thought he would take the people with him so far, and find shelter for them in a kraal at night, but he afterwards dared not, from fear that the kraal might be attacked, and our own people not distinguished. The way a kraal is destroyed is this: the soldiers come just before dawn, and stealthily surround the kraal, and then, as the inmates begin to come out of their huts in the early morning, kill them. We have since had reason to be thankful that we did not run any such risks. A young man (white), in whom we were interested, was sleeping at a kraal when it was thus attacked, and nearly lost his life in the struggle, he was covered with the murdered bodies of the poor people. Except accidentally, as in this case, there is no danger to white people, and my journey through the Zulu country (eight days) was very pleasing, although many—even most—had never seen a white lady, or any white person but passing traders. Some thought me a great white chief in a peculiar costume. All were so hearty and simple and cheerful, you could scarcely reconcile their joyous countenances and manners with the cruel system under which they live. Yet at one of these very kraals, where relations of the poor girl who accompanied me, were overjoyed to find a very near relation in our clothed Christian Susan, her uncle was killed before our return. He was accused of not espousing Ketchwayo's side, but

poor Susan told me it was only because he had plenty of cattle and mealies, which his leading men coveted. I used to amuse the people by showing them a photograph of my nieces, and by pointing out the one they would see with me as I came back. Their amazement at seeing her exactly like her picture was most amusing. I did not mean to write about my journey, though I have got so far in it; so I will only add that though very long and weary, and difficult, through stony mountainous roads, which the wagon seemed only to ascend, and jolt out things behind—in order to descend, and throw them out before—yet enchanting us with beautiful views which compensated for all troubles, we were *brought* in safety to our home at the end of two months, having received daily attentions and kindness from black and white by the way, the white chiefly Dutch, and our means of conversing being only through their imperfect knowledge of Kafir.

"The cause of this last outbreak was, Ketchwayo hearing that his father was giving the impression that a young child of six years old, the child of the favourite queen at the time, should be his successor; he sent and destroyed mother and child, and desolated the country in the direction that three of his half-brothers had escaped to Natal, or rather to the Dutch republic, because it was supposed they had received aid there. Things had come to such a crisis that Mr. Shepstone was commissioned by the Natal Government to try to forward some arrangement for fixing the succession on Ketchwayo, and so putting an end to these horrid murders. We trust this will cause a quieter state of things, that we may in time have authority from the present king and his successor to have a daily school as we had at the Umlazi, or youths living with us for instruction: without express authority from Ketchwayo, any family might be killed for sending a child to school.

We cannot even send a Zulu messenger into Natal, without a certainty of his being killed if met. We can send our own people who came here with us; to these Ketchwayo is most courteous, inviting them to take rest and refreshment in passing, and in every way showing respect to us by enforcing it from his people, and by sending respectful messages. Mr. Robertson hopes to go in a few days to him to talk over many things, and with the hope of getting nearer to him in heart; for you must not think he is harder or more insensible than others. These tragedies arise from his position in a system entirely barbarous, and though one dreads the hardening influence of such a life, he seems naturally an amiable young man, if one can use the expression of a heathen warrior prince, fighting his way to his father's throne. At present Mr. Robertson leads a *friendly* life amongst the people, always going about amongst them and encouraging them to come to him. At home you constantly see him here or there, sitting on the block of a tree, or as may be, and groups around him in earnest converse, which he tries to turn to account. I trust he has gained the confidence of many, and that a longer residence will only increase it; he walks twenty, thirty, and forty miles, and is out for days among them, and hopes to devote a great part of his time to staying at the kraals of different princes and leading people, to make his work more effective generally. Ketchwayo and his brothers most cordially liked this plan when he proposed it to them.

"But it is most embarrassing to us both, to divide ourselves between our own Christians and the heathen. Groups are assembling round our windows through the day, to whom it is right to devote attention, though it sadly interferes sometimes with my attention to my girls' reading and sewing, which is the noon hour's duty. In the evening Mr. Robertson

has the boys to school, Christians and any Zulus who are working; but when he is absent, this and the morning and evening Services are discontinued, and many other things most essential, so that we are quite looking for some additional help.

"One new feature in our life here is, that we are getting quite a number of pets around us—goats, sheep, cows, and fowls—it is the only way to have provisions. Our poor goats and sheep are dying from cold, and our cows are not giving any milk, so we are not much benefited at present; but they and our garden are quite a source of interest to us, and in the care they require, a good training to our young ones."

To another friend in Scotland Mrs. Robertson wrote by the same mail:

"*Kwamagwaza, June 19th,* 1861. It is very difficult for us to find time for writing, although we feel it quite a *happy* duty, for every one requires our constant personal care, so that we are sometimes tempted to be impatient at our time seeming to be so exhausted in small duties.

"I will now answer your letter as shortly as I *can*, not as fully as I might wish. The building season is in winter, from March to September, but Mr. Robertson at once made arrangements for a builder to come. A plan was made out which I hope to enclose. Now it is far on in June. The builder, who had other work to finish before he could come to us, has not yet made his appearance from Natal, and we are beginning to fear that for this season the *house* will have to be given up, beyond collecting the materials to make an early start next March.

"We propose *now* to build a chapel for strictly Christian Service. We sorely feel the need of this for ourselves and for our people and children, who have now been for nearly three-quarters of a year

without the influence of any place set apart for God's worship. From our coming in the rainy season, and in an unusually rainy one, we have had the utmost difficulty even in getting any huts put up for shelter for ourselves and people. We hope, if time fails us for the house this season, to have the Chapel built.

"For heathen Services we can at present have no building like a Church. It would require such a large building, involving such a great outlay, and ours is naturally such a fluctuating congregation, that it would be unwise at present to build for it, but Mr. Robertson hopes to put up a rougher building, which will receive such as come in bad weather, and will form a large school-room.

"He has many plans and devices for meeting this necessity, one being that it should have a verandah-porch which would shelter him from the sun, and an outer enclosure to preserve some sort of Church-like order.

"But for the heathen, dear friend, the bell comes before the Church. They have no idea of time, and scarcely ever know the days well enough to mark when it is Sunday. Frequently parties have come with mealies and pumpkins to sell on Sunday, because they did not know it was Sunday: and many often stay away in consequence of this ignorance, so much so that the numbers who come depend very much upon Mr. Robertson's going whenever he can on the Saturday to remind them: and in the course of the week—for we have numerous daily visitors, who take up a large portion of our time—they will ask what the day is, and then count on their fingers when the Sunday will be.

"Little Blanche is not with us at present, nor is her brother, little Charlie Mackenzie, but we hope to see them soon. There were various difficulties at the time we left the Umlazi in the way of their

father Heber removing, and we were not sorry to be followed rather than accompanied by such a large family (seven in number). I saw Heber recently in Natal, and he said, when he saw Hali and Billy with me, that it made his heart ache to think how much better my children were trained than his. But he is an excellent man, and though he could not make up his mind to part with his children, for Charlie is his only son, I am sure he will do his best. Many of our people who wished to follow us, have been deterred by the war and famine in this country.

"I think we shall see Blanche by the next wagon which we are just expecting. She is about twelve years old, and is an intelligent graceful-looking girl, rather self-willed, as all the native children are, from want of *early* training, but affectionate and clever. She reads and sews well, and she used to learn the collect every Sunday when with me, and psalms or other passages of Scripture as I directed.

"Little Hali is a very anxious-minded boy. He says his hymns prettily and feelingly, but his writing is a great difficulty to him. Billy is most clever at this, and Hali will look at Billy's slate, then at his own, and rub out his own writing, saying to himself with his brow anxiously knit, 'Oh! it is not nice.' 'Wake, little child,' and 'Put the spade and wheel away,' are the two hymns they are learning now: the one every day, the other on Sunday."

The next letter, written to me on the 18th June, shows the unhappy state of slavery to which the women are reduced in this heathen land.

"We have lately been greatly interested in a young girl who came wishing to be with us. Umfundisi was out at the time: we said she should remain until he returned, which he did after a day or two, and was

pleased to find her here, and consented to her remaining, if her friends knew and sanctioned it. She said they did; that she had long wished to be taught. We made her some clothes, and of her own accord she tried to make a parting in her hair like the other girls with her finger, without a comb, which amused us all.

"She was so bright and intelligent that we were very pleased and thankful. She came in with our girls to their sewing and reading lessons, and quite surprised us by her skilfulness in sewing. But yesterday after the Service, almost before Umfundisi had dismissed the people, he and Fanny were shocked at seeing a man suddenly rise, and, wild with passion, aim an assegai at her. Umfundisi commanded him to desist, and returned as soon as he had taken off his surplice, when the man said he would kill her if it were not for him.

"He had a large party with him, and by degrees we made out, that although he was not her father, she belonged to him, having been brought up by him from childhood, when she, then a little thing a few years old, became his prisoner of war. He insisted upon his right to take her away. Umfundisi acknowledged his right, and the wrong dealing too of the poor girl in having deceived him about her coming here with her father's consent: but he would not allow him to take her away, if he meant to kill her, as he threatened to do. The man was quite beyond reason, he was so furious with passion. He had the usual bundle of assegais with him, and it was only by standing between him and the poor girl that Umfundisi could protect her from them.

"Fanny said it was so sad to see the poor girl and our own people's sorrowful looks. Our girls stood in one frightened group at some distance. Henry tried to say an encouraging word to poor Unompe, and Umfundisi stood firmly confronting the enraged man and his party, telling them of the sin of murder, and that as God's minister he would not permit it.

"He afterwards told us that he was the more anxious to protect her, as he had known of a case in which a poor girl had gone for refuge to a white man, who gave her up on condition that they would not punish her: and shortly afterwards her poor murdered body was found left over the brow of the hill by which they had disappeared.

"But at last it ended in the man's taking her. All our chosen Zulu friends who were present, and who had condemned the man when he was so violent, said that he would be afraid to do her any harm after what the Umfundisi had said.

"It was so sad. The man ordered her savagely to take off her clothes; she came to me and gave them, her eyes swimming in tears. I begged her to be good at home, and by and bye I thought we should see her again. But it was hoping against fear, saying all I did. Her neatly-combed hair could not be altered, and Fanny remarked how different her appearance and expression were even in the short time she had been here.

"Undwendwe, a very good Zulu, one of our most loved ones, who has been here to-day, says he is sure they dare not hurt her, but Umfundisi proposes going to talk to Ketchwayo about her, and many other things he has long had at heart. He thinks of going on Thursday, as he wishes to have time for thought and prayer. I dread the long walk for him: he is so often taking these long walks, and looks so exhausted after them, but he says, 'No, it is not too much;' and I cannot wish to spare him even if it be, if it will forward the great object of his being here.

"One thing gave me comfort when I saw poor Unompe going away, looking outwardly so like other Zulu girls, we cannot tell but that others also are wishing to come, but fear for their lives. So for a long time it may be a work going on invisibly."

The next letter was written to me by Mrs. Robertson's niece, and gives a pleasant picture of her new home.

"I am sorry to say that aunt is ill in bed with an attack of bronchitis, so will not be able to write by this mail the long letters she had intended. We have now been exactly three weeks at home. We arrived late on Saturday evening. We were so much longer on the road than uncle expected, that he came to meet us, and found us in a '*stick*' just over the Umhlatuze. But we were so glad to have him, that a 'stick in the mud' did not distress us a bit. You may imagine how glad we all were after a month's trek over such dreadful roads to get to such a *snug* little home as Kwamagwaza is. The great topic of conversation just now is, the building of the real house, which uncle hopes will be done this winter. The country here is most lovely and everything is so pleasant. The natives are very interesting and very funny, and uncle and auntie's own people are very nice.

"Every morning I teach Hali and Billy, whom I believe you know, to read English. They are very dear little boys. Hali can speak English very well. Once or twice he has said to me that he 'members Mr. Archdeacon and Miss Mackenzie.'

"Auntie wishes me to tell you about her garden—how when she came home she found that some naughty cows and goats had got into it, and eaten all up—a goodly bed of cabbages and beans and peas and radishes, &c., &c. And she had been so particular about having a good *kitchen* garden—and had not begun a *flower* garden—and then to have it all eaten up by heathen cows! Was it not hard? She won't do anything more in the garden till they have made a fence all round, which we hope will be finished next week.

"The Kafir postman has just put his head in at the window to tell us to *tyetya* (make haste), but he must wait a few minutes whilst I tell you how the other day we unpacked Mrs. Mountain's altar-cloth—that was such a treat. Besides the cloth there was an alms-dish, and a handsome book for the Communion Table: and a number of little books, &c.; and a dress for one of the girls.

"Uncle has been counting his flocks and herds, and finds he can muster 81 sheep and goats, 15 cows, and I think 2 span of oxen. He has been busy having some young ones broken in. But really I dare not keep the man waiting any longer."

I will now give extracts from a letter written by Mr. Robertson, June 30th, after his return from Ondine, Ketchwayo's kraal, where it may be remembered Mrs. Robertson mentioned he was going about Unompe's business and other things.

"I am happy to say I have returned from Ondine, Ketchwayo's great kraal, after a very pleasant visit, and I hope a successful one too. I started on the 21st instant late in the afternoon, and slept at a kraal (Ezulwini) about eight miles from this place—started early next morning (June 22nd), and after a fatiguing walk through the valley of the Umhlatuze, which is always a hot, breathless place, we reached Ondine at sundown. I asked the Induna to report my arrival, and to add that I was too tired then to do anything but rest. A messenger was at once sent up to the head of the kraal where the chief's residence is, who presently returned to say, 'The Child' (all the children of Panda, although grown up to manhood, are called 'abantwana' children) 'says we shall meet to-morrow morning.' After this a hut was got ready for me, and I was very thankful to be able to rest my weary limbs; we were also thoroughly hungry, and

enjoyed our 'izinkobe' (boiled mealies) entirely. I like these journeys very much; so many opportunities are given to one of saying a good word: fellow-travellers, I think, cannot but be very closely drawn to one another.

"*June 23rd.* Early this morning, before I had finished dressing, Umzuzo, one of Ketchwayo's great servants, came to say that he was ready to see me. I did not hurry to go, but finished all that I had to do. As it was I was quite soon enough. Ketchwayo had ordered Umzuzo to take me to a place at some distance from the great kraal where we should meet, and on getting there we found he had not arrived, which was well. It gave me time for thought, and prayer for God's help, without which all our labours will be vain. After we had waited for a few minutes, he arrived, accompanied by three or four men, one of them carrying a bundle of spears. The plan of procedure I had proposed to myself to follow was, to begin with Unompe's case, and as I saw prudent to go on with other matters. Ketchwayo came up to me, and shook hands, as is his wont, very heartily. He then ordered one of his attendants to bring a block of wood for him to sit upon, and then they all retired to a respectful distance. Of course I stood, and was gratified by his asking me to sit down on the block beside him. 'So far, good,' I said with myself, and took courage.

"After the usual preliminaries, dwelling very strongly several times as I went on with the relation, on the horror which all civilized men feel at the thought of shedding blood, more especially innocent blood, and on the certainty that a greater than man, God, would never bless a people of blood, I told him that it was the duty of every ruler to maintain order among his people, and especially to protect the weak against the strong. When I had ended he replied, 'She shall not be killed; he had better not attempt it; he will not, no one is killed so in the Zulu country.' In reply I

thanked him for his 'Word,' and added I hoped much that seeing he was now chief, he would rule with wisdom and righteousness; then I was sure his kingdom would become firm and stable, but not otherwise. To rule by the spear destroys everything. (Rev. xiii. 10.)

"My rule is never to mention a political question unless it be first brought before me, and then my answers are frequently *à la* Zulu; i.e. given as if I were the most ignorant person in the world. For instance, on the day I left Ondine I met a large party on their way thither, headed by an Induna. We stopped to chat, and the Induna began at once to ply me with questions. 'Where do you come from?' 'From Ondine.' 'What are they eating there?' 'Nothing: they are starving.' 'What news?' 'What do I know about news.' 'What about the Boers? Haven't you seen them?' 'Yes, they slept at Oketeteline.' 'What did Ketchwayo say to them?' 'What do I know about Ketchwayo?' Upon which two of them burst into a laugh, saying as they went away, 'You are very clever.'

"It is quite different, however, when Ketchwayo speaks on such subjects, then I feel bound to say clearly what I think, which I had to do to-day. After I had finished talking about Unompe, Ketchwayo asked me if I had heard that the Boers had come. I said, 'Yes, I had heard that they had arrived at Kanodwengu.' He said, 'Yes, and they are coming here too; they slept at the Umhlatuze last night.' I said, 'What do they want?' He replied, 'Oh, they are come to beg a tract of country.' I said, 'I heard as much, and also that he had promised to give it to them.' He replied, 'That was not true; in the late affair they begged for the country Ecome (just beyond Kwamagwaza), but I refused; I do not want to see Boers located in the midst of my country.' I commended this, and said that 'I knew the Boers were anxious to get a pathway to the sea; they had tried to get one by Delagoa Bay

some years ago, but were turned back by fever; now they wished to find a road by the Zulu country, and he might depend upon it that if he gave them a piece of land now, they would only wait for another 'affair' to get another piece. It would be like putting in one finger to-day, and another to-morrow, next day the whole arm, and by and by the whole body. I begged him not to think me an 'evil-speaker,' that personally I had nothing to say against the Boers, but that I knew of what was going on elsewhere, and I did not know of any native tribe that they had raised, but of many they had destroyed.' He replied with some warmth 'That he knew I was speaking the truth; he knew the Boers, and all their 'izindaba' were bad ones; he should not allow them to build in the Zulu country.'

"After this I said 'There is one thing which I very much wished to see in the country, a thing which I felt sure would cause the kingdom to be firm, and that was to see a school for young men or boys, such as there is at Ekukanyeni, Capetown, and elsewhere.' He asked me a few questions about them, and the names of chiefs, &c., but turned to another subject, and I did not press it, thinking it better to leave the door open, than to shut it by receiving a refusal. He seemed interested, and if it please God to spare me, I shall recur to it next time I visit him. Several messengers now came to say that the Boers had actually arrived in the kraal, and were very hungry. He gave directions concerning them, and having ordered his people to give me an ox, I took my leave, thankful to God for having prospered my way so far. After this I returned to my hut, had some breakfast, and despatched three of my boys down to the Tugela for some things we had run short of. I was left alone with Henry. As I was sitting outside my hut reading, three of the Boers stumbled on me. They were exceedingly surprised, I seemed to them like a man

from the clouds, and they told me as much. One of them, by name Bruse, described himself as an Advocate from the Mooi River in the Transvaal Republic. After the usual salutations and explanations he told me that they had come to settle with Ketchwayo about their boundaries. I told them that I did not know that the boundaries of the Transvaal or Free State reached to the Zulu country. On my saying this, he became as if vexed with himself for having said so much, and replied, 'Oh no; but perhaps you are aware that Pretorius' father appointed Panda king of the Zulus, and in all matters they require his help.' My answer was, 'Indeed;' which ended the conversation for the time.

"In the afternoon Ketchwayo had a grand review of the regiment *Lendi*, in honour of the Boers. It consisted in their marching or rather running past the Boers in companies, and then forming in a semicircular mass for a dance. They sang several war-songs, dancing, of course, at the same time, and ended with Chaka's song, which may be regarded as their National Anthem. It is only music, no words composing it. In front of the dancers was a large body of people, men, women, and boys of all ages. During the singing of the other songs they all remained seated, but when Chaka's song was sung, all stood up and joined in it; the effect was at once striking and solemn. At its conclusion the whole multitude dispersed in rather an undignified manner, like a large school set free.

"*Sunday, June* 24. I had a short conversation with Mr. Bruse this morning. It appears that they had been thinking that I must belong to the London Missionary Society, and be connected with Dr. Livingstone. I explained to him fully that I belonged to the Church of England. I did not have public Divine Service till 2 P.M., Ketchwayo having said yesterday that he would come. Up to that time he had

been engaged with the Boers, not alone as I learned, but surrounded by his izinduna. One of them told me that they were asking for a large tract of land in the upper part of the country, and that Ketchwayo was refusing to give it, getting angry when the Boers got angry, and quiet when they were quiet. From which it would appear that the conference had been conducted with considerable warmth on both sides. From 2 to 3 P.M. I had Service, having given up all hope of Ketchwayo's being present. It was attended by a large and attentive audience. After the Service I learnt that the Boers had just left, much disappointed, and taking with them the presents which they had brought for Ketchwayo. In the afternoon my hut was filled with young men, including Umtonga and Unjidla, two of Panda's sons. I explained to them the objects we 'abafundisi' have in view. I find this a most useful way of communicating many truths to them. It was recommended by good Bishop Wilson. The two princes and their attendants learned to repeat the first Psalm by rote. They said it over about twenty times until they remembered the words of each line: when one had forgotten another remembered. I could not help being very much drawn to them. They said I ought to come and see Ketchwayo every month. In the evening I had my hut full of visitors, many of whom remained to evening prayer. Henry succeeded in getting a few mealies for our supper, for a calico purse my niece had supplied me with, for which we were very thankful, as we had scarcely taken any food all day. In the evening I had a drink of beer, which helped me not a little. A kind man who had previously given me a few potatoes, sent for me in great haste to drink it, his supply having just come from his kraal. At these *great kraals* they always bring their own provisions, and are consequently often in great want. On the days on which their supplies are expected, they are watching the

roads all day, so that 'ukubella inhlela' (to watch the roads) has come to be used figuratively to mean expectation.

"*June 26th.* Returned to Ondine, and bade farewell to Ketchwayo, but had no conversation worth recording.

"After a fatiguing but pleasant walk I reached home about 7 P.M., happy to find all well, and the only disaster being the death of a calf. Thanks to Ketchwayo we are all rejoicing in a good supply of beef. Instead of the ox, which will be most useful in the wagon, we have killed a fat cow. Had a feast in the evening for the people.

"*July 4th.* Heard that Unompe had run away a second time. Umzumbo was here by daylight looking for her. She, it appears, ran away with another girl last night. It was with difficulty that I convinced Umzumbo that she had not come here. He talked much more reasonably this time, and said he would give her to me if I would find her for him: but I do not trust him; he is a bad fellow. After he got her home on the 17th ult., he took her and the other girl, also a captive, and caused them to marry a man who is said never to have been loved by any one. This is the result. What will be their fate if they are caught, God only knows. How much need have we and all Christians to pray that God will speedily prepare the way, that His Gospel may take deep root in many a heart and bring forth fruit. To pray seems often the only thing we can do.

"*July 9th.* What we want here is one or two young men, natives of one or other of the three kingdoms—thorough Churchmen—and the same number of Catechists. My great wish would now be, if men and means can be had, to occupy at once as many stations as possible, and *as soon as possible.* It seems clear to me that the Zulu country will ere long belong either to the Dutch or English, under whom it may possibly not be so easy to get sites."

The letter I received the following month greatly excited our fears as to the warlike intentions of the Zulus and Ketchwayo. On the 12th July Mrs. Robertson wrote to me:

"The whole nation of young Zulu warriors is being assembled by Ketchwayo, and there are rumours of a far distant expedition, from which, if they do undertake it, Umfundisi says only a small remnant can return. Ostensibly it is for a grand hunt, and so far they are hunting, but we think it very likely that the Prince is preparing himself for any contingency that may arise; but whatever the cause, our hearts ache for them. Although thousands were assembled at the time of his visit to Ondine, hundreds and hundreds are constantly passing, and these warrior bands are quartered on the kraals they pass by, seizing everything for food, they are so famished. Our Kwamagwaza people are quite oppressed by it; we know all their troubles, but I believe it is the same everywhere. There were not good crops after the famine of last year, and the lung-sickness has left them no amount of cattle, and war and depredation have recently destroyed much: now they have these regiments always coming upon them. In some instances not only have all their mealies been consumed, but their seed mealies for the ensuing year. One old woman, Tobi (not so very old, but a lone woman, a pet and hanger-on of ours), is left in charge of her brother's kraal, whilst he is at the barrack kraal. Yesterday a large band passed, it was impossible to count them, they poured over the hill in such numbers. She had buried all her own things, and was terribly tried to keep her brother's in any order. Though it was a lovely calm morning, scarcely any one came to Church; they were obliged to defend their property from their poor ravenous visitors. Umfundisi went over in the afternoon to one of the kraals to see if there was any opening to do

any good, but all was noisy disorder. Fanny teaches Tobi to speak English, so when she comes here, having often heard Fanny say, 'Good morning Tobi—nice Tobi;' she says, 'Gu morn, Inkosazan—nice Inkosazan.' Her husband, and I think her son, were both murdered as accused 'Abatakati;' and her oppressed heart seems almost unconsciously to find comfort in being with the Umfundisi. I have seen her eyes bent on him so earnestly when he has been dwelling on the love of God to man, especially to the little child and the lone woman. She lives with her brother whose kraal is in sight of our huts on a neighbouring hill. Another especial friend of ours came this morning, Undwendwe is his name. He is a fine, tall, middle-aged man, with a beaming, happy, expression, and has such a gentle reverence for Umfundisi and his teaching, that it is quite touching. He is such a fine-looking man that he even makes Umfundisi look small. The other day he said to him, pointing to Fanny and me, 'I love them much, very much,' and then put his hands on both Umfundisi's shoulders, saying, 'and him *kakulu-kakulu*' (exceedingly).

"We had been taking our people for a pic-nic the other day in the wagon, in commemoration of Susan's time being up with us, and he joined us and thought he should like to try what it is to ride on a wagon. Umfundisi told him to get on the box; he rode some little way, and then jumped off before the wagon stopped and fell. He turned round with his bright look, shaking his hand to us, and exclaiming, 'kuhle, kuhle kakulu.' It struck Fanny so much; she remarked, 'Is not it sweet? Does not he say that in the same spirit in which uncle always says 'all right,' when things are troublous?' He has been learning to shoot to try to bring us things, and last week for the first time he brought us two guinea-fowls which he had killed at *one* shot. He came straight to the house, asking for the 'Inkosazan' in

the most eager tone. It was dark, and his home at the very least two miles off; when he was leaving, he begged for a feather from each bird, that his people might see them as trophies of his success. We made him a shirt which he likes to wear, although he does not in the least belong to us: he only shoots for the pleasure of it. He is a most regular and reverent attendant of the Sunday Service, and came to-day to say how sorry he was not to have been here yesterday, but he was oppressed with the soldiers. I told him that we had remembered him, and that I had remarked to Umfundisi when he did not come, that we might be sure it was because his home was over-run with strangers. He had such a glad look at having been understood. I can scarcely ever attend the open-air Service on account of the mid-day sun, but Fanny says he always sits on the same stump of a tree, so earnest and reverent in his manner; she always calls it Undwendwe's stump.

"We are all very anxious about Unompe, although we think this is the last place she would dare to come to; every bark of a dog or sound at night makes us start with the hope she is there; and I am afraid too of her fleeing as a refugee to Natal, and if not murdered in the attempt, perhaps being given to some white family, who will not try to raise her. In such a distracted state of things, prayer is our only strength, almost our only hopeful work. I must not say a word more."

The aspect of affairs in Zululand now looked so threatening, that troops were sent to Natal from Cape Town, and the Volunteers of the Colony moved to the borders, prepared to meet Ketchwayo, should invasion of Natal be his intention. Whether he was frightened from his purpose, or had really never intended this, will probably never be known.

There were many different opinions at the time, but it was agreed by all, that the speed with which the troops were mustered, gave the Zulu Prince a useful lesson as to the power of the English, and the danger to his nation of engaging in any conflict with them. Writing on this subject in the month of August, Mr. Robertson says:—

"It has been, I fear, a very bad affair for both sides of the Tugela, expense to Natal, and suffering here. All the natives in this and many other neighbourhoods, have been eaten up by Ketchwayo's troops, and many kraals have not even seed to sow.

"From *July* 16*th* to 25*th*, large bodies of men poured down towards Ondine from all directions. In short the whole strength of the nation was assembled, and judging from the numbers who passed by this one place, I imagine 20,000 must be far below the estimate.

"The rumour here was, that the English were going to invade the Zulus. I am satisfied from all I have seen and heard, that this fear was a real one, and not feigned on the part of Ketchwayo and his people; and it was caused by the appearance of the troops and volunteers on the Natal side of the Tugela. Immediately they were seen, messengers were sent in great haste to all parts of the country, and the roads were at once filled with bands of armed men, some of them travelling by night as well as by day. Also all the cattle were driven away from the neighbourhood of the Tugela, into the the valley of the Umhlatuze, and some of them even passed this place. Many of the kraals also in this neighbourhood buried all their valuables in pits, or hid them elsewhere. The bush just below our garden was filled with baskets, hoes, &c., &c. Many were the anxious visitors who came to make enquiries of me. They, of course, imagined that I knew all about

it, and it was no easy matter to persuade them to the contrary.

"Of one thing I told them I was sure, viz., that the English would never attack the Zulus, unless the latter began first, and I explained the presence of the English troops on the borders as simply a precautionary measure of the English. I said that they were '*Amadada impela*,' (valiant men), and always took notice of what was going on beyond their borders, just as the Zulus would take notice of a huge body of Amaswazi. I further tell them that I am ready to stake my life on the truthfulness of these assertions. Since the truth has been known, I have often been reminded of this.

"One old chief, who lives on the way to the Buffalo river, at whose kraal our letter carrier often stays, gave me quite a scolding as he passed. 'You,' he said, 'who send so many letters to Natal, why do you not write to tell *Somtseu* (Mr. Shepstone) that we have no intention whatever of invading Natal? Natal is our home, would we be fools enough to destroy our nice gardens from which we receive so much food? Would we be mad enough to think we could fight the conquerors of the Boers?'

"Another Induna whom I saw at Ondine did not conceal from me the satisfaction it would be to him if the English did invade the country. 'Will we fight?' he said, but I, feeling that most likely he was only trying to draw me out, confined myself to indignantly asking him, 'Do the English make aggressive wars?'

"On the 26th July, Panda sent three Izinduna to me to say that he wished me to go to Ondine, and get certain men, whom he named, to go with me to Natal, and enquire of the Government, whether he had invited the English to invade his country, as it was falsely asserted that he had.

"I reached Ondine on the 28th, on Sunday, but very unlike Sunday here. There was nothing but noise and

confusion. I saw Ketchwayo on the 29th, and arranged to make the desired enquiries for the King by letter, as it was very inconvenient to me to go to Natal myself at that time. Ketchwayo said that for himself he could not conceive in what he had offended. After some friendly chat with him about our doings at Kwamagwaza, I started on my way home, not a little pleased at being saved the trouble of so long a journey.

"One thing was very gratifying to us, and that was, the trust and confidence reposed in us by the people here. All the sheep and goats of their kraals in the neighbourhood were entrusted to our care, that they might be safe from the *impi* (army), which took by force whatever it liked.

"I was not a little amused by the following circumstance. Ketchwayo has a watch which he wished to show me when I was at Ondine, but on the servant looking for it, it was found to have been sent off with the female part of the establishment to be kept safely till better days."

To my sister in Natal Mrs. Robertson wrote:—

"Things have indeed been very exciting here lately, sometimes touching, sometimes rather anxious. It was most interesting the learning new things in Zulu life: one day to hear that orders were sent from Ketchwayo that the cattle should be driven away, then that the women and their children should be prepared to take flight to a place of greater safety. All were in readiness. Then it was said that Ketchwayo must go too, as the King is not allowed to be seen in war. It must be rather galling to such a warlike spirit.

"Things are now returned to their usual quietude, and all our old friends are settled at home again.

"I could tell you so many pleasant things, but it is getting dark, and we have no oil or candles, and have even

finished the tallow of which we have been manufacturing them. Till the wagons come, we are going to invent a light of wick and some melted fat, so as to have a little light.

"Our largest hut has the drawing-room in the middle, and two bed rooms, one on each side. Two verandah rooms make a store-room and dressing-room. A little beyond is the dining-room and school-hut, and the children's hut comes next; then the girls' and Mam's (the old Hottentot woman). The boys' huts are on the other side. Christina's is somewhere else. Mr. Robertson is inventing a clay oven like the Dutchmen's, and as soon as Mr. Samuelson can help him, he is going to have a larger school-room of sods.

"The Commentary on Hosea which you lent me has been a great treat."

Our poor friends were not long to enjoy the comfort of the buildings described in this letter. The season had been an unusually dry one, and the result of the long drought was, that the grass became like tinder, ready to take fire from the slightest cause.

In September Mr. Robertson wrote the following account of what had happened to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the letter being finished by Mrs. Robertson :—

"On Wednesday last, September 11, all our principal buildings, containing twelve rooms, were burnt down. The fire was accidental, and originated in the cooking place. A strong wind was blowing at the time, which soon caused it to communicate with all the buildings near. In a few minutes about a hundred natives, men and women, were on the spot, and by their prompt help we were enabled to save a large portion of our property. Our losses, notwithstanding, are very great, especially in food, of which we had just

laid up our year's supply. In that alone our loss must amount to between £40 and £50. But I have not yet had time to make an exact estimate of anything. All my efforts are now directed to getting up other buildings before the rains commence.

"I cannot say how grateful we are to these good Zulus. I cannot speak too highly of their kindness to us in our distress. Although this is the planting season, they have, since the moment they heard of it, turned out, both male and female, high and low, to help us in putting up other buildings. We have already in course of erection a house of four rooms and and a girls' hut, which, weather permitting, I expect will be finished in a week. How different this from the slow march we made on our first coming here? During these three days past, grass and poles have been brought to us from a distance of ten miles. In that the sympathy is universal, and we thank God for it. Of course I pay them for their labour, but this does not lower our estimation of their kindness."

Mrs. Robertson wrote as follows :

"We have such cause for thankfulness. No life was lost amidst such destruction of buildings and property, and we have saved nearly all our books, clothes, and other valued things, but all the stores that came by our wagon for future supplies are gone. Mr. Robertson was burnt in saving some coffee, but not seriously. It was overwelming at first to him who had done all with such labour, and who had only his own labour to trust to, to restore it; we felt it so sad. But there is so much of mercy in it all. And the Samuelson's huts were ready for us. Then the people, nothing can exceed their sympathy. From all directions they come to where Mr. Robertson is building, with thatch and wood for huts. We quite hoped that as our own large hut stood more aloof, it would have escaped, the wind not even coming that way, but

the air was so heated by the blazing of the other huts that it was scorching to stand outside our own, and even boxes that were thrown out of the huts, were burning afterwards, though there was no long grass to convey the flame. Our own people that were at home were most kind and good. Christina, with her baby on her back, and again in a condition to make any alarm worse for her, exerted herself most wonderfully. Mr. Robertson was nearly insensible from heat, fatigue, and sorrow; he was obliged to have water thrown over him at last. I have not any needles, all my working materials are burnt, except cotton: then we have to hem handkerchiefs to reward our kind friends who helped in emptying the huts. Fanny and I have each had to hunt out brass thimbles and burnt scissors. I was not up when the fire began, and this is the first day I have been really well for a few weeks.

"Fanny, Mr. Robertson, and I have only one hut; we never really go to bed, and the horses are partitioned off by a mat at one end, as the only shelter they can have. One night the horses were hungry, and began to eat the mat. We are beginning to laugh now at many incidents during our calamity. Mr. Robertson said, so gravely, the evening of the first day after the fire, when he came in at night, 'I realized Lot's wife this morning. The whole place was so desolate, and there stood up something so solitary, and I went to see what it was. It was the bag of salt in the store baked to a stone, the sack quite burnt off it.' We were both so gravely listening to him; and then we all had a sort of reaction, and laughed so heartily that we began to get more natural.

By the same mail Mrs. Robertson wrote to me. She knew it was coming near the time when I should be summoned by my brother to join him at the Zambesi, and to leave Bishopscourt, where he had left me a year ago, under the kind care of the Bishop of Capetown and Mrs. Gray.

"*October 15th*, 1861. We are again settled in our new huts, not quite so comfortably as before, for we have nothing to make windows of, and as it is often wet and cold, our rooms have to be darkened. There was just one half-door not burnt, which Umfundisi made into a window for our sitting-room. He chiselled four holes for window panes in it.

"*Our* hut is very large. It contains three rooms, one 15 feet square, and the others 15 by 12, and a store-room. Umfundisi has built eight other huts, and Heber's is now being built in preparation for his wife's coming. The Chapel hut is also planned.

"There were only four huts saved, but so much that is cheering and hopeful has risen out of that sad day, that we have much to help us to bear it patiently. In spite of the care, anxiety and labour it was to dear Umfundisi, as well as very great loss, he used to come home to us at night quite cheered by the goodness of the people, they showed such hearty sympathy. Last year when we came here, we could not get any thatch or wood for building huts from the Zulus, nor labour of any kind, because it was the planting season. Now, although it has been the same season, every work was suspended to help us, girls coming in large parties carrying the grass for thatching, men with poles and sticks, and more than all coming at sunrise to help Umfundisi to build, indeed so early that he dare not stay for a cup of coffee before he set to work, lest he should find a large party waiting for him. We were in the Samuelsons' huts, which are a quarter of a mile distant.

"They joined in the morning prayers with him, and then worked all day. You remember Undwendwe's name. He and Umaigani are brothers in heart and character, although in reality only distantly related. They live near each other, and we look upon them as two of the noblest men here. They had to pass the Samuelsons' huts, in which we were, on their way to

help Umfundisi, and it used quite to cheer us to see them passing, and to hear their earnest expressions. The first morning after they knew of our misfortune, they came with such sorrowful faces to express their grief and to offer their help.

"We had had a present sent us from Natal of a cask of treacle, which not being with our stores, had escaped the fire. The Zulus were, of course, delighted with such a novelty, and we used to offer it to them with water as a beverage. They could not think why the '*Abelungu*' (white people) ate or drank anything else, if they knew how to make it. But I was going to tell you, that after Umaigani and Undwende with their party—(consisting of Undwendwe's father, a white-haired old man, his brother, and another very pleasant Zulu, Umkomba by name, and Ungiya, a famous warrior of old, who considers himself my especial friend, and brings me *Amasi* (thick milk) *with his own hands*, which he says no other Zulu *man* would do, and that he would only do it for *me*, telling Umfundisi and Fanny when he comes, 'It is not for you, it is for her, I am the man of the Inkosikazi')—had finished their work, Umfundisi offered them all a jug of treacle and water, and Umaigani and Undwendwe begged him to give thanks before any of them touched it.

"Undwendwe had done this once some time before. He had seen us at breakfast one day from the window, and when Umfundisi had given thanks, he said 'kuhle kuhle kakulu' (very good indeed). 'God gives us all things, we should thank him.' The next week when Umfundisi was out, he came to see us early one morning when we were breakfasting. Fanny offered him some porridge and sugar. When he had finished he thanked God for it, and also that the Umfundisi had come to be with them and to teach them, in such an earnest reverent way.

"They are such noble looking men these two, with such a bright, sweet expression. The other day when

I was unable to leave my room, Umaigani brought me a present of a very pretty wooden-dish for bread, because he knew we had lost so many dishes, and Fanny said when he knew how ill I was, the tears came into his eyes.

"I like you to know of the Zulus in their gentler aspect, because through recent events, people speak and write of them only as savage warriors, and we lately have seen them under such a different aspect. We owe it to them that so much as we have is saved, all our books nearly, and our clothes. More than a hundred seemed instantly on the spot, or we could scarcely have saved anything, for most of our own people were out, and the fire was so rapid in its progress. Christina ran some distance, she was from home, and little Jeanie on her back. With her and Fanny's help, my room was nearly cleared. In it was the valuable tool-chest, now doubly precious, as the chest containing all the other tools was burnt. The wagons had only arrived two days before, and this chest being so very beautiful, was put into my room to be taken great care of, and it has been invaluable in putting up the new buildings. The Zulus many of them burnt and lacerated their hands in carrying out boxes from the huts. Then when all was over, they added to their kindness by carrying them away to the Samuelsons' huts for us.

"They all called it *their* great kraal that was burnt. Another good arising out of this disaster is, that the things they have earned by their labour in bringing material, &c., have given them the means, in this year of famine, of buying food in distant and more fortunate parts of the country. Umfundisi paid away at the proper rate of payment, more than £30 in beads, calicoes, sheets, blankets, &c., which they fairly earned after the day of the fire. The whole of our hill was like a large market, and for two or three days Umfundisi could not work at the buildings themselves, he

was so entirely occupied in receiving and taking account of the materials brought, and in putting them in their separate lots. Under common circumstances, nothing would have induced the Zulus to act as they did, they are so wonderfully indolent. They came from the whole neighbourhood round, quite fifteen miles some of them.

"I beg to tell you that Ketchwayo is rather an *amiable* man than not, and you *are* to believe it. He is brave and warlike, and has a great many good qualities for a heathen prince. He is devoted to his mother.

"Just now, the Zulus, the grown men, are all meeting at Panda's to mourn the death of his aged mother, and when the women are called to *kala* ('lament') and dig a large garden to her memory, the men will all be again summoned to hunt to her memory.

"All this sadly frustrates the missionary's work amongst them; a great part of the people are being constantly called away. Umfundisi says he often longs for these poor Zulus to have the freedom the natives enjoy in Natal.

"I have a sketch of a flower to enclose for you which Fanny brought me. It is that lovely deep red flower which comes early, and she found it growing out of the blackened ground of her old bed-room. It seemed like so many bright flowers that have grown out of that dark day.

"I am afraid you will think I have said too much about the Zulus helping us, but we are so grateful to find that they do care for us. It seems like a streak of light where one has long looked for the dawn, and their last friendliness to us seems to hold out some promise of the success of our mission to them.

"Dear friend, it brings you near us to think how soon you may be passing on your way to the Zambesi. Our hearts long to be with you. We have just one

faint glimpse of the sea on clear days, thirty miles distant I think, and we looked at it on Saturday thinking of your being on it, but we can bear to do so when we are *led*, because it is where we ought to be, and though there are rough, dark days sometimes one feels there has been light too afterwards. One seems to learn why all the Penitential Psalms end in praise."

The next letter was from Mr. Robertson to my brother, October 18th.

"I am very sad to-night. One object of my journey was, to recover Susan (your sister's old friend Pahlegazi) and Qenisa, who left us about three months ago to see their relations. When they went away they only proposed staying at their kraals for two weeks, but that time having long since passed, I thought it my duty to go and look after them.

"I must remind you that Susan had for a long time been betrothed to one of our men, Daniel, who had paid three cows towards her *ukulobola* (dowry).

"How was I grieved to find on my arrival that she had entirely changed, had given up Daniel, and I fear a great deal more. I talked with her for a long time, but all that I could get her to say was, 'Do you think I will give up my father to be an orphan.'

"Not so with good little Qenisa. Their kraals are about three miles apart, and as I rode from the one to the other I felt very sad, fearing that the same thing had been repeated there. A ray of hope sometimes came to me, however, that if God willed it might not be so. When I met Qenisa she burst into tears, and I confess I could hardly help doing the same. How rejoiced I was when on my asking her if she wished to go back with me, she said that she did. The painful part was to come. Her mother, when she heard it, burst out into loud exclamations of her position without her

child—'When I am sick I have no child to make a fire for me, or give me a drink of water!' I talked a long time with her, assuring her that though separated from her child, she would still be theirs. I gave the mother one of my blankets, and am to return for Qenisa on Monday.

"Although allowing her to go, if she wishes it herself, yet it is plain that they would much rather she did not. I trust and pray that in the interim they may not turn her from her purpose. Oh how blessed will be the day when all the people in this land shall be within reach of the means of grace.

"I feel very sorry about Susan, for on looking back at these three months, I see that though she and Qenisa have often been *remembered*, I have seldom made them the subject of special prayer. I shall yet try to get Susan to go back with me.

"I am thankful to hear that the Samuelsons are on their way to join us in Zululand. Though the season is far advanced they are having fine weather.

"Thank you very much for the Missionary's Prayer-book. We have not given up the Common Prayer for it, nor shall we do so, but we add Prayers from it in the morning; and there is one by the Bishop of Oxford in your sister's handwriting pasted at the beginning, which I use in private. What a blessed bond of brotherhood and strength it is to pray. Sometimes we feel, and I doubt not you will feel the same many a time when you get to work, as if all one can do, is to pray.

"We have no school as yet at Kwamagwaza, and often our prospect seems a very hopeless one, but every now and then a glimmering ray breaks in.

"The other day Undwendwe and others returned from a visit to the king. They said they knew it was Sunday, and that they had prayed to God as they went along the road. They had had no food for nearly two days, and arrived quite done up. I had no food to give them, but a drink of treacle and water, for which they were most thankful. After they had drank it, Undwendwe and another desired me to return thanks to God for them, which I did. May such men not be far from the kingdom of God!

"In speaking with the people I showed them that the nation was gradually changing; that now things are done which in Chaka's days would have been reckoned impossibilities; and especially I pointed out the difference in the mourning for Unandi, Chaka's mother, when many lives were taken, and the mourning for Usongiza, Panda's mother. They replied—'Oh yes, we too see it, and we shall improve *njalo* (in the same way).'

This was the last letter written to my dear brother, and he never received it. I was the bearer of it, with many others written to him. The story of his death need not be repeated here.

The only remaining letters of this year were written to the friend in England from whom the Robertsons had received so many kindnesses in the shape of valuable boxes full of useful things, and letters precious from the sympathy and love manifested in every word of them. The next was dated *November* 9, 1861.

"I can scarcely tell you what it is to open a box so exquisitely prepared as that you have sent. The very handsome altar-cloth, alms-dish, and book gave us something like the feeling of being restored to one of our own beautiful *home* Churches, after the long deprivation of any adequate building for the worship of God; and now it seems impossible to convey to those who have not been living in the wilderness as we have, the deep full happiness and sense of thankfulness in our hearts.

"Your kindness, arising from love for Christ and

His work, not only binds us to you, but cheers and strengthens us on our way, and you are especially remembered in our daily family prayers, when we have a prayer for all those who have helped us in our work.

"Mr. Robertson is having a temporary Chapel erected until next winter, which is the building season, and hopes to have it finished by Christmas Day. We have been delayed by one thing and another, and our last calamity was the burning of all our planks in our late fire. You have probably heard of this trial, and yet so much of loving mercy and blessing were mingled with it, that even under the aggravating circumstances of such a misfortune in an uncivilized country, away from a Christian neighbourhood, there was much to make us glad and thankful.

"Poor little Hali and Billy lost many of their most valuable possessions, which were in my Davenport. Hali's loving heart was sorely distressed. The only thing of his own saved which *we* had not given him, was a coloured handkerchief. When he saw it after the fire was over, he said so lovingly to me, "You have lost so many things, I'll give you this—it is yours now, and if my mother sends anything more I'll give it to Miss Woodrow, and if she sends me a great thing, I'll give it to the Umfundisi.' For days after the fire he would wander over the blackened ground looking for treasures, and however blackened and disfigured, he would distinguish which belonged to each, and would give them most earnestly, saying, 'I'm so sorry *me* for those things in the burning there.' He collected together a small box full of carpenters' tools and nails for Mr. Robertson, which he hopes to harden again, by burning and putting them in water.

"And we too had sorrow at home lately in Mr. Robertson's absence. Little Jeanie, a fine little girl of sixteen months, the child of Christina and Usaja bula was taken ill, and died in less than three days. Her illness had not seemed in the least serious, and was attributed to teething.

"Poor Christina was daily expecting her next baby, and my niece had only just returned from enquiring for them, with the message that Christina was very nicely, and the little child sleeping, when a boy came to call me, for she was dead. I could not believe it. We put her in a warm bath, hoping to restore her, but she was quite gone; dear Christina's tender Christian feeling however made hers such a different sorrow to that for poor Susan. Although overwhelmed by the sudden bereavement, she remained with us, and the last offices for the sweet little Jeanie were performed here. Frequently her sobbing was broken with the words, 'Inkosikazi, though I cry because I have lost my child, I am not crying for her, I know she is gone to the Lord.' Though there is much here that would seem distressing to an English mind where everything happens so easily, I think we find that it brings us all nearer to each other.

It was very difficult to arrange for the burial of the little one. We had no wood to make her a coffin. I think I told you we lost all in the fire, and we had not been able to replace even our own tables and chairs, but we had a coffin made from an old box. The parents knew what difficulty we had in finding anything, and they felt that the whole was a work of love, and it seemed quite soothing to them. Poor Usajabula even helped to make the coffin. Early next morning the little body was placed in it. It was as harrowing to them as it always is. Poor Christina was quite overcome, and when I tried to soothe her, fearing for her condition, she said, that though she cried and was full of grief, she remembered many things she had read, which were in her heart all night, and she looked earnestly at the dear little face, saying 'I know I have read, that death which destroys the body is nothing, it is sin only which really destroys.'

"When all were gone away to the burial, she who was too weak to go, or even to be left, gradually grew

calmer, and told me many little traits of her child, which seemed to promise that she would have been a good child, just as any Christian English mother might have done. She said, 'Though she was so young, if she had her food before her when we went to prayers, she would put it away until they were over.' Then she would take her plate again quietly without any one telling her; and she had great reverence for books (their only idea of a book is the Word of God); and little baby though she was, had a great respect for a box of Mr. Robertson's books that had been sheltered in their hut after our disaster. She would stand by it, saying, 'Here are the books of the Umfundisi;' which her poor mother seemed to derive comfort in remembering, as a promise of a holy mind in her little one.

"When the burial was over, all the excitement returned. She was unable to think of returning home, which I was anxious she should do for her poor husband's sake. She remained with us through the day. Some Zulu mothers came to express their sorrow, and also their astonishment, that she was not going to *bula*, that is, enquire of the witch doctors what evil influence caused the child's death. She was sitting in the verandah for fresh air when they came to her. She came in terribly depressed, and said, 'I am afraid to go home, they will come to me to cry and oppress me with their grief.' It is difficult to put it as she expressed it in her beautiful language. Her meaning was that their expression of *heathen* grief was so depressing to her. 'They will not understand that my child is gone home. They say, 'It is so little, why should it go home?' Then she added, 'But I know it was not my child; the Lord gave it to me to take care of for Him, and now it is gone to Him.' And she continued, 'I am glad that she was not long ill, and that she was a strong child, and did not suffer while she was here. She was given to me on a Sunday, and now she has gone to her grave on Sunday.'

"I was very anxious for her own and for her husband's sake that she should go home, and after some rest towards evening she expressed a wish to go, and we sent Alice (the Hottentot girl) with her to light her fire, and make it less desolate for her. She came the next day, saying she could not stay at home without Jeanie, when her husband was out, and she again stayed with us.

"Her approaching confinement made me very anxious to keep her mind calm, and every day she came to work at her mourning, (which they are most particular to have,) and joined in the lessons with the girls. I think you will now be interested in hearing that baby was born last Tuesday, nine days after the death of little Jeanie. He is a fine little boy, and has hitherto been thriving nicely, and we hope soon to see him baptized into Christ's Church by the name of David, in remembrance of a dear little friend in Scotland.

"I am afraid I may have written unconnectedly, and may have been rather tedious, but I think you are so kind as to like to realize our daily life here, and I have written amidst many interruptions on a dull, foggy, misty day, with scarcely any light in our room from want of windows, and a thoroughly cold day too, forbidding the removal of the mats from the opening. Hali and Billy are chattering over the pictures of the *Illustrated London News*. The gun you sent us has been quite a bond between ourselves and some of our Zulu friends, who try to shoot for us and for themselves. They are suffering throughout the country from famine, and we have the greatest difficulty in getting food for the day, so that we have no power to help them. They cook wild vegetables and roots. *We* use the stalk of the white arum lily, which abounds in all the streams, as a vegetable.

"I wish I had space to tell you of the lovely flowers, and of the exquisite appearance of this country in its first bright verdure."

Mr. Robertson ended the letter to this kind friend.

"I am quite ashamed and vexed with myself for having left your kind letter so long unanswered. The fact is, our time is so thoroughly occupied here, and when one begins to put off anything, the weeks and months soon pass away. It seems but as yesterday our receiving your valuable altar-cloth, although that was but a few days before Trinity Sunday, and now Advent is close at hand. I thank you also for the gun which you sent me, but I have another request to make, which I feel I need not make, but still do so only by way of putting you in remembrance, and that is, that you pray for us. It is often a comfort when all seems dark around us, to feel that there are those who remember us and our work before God's throne. Do you know, 'The Faith, Duty and Prayers of a Christian Missionary (St. Augustine's, Canterbury)?' It is a good book, and we use many of the Prayers in our daily Service. We are not so single-handed as we were, a Deacon and a Catechist having joined us.

"I am commissioned by the Bishop to ask for additional Stations from the Zulu King, and I intend asking for three, so you may soon expect to hear of our work being extended. As it is, we have begun Services at four points a few miles distant from this, in different directions."

The account of the journey to the King will be given in the next chapter. Illness prevented any more letters being written by the next mail, and so ends the year 1861.

CHAPTER VII.

1862.

In January, 1862, Mrs. Robertson had one of her very serious illnesses, and for change of air and scene she accompanied Mr. Robertson in his next wagon journey to visit the King. How different this journey, in search of health and strength, was from those made by invalids at home, can be known only by those who have travelled in wagons in Natal on bad roads. And in Zululand, where there are no roads, the jolting, the roughing, and the discomforts were proportionably greater: but the brave spirit, the forgetfulness of self, the earnestness and zeal, and the wish to be well and able for the Master's work, which were all so conspicuous in Mrs. Robertson, had the desired effect, and the first day during the midday halt she wrote in her journal letter:

"It is very pleasant this outspanning after such long confinement to my room, with the feeling of being so useless at home. The hills are so green, and all seems so boundless and bright, and now that the noises of wagon-driving are stilled, all is so calm and quiet. I have never treked (trek, a Dutch word for travelling in a wagon) in summer before, and the contrast is most striking. The grasses are very beautiful, and in many parts there are large tracts in seed, some a rich brown, others crimson, and some white,

giving such beautiful tints to the landscape. Then we pass large tracts of pink, lily, and gladiolus, a bright geranium-pink, and again the tall deep blue agapanthus growing so luxuriantly with a sort of metallic brightness; we call it a blaze of blue. The grasshoppers too are very beautiful.

At night there was a severe storm, which she says:

"Does not affect *us* at all; we are shut up so comfortably for the night, and the boys seem quite snug under our wagon, with their tent-cloth round the wheels."

Little Alice Adams was her attendant, and William the driver. Christina and her baby were also of the party, as they were likely to pass the kraal of an aunt of hers, whom she wished to visit. Next morning they started in fog and rain, which made all their wraps necessary to keep out the cold. After a trek of nine hours, some parts of the way very tiring, rough, steep, and stony, it was not wonderful that the poor lady was so exhausted that she could not receive any really pleasurable impression from what was in itself so striking.

"Outspanned in an open glade, a large spreading mimosa near the wagon, and fire flies flitting under the branches, while a party of Kafirs from a neighbouring kraal, attracted by the sound of wagons, came singing their wild songs in the darkness amongst the trees."

Next day she writes:

"There was such a dreadful noise that we were glad to start, and we soon reached the White Umfolosi, and I then saw why it is called so, for the water was turbid, as if coloured with chalk. Umfundisi was not sure of the drift, and decided that the old wagon should cross first. I saw Alice and Christina getting out of it, as it slowly treked through the heavy sand, for Christina had been in the same wagon when it was once upset in the Umlazi. She was naturally rather unwilling to accept my invitation to cross in our wagon, trusting rather to her own powers of wading, but when I told her that we could first see how the other wagon crossed, and that under any circumstances I *must* keep in it, she followed little Alice, saying she should be safe with me. I was just anxious enough, watching Umfundisi with the front wagon, to make it very good to have to keep up Christina. It barely escaped a quicksand, the driver going into one close beside it. Then there was the steep sandy bank to creep up on the opposite side, so we felt very thankful when it was over, because although the first wagon is a much lighter one than ours, it is such an old and ill-built one that it is always turning over, which the good one never does. We did stick a little in getting out, and I saw that Umfundisi was anxious, though he said nothing, but when we had safely climbed the bank, he uttered words of such heartfelt thankfulness, and said he had seen the river rapidly rising, in the interval of crossing the two wagons. We had one or two other smaller streams to cross, and we were at Kanodwengu, the kraal of Panda, the Zulu King.

"I must here say, what I ought to have begun with, that my husband's object in this journey is, to visit one of the new grants for Mission Stations, lately granted by Panda and his son Ketchwayo, and we wished also to visit the King, whose kraal we pass.

The visit to Panda is so interesting that I must give it in full.

"We reached Kanodwengu at eleven, and outspanned opposite Umasipula's gate. He is the chief minister—we call him the Prime Minister—and a great friend of Umfundisi's, with whom he stays when he comes alone. He soon came out on hearing of our arrival, and just as they were going to take out the oxen, begged to have a ride on the wagon. Umfundisi begged him to mount, and he sat holding tight like a little child, while the wagon went a few yards. He has a cruel reputation in Natal, but Umfundisi has always found him very kind and friendly, and I quite thought him so. An Induna soon came out from the King's gate to summon us to the King's presence. We were very tired; the morning had been exciting in many ways, and it was very hot, so we boiled the kettle first, and sent word we would come as soon as we were refreshed. One cannot help having exalted ideas of royalty in any form, and I was rather anxious at our not attending to the summons at once; but Umfundisi said it was all right; he never trusted himself to visit the King when he was below par, as it required prudence and thought, and he might keep us very long. We soon went, and I now realized the great size of this kraal. We had to walk from Umasipula's gate to the King's; I nearly broke down, I believe it is more than half a mile. Then you have neat streets to walk through, to come to the large hut and enclosure of the King. All the time we had been resting at the wagon, or rather wishing to rest, it was surrounded by such a noisy crowd that I quite expected to find the same within the kraal: but it was in perfect order and quiet. The enclosure which surrounds the King's hut is planted at intervals with a single mealie plant, which when grown up to its full size, as these are, is a most beautiful and graceful thing, and as anything like ornamental cultivation has been hitherto unknown amongst the natives, it struck me pleasingly. We were now ushered into the enclosure, not the hut; it

was so neat and quiet, and there lay Panda reclining upon mats, rolled up at one end to form a rest for the elbow. He was wrapped about in a crimson and black fine cloth, such as we used to have for drawing-room tables at home.

"No one may stand in the King's presence, and we were immediately seated on the ground, saying, 'Bayete' your Majesty. And then, Zulu fashion, we sat looking at each other; but we were soon in conversation, and while Umfundisi talked I looked on, and one thing surprised me. Having always heard of the King as infirm, and as almost, if not entirely, set aside in public matters, I was surprised to see a fine middle-aged man, dignified and quiet in expression. It made me very sorry to know how little influence he has. There was a small niche in the fence under which he was reclining, and in this sat a young man whose office it seemed to be to watch the King's wishes. There were a few Izinduna present also, but the conversation seemed confined to the King and Umfundisi. Presently an insect was seen crawling towards the King's mat—out crept the watchful attendant on all fours, and took it away, and then retired to his niche, never taking his eyes from the King's face, nor turning his back the whole time. They talked about the succession as it is in England, in which the King was much interested; about the visit of the Bishop of Natal to England; and he was lost in amazement at hearing that the ship would be going day and night for two or three months, before he would reach England. He seemed to think it awful to be going on the water, day and night, never stopping. It is difficult with the king to dwell much on religious subjects, and Umfundisi has a great dread of speaking of what he most cares about, at the wrong time. It is not etiquette that the king should attend religious services, although his Izinduna have to attend to report to him, and it is difficult to conceive

what their ignorant minds and slow hearts are capable of receiving and reporting to him, even if they wished to receive and report what is said in such a way as to do him good: so Umfundisi always tries to turn his personal visits to account, and in this instance he turned the conversation on what we know about the dead. The King asked many intelligent questions, and though some might be thought childish, they were very natural from him; such as 'What was heaven like?' 'Was there grass or cattle there?' And 'How did we know it?' How did we get '*The Book*' which made us 'Abelungu' (white men) so wise and so different to them? He was told that the English were once living much as the Zulus are now, but that teachers came to them and talked to them about God and taught them His book, and that that is how they had become a great people. He told us during this visit that he did not wish us to go to the Amapiseni which he had first granted us at Umfundisi's request—that it was not a good place for the white man, there was much fever there; but directed us to another Amapiseni on the high lands, quite in another direction. Umfundisi assented at once, divining that he had a deeper reason for suggesting this change. The sun was bearing down with great power, and there was no shade, which made it very trying. His attendant was called upon to screen him from the sun, and he promptly, and I thought even tenderly, stood with a shield fastened to the end of a pole slantingly, at the head of the King. I liked this youth; he looked so happy in his office, and had such a pleasant expression. Once the King interrupted the conversation to ask Umfundisi if I had no nails to my fingers; he was scrutinizing my hands very closely, and was amazed at my pulling off my gloves. He always expects presents from visitors, and he asked us unblushingly what we had brought him. Umfundisi had lately given him some expensive blankets, and did not feel called upon

to do much at this time: we had, however, brought him a present of a dog, which he had once asked for, and some raisins as the only sweet thing we had. He is particularly fond of figs, and we had in vain tried to procure some for him. Poor Maggie, the young dog we brought him, was a great favourite with us all; she had so attached herself to me that during my long illnesses there was a difficulty in preventing her from coming into my room, and one morning she had awakened me early by licking my face and whining. It was very hard to part with her, and she seemed to suspect something; for although Daniel was holding her by means of a string to her collar, she crept close beside me; and when we rose to leave, and she was given into the charge of an Induna, she lay down on the ground, and would have been dragged along, if I had not begged Daniel to carry her to the hut in which she was to be shut up.

"When we came back to our wagon we were soon again surrounded by a crowd. Umasipula joined us, and as he stood erect, his head rather thrown over one shoulder, watching the groups about him, I thought he appeared both dignified and kind. I was saying in my own mind that he reminded me of some Roman orator with the toga thrown over him, when he quite broke through that illusion by stepping forward to help one of the queens to make a good bargain for some mealies which Christina was buying.

"As I sat in the wagon, I was much interested in a strikingly pretty child about 12 years of age, who walked at the head of a line of children bearing on their heads small baskets of mealies, or mats, or other things to sell. She seemed of some importance, and was very grave, and when anything inclined her to laugh, determinately kept her countenance. She was certainly the head of the party. After making two or three visits her manner became more natural, and she chatted and played about like the others. Her

name was Unomansi. She had such a pretty smile, and yet there was a sad expression in her countenance which interested me very much. After she had received presents of braid and other little things, she returned to say that the King's daughter wished for some like them; and had I been less tired, I would have gone back with her: as it was, I was obliged to close the wagon and try to rest, whilst Christina endeavoured to keep the people away.

"Umfundisi had been interested in long talks with Umasipula and other leading men, and found that there was some political difficulty about having a Mission at the first Amapiseni. It was connected with the late troubles: the large kraal there belonged to the queen, who had lately been murdered by Ketchwayo's people. Umfundisi soon made out that the king wished to know whether we had any deeper reason than he knew of, for wishing to be there. And he explained, that we had no other motive in desiring that place in particular, beyond knowing that there were many people there, and a good river and wood, and that it was a good relative position to the other Stations he wished to establish through the country. The new Amapiseni, to which we were directed, was much further off on high lands, and in what is to us quite an unknown part of the country.

"I was aroused from all attempts to get any rest by the loud cries and screams of the children who had come about our wagon. An Induna had come to flog them back to their work. With the exception of Unomansi, I had been struck with the squalid and miserable look of these children, and Umfundisi told me they were the children of the great men of the country, who were obliged to attend upon the king's children. They are treated very roughly; their chief duty is to watch the huts, and keep dogs and people away, and the only food they have is what is left by the queens and by the children of the king, which is

thrown to them in scraps, and shared with the dogs. I was so sorry for them. They had been so merry with all the trifles they had had from us, it was sad that it should end in such a chastisement. But an hour afterwards they returned, and this time Umkungo's sister, who had visited us at Kwamagwaza, came with them. She is a very nice girl, affectionate and gentle in manner, but scarcely more happy in reality than the poor children whose squalor contrasted strangely with her stoutness. She was adorned with many of the things we had given the children, which confirmed my opinion that they were beggars for their superiors. Daylight had faded into starlight before our last visitors took their leave, and then the contrast was very great: it was so calm and quiet, and the sound of the hymns in the evening Service was very soothing after such a tiring day. The service was just over, and Umfundisi was coming back to the wagon, when we heard a noise in the fence of the kraal, and presently our poor Maggie bounded quite into the wagon where I was. We were to start early in the morning, and I thought she would follow us unless they shut her up in a hut.

"*Feb. 7th.* Our poor Maggie was sent for this morning as we were preparing to set off. The Induna who had charge of her told us he had fed her so well, and at night when he thought it was safe, opened the hut for her to go out, when she started straight off and came to us. He took her away. They seemed to value her, and I knew she would be well fed there, so I tried to think it was very nice to leave her. Umasipula had another talk with Umfundisi, and then we started. We first crossed the remainder of the wide, rich plain, Amhlabatini: it is *at present* the very heart of the Zulu country, rich in cultivation, although this year we find many of the gardens suffering from drought.

"In crossing this plain, we passed the largest

mealie-garden I have ever seen, the site of the old kraal of Kanodwengu, lately rebuilt, which covers a space of about 100 acres. On the left were some rocky kloofs, one of which Umfundisi pointed out to me as the spot where criminals—chiefly, I believe, cowards—are thrown down, when the army is going on an expedition. It is called the 'Isixwa ka Mativani.'

"We outspanned at noon, after ascending the steep hill Umazwana, the northern outlet of Amhlabatini, whence the Zulu army has marched on many a warlike expedition against the neighbouring tribes, and even on distant expeditions to the Amaswazi, and to the tribes beyond them towards the Zambesi, all the cowards being left at that dreadful kloof. We had now left the Ihlanzi behind us, and we looked forward on boundless hills and plains, unwooded except where you look down to the Black Umfolosi, which looks thickly wooded, but that is not our direction. Here the pink lily, which is just coming into full beauty in our neighbourhood, is quite gone off. The heat was overpowering: we treked on all the afternoon, hill succeeding hill, all so round and smooth, it seemed like going up the same hill again and again.

"*Feb. 8th, Saturday.* Started at nine, after having pleasant chats with the people, who brought amasi and milk for snuff-boxes: they stayed to the morning prayers. It was a dull grey morning, and we walked some distance, finding flowers and grasses, some quite new to us. We came to a difficult pass amongst the mountains; the wagons had to descend round the sides of two stony perpendicular hills. I was very glad when Umfundisi begged me to come out. Christina walks the greater part of the way with David on her back, quite happy; Alice trudging after her with a water-gourd on her head. We looked far down on a pretty torrent falling down from a stony rock on the opposite side, but could not hear the sound of the

falling water. When the wagon had passed the worst place on this mountain, Umfundisi begged me to get in, the sun was coming out so strongly. The last part of the descent was very rapid, and the wagon reached the bottom almost sliding down, both the back wheels being locked: just as we came to the end of it, the trektow broke from the wagon, and we were left with the two wheelers, the rest of the oxen walking off. Had this happened higher up it might have been fatal. On these journeys so full of risk, we feel so entirely by whose Hand we are brought through all dangers. Umfundisi very tired with the anxiety of superintending this descent. Outspanned at twelve, oppressively hot. A superior-looking and gentle-mannered Zulu came with two wives to visit us; he was anxious about a sick child at home, and asked us for medicine; we were very sorry that we had forgotten to bring any of the kind that would have been really useful to them. They were pleasant people, and stayed chatting some time, amused at watching all our doings, telling us that we looked merciful, &c., &c. Before they left, they begged to be allowed to take some of the tar that the wagon-wheels were done with, and when they had obtained this permission, it was most amusing to see them scraping it out with sticks, and carrying it off most carefully for the benefit of the sick child. Umfundisi said it would irritate the child's sores, but they had great faith in it, and were very grateful. The man gave us some directions about our road, which were a great help: we seemed to be in the midst of mountains without outlet; I was almost dispirited, but Umfundisi's strong words, 'We'll *go on*, and it will come right,' gave me strength. It was so hot, that, hoping to travel by moonlight, we did not inspan until 4 P.M.

"Outspanned at 7 in the evening, after a very fatiguing anxious trek through mountains, climbing up them, and then descending into deep stony gullies,

which the poor oxen had to struggle out of as they could. Just as the sun was setting we came out on a rich grassy plain, with fine cattle grazing peacefully about, and a great many nice looking kraals. It was a calm lovely evening, quite a Saturday, telling of the morrow. The moon was soon shining. Some of the people went to the largest kraal and told of our arrival: it was a festival with them, and an ox had been slain for the feast: Daniel begged for some beef, but could not get any. Afterwards Umfundisi went to visit them, and it was such a lovely evening that I wrote my journal, with the wagon-box for my table, the lamp not being disturbed by a breath of air. The tired oxen were luxuriating in their good pasture; each ox knows his own name; some of them, indeed most of those in our span, are *Umlazi* friends, and if you call to them they turn round with such a quiet earnest gaze, then go on feeding. It is so resting to think that they may all rest to-morrow too. They become such *friends* in a journey like this. Umfundisi has talks with them, and they quite understand him, and seem to know how he loves them. Undabezimbi is the name of the head man of the kraal; he is a tall, fine-looking man, with a courteous manner; he has only one eye, which gives an undeserved sinister expression to his countenance; he seemed very glad to see us, and said that he would come to the Service in the morning. Christina has arranged Master David for the night, and now they are sitting chatting on their wagon-box in the quiet moonlight.

"*Sunday, Feb* 9. A dull morning, but the people came in numbers early to our wagon. Whilst I was dressing, Dick (a good Amatonga man) arrived with letters. All well at home. Thank God for this blessing to-day. 5th Sunday after Epiphany. Psalm xliv. 3, 4. A nice assembly. *All* seemed to come, babies and aged women too. Our two wagons side by side, a few yards apart, and shut in by the tentcloth at the back, formed an enclosure which helped to enable us to have things done in order. We arranged the children and young girls on one side, the women with their babes on the other, and the men at the tussel boom end. I was pleased to hear Undabezimbi direct a little boy who was passing with his flock of goats, to drive the goats near, and come to the Service: they were very attentive and quiet and often seemed really interested in what was said, and I think it has done good. Afterwards Undabezimbi sent me a present of a large piece of beef, which they had refused to give or sell the evening before. He paid us a visit in the course of the day, and we were quite friends; when I thanked him for his present, he said it was to give me strength; that they were all our people, and we must often come and see them. They pointed out in the distance the Inhlazatya, which is the landmark the King gave us as our guide to Amapiseni.

Monday, Feb. 10. We did not start this morning until 10.30 a.m. Here we parted with Daniel, Undabankulu, and Paqanga, who were to go on to the Amatonga country to trade for oxen. Daniel is not strong, and it is rather anxious work parting with him as the Amatonga country at this season is fatal to Europeans, and even to natives who are not used to the climate: but they see no danger. After their departure we took leave of our new friends, hoping to see them on our return: one or two of the elder men very kindly accompanied us as guides over one or two rather stiff hills, and stony places: (these stones which we dread so much, are some feet in size, and in descending a hill rapidly, the wagon jumps from one to another in great jeopardy of upsetting:) and then we came out on another beautiful grassy plain, good gardens, and many kraals—the Inhlazatya straight before us enveloped in mist. Some nice old people (women) came to talk with us; one was a relation of Umonasi, the mother of Umkungo; she danced for joy

when we asked her to bring some mealies for an 'itele' (a yard and a half of blue calico); they were not satisfied until I stepped out of the wagon to be looked at. We treked on, and outspanned on another most lovely undulating plain, bounded by the picturesque mountains whose varying outline had been our boundary for the last few days.

"The people soon flocked round the wagon, some bringing very small baskets of mouldy amabele to sell, others amasi, others a few goats. Our nice old *lady* I like to call her, for she deserved the title, whom we had met by the way (the relation of Umonasi), followed us here with the amabele she had promised us.

"When a great many were assembled, Umfundisi addressed them concerning his office, telling them that although he was very glad to buy food, that was not his work—that he was *sent*, and from whom he was sent, to tell them those things that would make them good and happy here, if they would listen, and very happy when they died; they were most attentive, the old lady had a truly benevolent intelligent expression, her face was pale with feeling. When he asked them 'Where were their dead?' she made exclamations of thankfulness for much that was said, her eyes fixed inquiringly upon him. A young man, too asked questions, with an expression of varied feeling, anxiety, and intelligence, and many interrupted him with remarks and inquiries, quite different from the usual assent of a heathen congregation. He said one or two prayers very slowly that they might understand and follow him, and then they gradually dispersed more subdued and quiet than I have usually seen them.

"We treked on to the grand Inhlazatya, which we reached about 4 p.m.; the sun was shining brightly on the surrounding mountains, but the top of the Inhlazatya was invisible, it looked dark and grand. Umfundisi left us to explore it, in the hope of finding a way to the top; he came back at sunset charmed with his

expedition: he had not attempted to ascend the mountain, the fog was so thick, but he had found the way, and some delightful spots, to which he was determined to get the wagon the next day, that we might enjoy them, as they were too far off for a walk.

"*Tuesday, Feb.* 11. Woke before sunrise, and looked out on the Inhlazatya: it was perfectly clear, and of a bright rose colour reflected from the East; the morning was calm, and the front of our wagon facing it shutting us out from the East, it looked most glorious, and having in the bright sunshine the day before seen it so dark and misty, it now had quite a mysterious influence as if it were enlightened by some inward light of its own.

"William soon started to explore the road towards Amapiseni, and was expected to return soon to take on the wagon to the place appointed; but finding the road very bad, he determined to come back quite round the mountain to see if it were better there. He did not return until 11 a.m. with a very doubtful report of the way. The day was now breathlessly oppressive, but we treked to Umfundisi's chosen spot, which was indeed most exquisite. The mountain itself, as we went slowly along its side, reminded us of some lofty old cathedral walls of sandstone, stained by time and worn by the atmosphere into various forms and fantastic shapes: all the ledges of the rock were richly wooded, hanging creepers were trailing in rich luxuriance, whilst quiet birds were flitting about: you could even picture bases and capitals, old fonts and monuments, and fantastic water-spouts. The whole scene took us quite *home*, and all was so vast and grand and solemn. Soon we outspanned opposite a waterfall which came tumbling down from the very top of the mountain, which is somewhat lower here.

"Many natives had been following us with their hearty friendly greetings, and now others joined them: all had heard of us from different neighbours, and

thought we were then come to build there. They were overjoyed; the welcome which a missionary receives in this country seems universal. If some at home could but know how they would be welcomed, how they might live here as devoted, earnest, loving friends to their fellow-creatures—their brethren for whom Christ died—their *natural* advantages being so far above those of these long-neglected ones, that there mere coming is welcomed because of their wisdom and mercy—surely they would come and would not shrink from the hardness they must endure in many outward things. I think it must be the experience of every missionary that he gains in his inward being, far more than he gives up.

"Christina decided that she must take advantage of the clear stream running from the mountain to have a washing day, and Alice must go too, to take care of little David, who was tired with the heat and fractious: and then there was bread to make. William Adams and Longcast were to superintend the baking, and as I was still considered the invalid, and was exhausted with the heat, Umfundisi said he should make the loaf. Just as the fire was good, and he had flour, sour milk, and soda, in the basin, ready to make it, a most sudden and terrific thunder-storm arose; wind, hail, and rain drove into the wagon, put out the fire, and stopped all operations. In such a spot the thunder was of course fearfully grand, but my time was so taken up in trying to protect things from the heavy rain which was driven halfway through the wagon, that it all seemed very cheerless. The people crowded under the wagon for shelter, and when—I should think in about half an hour—the storm as suddenly ceased, and the sun again shone out, it was most amusing to see them jumping, laughing, and shaking themselves dry. Now the fire must be relighted, the unfortunate bread kneaded and baked; it would be a first-rate loaf in spite of all disadvantages, not one of the least of which

was, that there was no proper baking pot, and I amused myself by watching Umfundisi teaching the boys when the sides needed baking, to turn it round and round, until the whole was pronounced done. As we are all rivals in the art of breadmaking, having often to make it under difficulties, and frequently without any flour at all, each of us is rather vain about it, so that I quite meant to find this loaf a failure, but it was perfect, and Umfundisi reserved it as a future triumph over Fanny and me. But all the contretemps of the day had quite upset his plan for the mountain, and not the least of these was the intense heat, which not even the storm had cooled.

"And now came the anxious news that poor Kopman a fine young ox, which had been bought when we were leaving the Umlazi for Zululand, and was therefore an old friend, seemed ill; it was hoped at first that it was oppressed only with the heat; but towards evening it became much worse. Umfundisi went out many times to watch it, and the poor beast was in increasing pain, moaning pitifully when he last saw it alive, and seeming to know how he cared for it. We were very sad. In the morning it was dead, and another of the same span, Royland, was ill. It sickened so rapidly that when we wished to inspan it was dying. William was so grieved, grieved for his oxen, and for his Umfundisi, to whom he is the most devoted little fellow; he was anxious about two of the other oxen, and we began to be anxious about getting the two wagons home. The road was very bad in front, and Umfundisi having ascertained all he wished about the forest, determined to return homewards. Being so near to Amapiseni, he thought it might even be best to build in the immediate neighbourhood of this mountain, so he decided to go straight to Kwamagwaza, and then ride over to the King about it.

"*Thursday*, 13*th Feb*. No more oxen ill, we were very thankful. All astir before sunrise this morning.

It was at first dull and grey, but the sun soon dispersed the mist, and we took a last farewell of our beautiful Inhlazatya, looking as it did most lovely in a bright silvery haze, a thin bright white cloud resting on one side a little way below the top. There is something most elevating and strengthening in this fine mountain scenery. It involves *very* bad roads, but there is something very exhilarating in it all—such sidling round precipices, then rattling down amongst huge boulders of stone, you don't know how you have come, you are so anxious to hold tight that you may not be tossed out. Alice and Christina walk half the day, and I often wish for strength to trudge on with them; but I can scarcely put my head out in the burning sun. I am almost ashamed of being made stronger by it all, yet in spite of many difficulties and fatigues, tremendous shaking all day, and sleepless feverish nights in the wagon, I *am* getting stronger, and am enjoying it very much. We have made friends with an intelligent young man, Umasiwana; he seems to be much looked up to by his own people; he walked beside our wagon some way this morning. We outspanned at noon at Undabezimbi's kraal; here we received a most joyous greeting. We had a narrow escape of a most terrible upset of our best wagon, and Umfundisi in his anxiety to get it out of the stones in which it was locked, turned the wheel round on its axis by his own strength; they were trying to back the wagon on the edge of a precipice. I don't know how it was saved; it looked so terrible that I turned my head and shut my eyes, not to see it, as I thought, go rolling over the edge. It was very hot, and Umfundisi has over-exerted himself. The people here brought more goats to sell for brass chain, which they seem to prize greatly; there are scarcely any mealies to be bought, but we are very glad to have goats, which have been hitherto difficult to procure. We parted from these people very cordially; they called

themselves 'our people,' and used many other affectionate expressions. We left with quite a herd of goats under Henry Longcast's care, with a man from the kraal to help him; two little kids were entrusted to me, one a most vigorous, beautiful little creature. We were anxious to push on, two more oxen were sickening, and two most important ones, one of which was Tyamlute, our right wheeler, and a dear old friend, one of our Umlazi leaders. It was almost impossible to keep the wagon right in difficult places, from Tyamlute not drawing with full strength, Roman, the left wheeler, pulling it to his side. In the course of the afternoon we came to a deep gully full of huge boulders of stone; old Roman pulled the wagon all but against one; Umfundisi saw the danger, and tried to push him off; he was carried off his feet, and twisted round and round by the side of the ox against the stone, and just as it seemed inevitable that he must be crushed by the wheel, he managed to jump into a deep pool of water, and as the difficulties were very great, he went on in his wet clothes, with the heat dreadfully oppressive. We outspanned as soon as we came to a good place for the oxen. Umfundisi was thoroughly worn out, and although he then took every precaution, he became very feverish. I tried to sketch some of the mountains we should soon be leaving, whilst he rested at sunset. It was so sultry, we could not close the wagon all night. By the bright moonlight I saw that poor Tyamlute was very ill, and I thought that Roman too was not breathing freely, and Umfundisi was evidently restless and ill. I could not remain in the wagon, and thought it would be soothing to go to the rocky stream we could hear not far off, but when I looked down, the water was lost among the rocks and stones, and reflected no moon.

"*Friday*, 14*th Feb.* All astir early. Whilst Umfundisi was bathing, he felt a sudden sharp pain in his shoulder. He thought at the time it was rheuma-

tism, but it increased through the day, and his arm became almost useless. I saw in the East at early dawn this morning the most beautiful tinted clouds changing in form and colour for some time before the sun peeped above the Isihalo. We hope the oxen are better. Harteman, the good leader, makes us anxious. We are outspanned at 1 P.M. near the White Umfolosi, much higher up than we crossed it before: it is very pretty here; we are quite near the river, the sheep and goats resting, the oxen feeding, the people cooking at the fire. Umfundisi is very poorly; although it is so hot he is glad to wrap up in his plaid, and try to sleep, being quite unable to take any food. The shoulder is so painful that he cannot bear the motion of the wagon, and he is ill and feverish. We outspanned at night in the rain and fog.

"*Saturday, Feb.* 15. Detained. Harteman dying: Umfundisi almost too ill to proceed, fever and giddiness increasing. The shoulder, which we feel sure now he must have sprained when he turned round the wagon, excruciatingly painful: he remembers feeling a sort of snap in his shoulder at the time. It was so touching, poor Harteman pushed up to the wagon when he was dying. Umfundisi says they always do. We could not travel far now, fearfully anxious as we were to get home; outspanned at sunset. Umfundisi alarmingly ill, violent shivering fits came on, though we wrapped all the plaids and rugs about him; his teeth chattered, it was more like ague. It was raining to, and the fire would not boil the kettle for some coffee, although Christina and William helped me to the utmost—the time seemed so long. Of course burning fever followed; and though we had proper medicines the shoulder continued in such suffering that nothing seemed to give relief.

"*Sunday, Feb.* 16. Umfundisi very ill, scarcely noticing anything all day. Several people came with milk and amasi. I told them we did not buy or do

any work on this day, and I tried to make them understand it was the day on which we remembered Him who made us and gives us all things, and that if Umfundisi had not been so ill, he would have told them some good 'indabas' (news) about it.

"*Monday, Feb.* 17. A better night, and I think less fever. If we could but rest the shoulder. It has been a most wild, broken and picturesque country; but it is so sad; we are travelling so slowly. Tyamlute is useless, and comes slowly after us with the goats. Umfundisi suffers greatly from the motion of the wagon, in spite of all Alice's and my attempts to make an easy couch for him: they are all so thoughtful and attentive; he is feverishly restless to get on. Poor William looks round so sorrowfully when he comes to bad places, and sometimes stops the wagon, and looks as if he would throw down the whip and do nothing. Umfundisi begs him to go on, and then groans with the pain, and he is too ill to walk.

"*Tuesday, Feb.* 18*th.* All just as yesterday.

"*Feb.* 19*th.* Outspanned at night within about three hours' trek of home; at our noon outspanning our invalid had a long refreshing sleep.

"*Feb.* 20*th.* Just as the sun was rising Mr. Jones and John Adams appeared on horses. Mr. Samuelson had thought they might help with the wagons, and let us come home quickly, but I was only too glad of the shade of the wagon, and we were not far behind. We soon caught sight of our well-known trees, and as we came in sight of the huts there were our dear ones all rushing to meet us, following Fanny quite into the wagon, Hali, Billy, Johnnie, Frances, old Mam (who has never before been so long parted from Alice): the little kids were in danger of destruction.

"William turned round to me and said, 'We are all coming home safe though we have had many troubles, God has been merciful to us.' I told him how sorry I had been to see him working so hard; for often after

we lost Umfundisi's strong arm and experienced eye, he had to drive both wagons through difficult places: from the weakness of our spans too, he had to take our wagon on to some good place, and then go back with the oxen to bring up the other; our two wheelers at these times being allowed to feed. One day when we were kept waiting for a long time, Roman, seeming to think it not right, came back to us, and after looking at us and snuffing about, really looked down the hill as if to find out the cause of the delay, then came back and tried to put his head into the yoke. When I said to William how sorry I had been to see him have so much to do, he answered, 'I was hlupeka (troubled), but my great trouble was that I gave the Umfundisi so much pain.' He is a very improving boy. Hlambula too was more under my notice when Umfundisi was ill, and I was struck with the great difference between him and the rest of the *Zulu* boys. He has been living with us more than a year, and never wishes to leave, that he may learn to live like a Christian; he was an ungainly-looking boy, who came as cow-herd, and is not very bright: he wears clothes at his own request, and I was struck with the earnest quiet manner in which he always joined with William at prayer-time, whilst the other boys would sit chatting over the fire until I asked them to be quiet. We all think, now we are at home, that we have seen nothing so pretty as Kwamagwaza."

A little later Mrs. Robertson wrote:

"We were so happy as to be able to have Service in our new chapel on Easter Sunday. It is made of sods, and I cannot tell you how nice and Church-like it is, far better than if made of brick, with such church architects as we can command. It was begun last Advent in the hope of its being finished for Christmas Day, but the summer rains combined with the famine, made it a longer work. Pointed windows

are cut in the thick turf-walls. You would be quite surprised to see what can be done with mud, for it was so wet and plastered, it really is nothing else. It is not whitewashed. We all preferred the dark Rembrandt-like tint of the plastering in this bright sunny climate. The deep shade of this tint has really much of the effect of real architecture.

"I wish I could convey to you an impression of the real happiness of our life here; and you must not think that because we are without many comforts, which in England seem necessary, we feel their loss so much as we should at home; and even when it is darkest, the truest comfort draws nearest."

The rainy season being now over, no time was lost in making preparations for the wished-for house and real Church, and these necessitated many fatiguing journeys in search of timber, which for building purposes could only be procured at a considerable distance from the Mission Station; and with roads, or rather no roads, such as have been described in Mrs. Robertson's letters, many casualties befell both the wagons and oxen. Mr. Robertson thought himself fortunate in securing the services of bricklayers and sawyers, white men, and an entry in his journal records it thus:

"My hands thoroughly full of work, having been so long from home. We have an accession to our working hands of thirteen Amatonga Kafirs and five white men, and I cannot help feeling it quite providential, our having so many people brought to us, as it were, just at the time we were in want of them. God grant that they may get good by being with us, and that soon the Gospel may be preached in the Amatonga country also! From all I know of the Amatongas, I

consider them a most teachable and docile people, anxious to improve. They have for generations been an oppressed and abused people, which is a good preparation for the reception of the Gospel of Peace."

Mr. Robertson's hands being further strengthened, by the arrival of a Deacon and a Catechist, he was also doing his best at this time to occupy two new stations at Amapiseni and Enkandhla, experience only confirming his opinion, that to travel far and wide among the people was not the least important part of his work. On the 7th April he started again with his niece on a visit to the King, of which the following account is copied from his journal:

"*April 9th.* After an early breakfast and Service with the people, we rode on to Kanodwengu. We were very well received by Umasipula, who indeed is always kind and civil to me. We did not see the King, he being very unwell and suffering from an attack of gout, but we paid a pleasant visit to Umkungo's sister, Ubatonyile, and the other princesses. They were very kind and much interested in my niece, and gave her some beer to drink, but she not having acquired a taste for this beverage, refused it. The princess, who did not understand, asked me if she was to taste it first, that being their custom, that the guest may be assured there is no poison in the drink. I replied 'Yes,' upon which she took a good draught out of it, and handed it again to my niece, to her great dismay. She only put it to her lips, to the great amusement of all present (who could not understand any one refusing anything so sweet), and to the distress of Ubatonyile, who asked me most anxiously what kind of food English ladies could eat. I suggested a piece of beef, and accordingly a man was sent after us with a good lump, of which we and our boys were very glad.

"Before leaving I had some interesting talk with them about religion. They all said they wished to serve God as we did, and I promised on my next visit to spend a Sunday with them. I have also to-day had a very interesting talk with Umasipula, my theme being, 'They that rule by the sword shall perish by the sword.' He listened with the deepest attention, whilst I proved the truth of what I said from the history of his own and the neighbouring nations, and showed him the glory and happiness of the opposite course."

The next touching entry needs no comment:

"*April 10th.* Good Bishop Mackenzie's birthday. Often did I think of him, and of all he had been to us, and as often did I pray God to bless him. Little did I know that our dearly-beloved friend had long ere that gone to his rest.

"Slept at Koteketeni, where we found the people exceedingly kind and attentive to us. It is very cheering to find that the nearer home we come, the more we are appreciated.

On the 24th of this month Mr. Robertson started again to visit the Catechist, whom he was establishing at Enkandhla, where all the people were overjoyed at the prospect of having a Missionary amongst them. Having started rather late one morning, he was obliged to sleep on the grass, and thankfully records that "after having committed himself to His care whose protecting arm embraces the whole earth," he soon fell asleep, and took no harm from sleeping in the open air. The forest in which he was, abounded with wild animals, but though he heard some rather unpleasant sounds, nothing came near to hurt him.

In the meantime the two wagons had made several journeys to Egudeni, where the wood for building was procured, but one of them broke down very often, and the mission oxen were reduced in numbers to only thirteen. On one occasion at the beginning of June, a very sad accident happened, the account of which I will copy from the journal.

"*May 22nd to June 3rd* was spent in another journey to Egudeni.

"I brought away two loads of wood, and kept with the wagons until both loads were past the worst part of the road. I then took leave of the boys, and started for home, which I reached on the evening of June 3rd. Well had it been had I not left them at all. Wild animals abound here, and two days before I left them, one of the oxen was killed by a wolf or a tiger, and I left a gun for their protection. The result was that on the day after I came away, William Adams, the driver, went with the gun to a kraal near the road, at which he was in the habit of calling to buy mealies, and while he was standing outside he amused himself by practising taking aim, now at one object, now at another, when suddenly, while doing so, the gun went off accidentally and sent a 2-oz. bullet through both the thighs of a poor man who was standing by, making a flesh wound in one, and breaking the bone of the other.

"Of course the whole kraal was in an uproar; in an instant wives and children were crying as for one dead, and the man was in the greatest excitement. According to their own laws William, had he been a Zulu would have been killed at once, and the matter only reported to the King, but being *our* boy he was spared. He was dreadfully frightened, and very sorry for what he had done, and nothing could exceed the kindness of the people to him. Ever since our wagons

have had occasion to go that way he has been a great favourite with them, and when the accident took place one of the wives of the wounded man was mixing some amasi for him.

"*June 9th to 12th* were spent in a journey to the White Umfolosi, in order that I might 'tela i cala' (go into the matter of the accident) with the Induna, who is Undongeni's chief. He was very kind, 'crying' like the others for me. According to the laws of the land, to report an accident promptly ends the matter, but I, considering the pain to which the poor man had been put, and that the boy ought to be punished for using the gun so carelessly, he having long ago known better, determined that he should pay a fine of ten blankets and one cow. This of course gave entire satisfaction. Indeed, I doubt not that God will bring good out of this eventually.

"On my return I found the sick man progressing favourably. Thanks be to God!

"*June 14th.* Returned to the sad kraal, where I found the sadder tidings from the Zambesi awaiting me.

"*June 16th.* Reached home, thankful to find all well. The expressions of regret with which the people said 'Good-bye,' to me were most touching. Undongeni said, 'No, you must not say good-bye, you must soon come back again. You are our father.' Another said, 'We are so accustomed to you we shall quite miss you.' God bless them all! and if it please Him, restore the poor man to his former health."

Many letters during these three months were written to me and to my brother, which these dear friends hoped we should receive at our new home on the Zambesi, but they never reached us. On my return to the Cape I received the following from Mrs. Robertson:

"We received your sad letter from Cape Town on the very day we parted with you and your beloved brother three years ago at the steamer. Dear Umfundisi had left on a most sad errand; how sad it might be we could not then dare to think. The arrival of the postman always drives other thoughts away. I caught sight of your handwriting amidst the heap of letters, which seemed to assure us it was well with you; and not even reading the date, you may imagine how little prepared I was for the fatal tidings. We had been very anxious about you, but though we felt the risk attending the Zambesi work, we never thought he could be the first to go. I was literally dumb with sorrow. Undwende was there, besides the postman, in the verandah. He always so enjoys seeing us read our letters, and it was the change in his countenance which showed that he divined some sad tidings, that first recalled me to myself. Christina and Lydia were constantly in tears. I thought I ought to turn it to some account for their good in my Sunday class. They always read the Gospel for the day after saying the Collect, and I wished so much to ask them to show their love to him by remembering his good words, which did seem even that day to give comfort to me. I only began to speak to them, and they quite broke down. It has seemed to be a great comfort to them to know that he was cared for by *black* people, and had told *them* about his going home.

"For *him* none can be sorry who knew him; I think those least so, who knew and loved him most. It was such a distinguishing feature in his happy social character how he longed for heaven, how he tried to realize his Saviour's presence even on earth. And now in loving one who was to us *more* than a common brother, or than the kindest and most valued of friends, I think we both feel drawn nearer to the light of our true home, rather than to have *lost him*. It is so consistent with the life of one who never lived for himself, to

have such a lonely grave, away from home and friends. Who can wish it otherwise?"

Mr. Robertson continued the letter:

"I hardly know how to write to you; your loss and ours—nay, I may say, the loss to the Church—is so great, I cannot tell you the sorrow it was to all of us to receive the sad tidings of your beloved brother's death and of your sufferings.

"We were not together when the mail arrived. I was at a kraal about seventy miles from hence, and so got the news some days later. John and William Adams, *his* godsons (the only ones with me who knew him), were very much affected. God works in a mysterious way which we weak mortals can seldom understand, but we Christians must believe that whatever He does is best, and must endeavour to say "Thy will be done.' I often prayed that you might be spared to see him, and live to see the fruit of his labours. Oh that it might have been so! For him we cannot mourn. He is at peace in the blessed abode for which I know he longed."

In July of this year Mrs. Robertson wrote:

* * * "Our disasters with oxen have been very great, but you must not think much of this. In two years, God prospering us, this difficulty will not exist; my husband has had a great many young ones given him, which will grow into use, and our cows will have calves. Things are always more difficult at first, but in every way we feel that we are taking deeper root, and hope that in time the fruit will appear.

"The house is progressing so far as we can hope to complete it this year. It is quite a comfort only to look at the straight brick walls, high doors, and *real* windows (we have only had calico ones since our fire), and we hope in time to have boarded floors, which will

help *me* more than anything. At present the wood for the house has been a great difficulty and expense. Mr. Robertson has had to superintend the bringing of the planks himself, on account of the mountainous roads, and it has taken three weeks to bring a load. He has been exposing himself to great fatigue, often sleeping this cold weather on the open grass without any shelter, for our tents are all worn out, and he won't leave his boys at night with the wagon (which has to be taken to pieces to make it fit for carrying planks) and oxen, to shelter himself in a kraal. We like to travel with him when we can, because for our sakes he is obliged to take more care. Most of our Kwamagwaza trees are unfit for building purposes, so that we *need* not cut them down. Our Mission stands in such a high part of the country that we can see our trees about forty miles from home in various directions. There are none others like them, so far as we know from white travellers, natives, and our own knowledge. They are quite friends when we are far away from home.

"When I tell you that we have very nearly fifty people, more or less depending upon our industry for clothing alone, independent of teaching and other care, you will in some measure realize how busy we are.

"In one of your letters you say you will be so glad to hear of a field being brought into culture. We began a garden the first week after our coming here, besides quite a nursery of young fruit trees and others, and the first year Mr. Robertson had a large field under cultivation. And this year in spite of the drawback of the burning of our buildings at the planting season, he has ploughed one four times as large, and he hopes with God's blessing, to extend it every year. The Zulus are essentially a warlike people, and it is very difficult, during such disturbances as have existed, to interest them in any such work. The Amatonga tribes who pay tribute to the Zulu king are a quiet, industrious people, and many have come to work for us.

They are a very fine, interesting race. We are now sowing wheat for the first time, and we hope in the course of time to have our own flour.

"Mr. Robertson is unable to write to you by this mail. He has, during the last four months, been more than 700 miles among the natives in different directions, on foot, on horseback, or in the wagon, treking over mountains."

The next letter of the 7th September to a friend in Scotland begins with the account of a severe illness from which Mr. Robertson was then recovering, and it was very grateful to us all to receive a commission from one of those who only knew the Robertsons through their letters, to send them a couple of cork mattresses for use when journeys from home are made.

* * * * * "We always open our home parcels when we are together. We often say 'How good of them to remember us,' and it seems to tell us of prayers too at home, and in our own family prayers it is with such fervent hearts that we ask for a blessing on all those who have cared for our good. Everything too that you send comes into use. One morning we had a messenger from the king begging for a hat to shade his eyes, so we made him a peaked cap, the messenger most of the time watching us from the verandah, and hastening us continually, describing in the most exciting way the trouble of a king's messenger, who is always expected to be 'tyetya' (make haste), and is sent out again somewhere else as soon as he returns. We lately sent a cap to Ketchwayo, a combination of a volunteer cap and a Turkish fez, which was highly appreciated, and another of the same kind to the Prince Uhamo. You will have heard of the dreadful fire in our neighbourhood. It would be almost too terrible to remember but for the blessed fruit it has produced, in

binding our neighbours closer to us than ever, because they were the sufferers, and we, through God's mercy, escaped to help them.

"We are beginning to be very busy again, for our nice nursery garden for trees, vegetables, and flowers was quite destroyed by the fire.

"Mr. Robertson is just recovering from an attack of rheumatic fever, brought on by lying on the clay floor of a hut all night, when he was tired out with a long day's journey. He remembered feeling the cold chill from the floor, and next morning woke in great pain, which became excruciating before he reached home. The attack was attended with high fever, and we had a very anxious time for some days, but it has pleased God to bring him through it. Although now, I am thankful to say, quite well, he is far from strong, and there is so much depending on him that I am afraid he gets too soon back to full busy life. Although last week he could not walk without support, he is now up at sunrise for the early Service, and is quite living among the people again; for this is the beginning of the planting season.

"And now I have not yet thanked you for the valuable box which reached us just ten days before Umfundisi was taken ill; I don't think I can tell you the happiness of that evening. There was the bell we had so longed for, the clothing so needed, and the nice new books. I do not believe the pleasure of only the outside of a new book in its pretty cover can be appreciated so much anywhere as in Zululand. Nearly all our best books have been to the bottom of the Umlazi river, and again they have been twice thrown out of our huts to preserve them from fire, so you can imagine how the look of a binding—the sight of a new book—is refreshing. It was, indeed, a very happy evening.

"You ask me whether the natives are learning to cultivate the things we do, and as we do them. Not

only would they not dare to plough, but when my husband offered to plough a garden for the leading man of Kwamagwaza, he dared not accept his offer. If one prospers and improves, he is almost sure to incur the envy and jealousy of others, and to become a marked man, and be killed the first opportunity, such as during some political strife, &c. Do not be disheartened at this. It makes our work slower, but perhaps not less deep. We may work on and see nothing, and yet His work may be progressing deeply and silently. The boys who work with us improve much, and we are permitted to see some attaching themselves to us, and listening with interest to religious teaching. I must not mislead you. They have not much understanding of things. It is more a feeling of reverence. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' I think it is something like that. I am very much afraid of being misunderstood. It is so almost impossible for an English mind rightly to understand the meaning of our impressions about the heathen in this matter. The tendency would always be to convey a too high or too low opinion of our poor friends."

A few extracts from one more letter will conclude the story of this year:

"We hope to be in our house in a few days, and are quite looking forward to it. It is nearly finished, and it will be such a refreshing change from our low dark huts, which in the rainy season are very trying. My dear husband is overworked, and sadly wants help. I hope others will come to join him in time.

"We have lately been rejoiced by one of our Zulu men expressing a wish to become a Christian. He is an earnest intelligent man who has been with us for a long time. His name is Undabankulu, and he is the son of Tobi, an old friend of ours, a widow woman,

whom you must have heard of. He is the second Zulu who has expressed a wish for Baptism. Hlambula, the other, is younger, and he has fewer natural advantages, but he has remained faithful for nearly a year since the time of his profession, and that, in spite of difficulties from his brothers. He calls Mr. Robertson his father, and says he will never leave him, or serve him for payment.

"We have cause for much thankfulness amidst care and anxiety, in the friendly feeling of all with whom we have any intercourse. Some of the kraals about us have evidently profited from religious teaching, even though they continue outwardly heathen.

"Usajabula has a service every Sunday afternoon at some kraals about four or five miles away. He is very earnest and quiet in his teaching, and takes great interest in it. He always finds the people expecting him and already assembled, which is a great thing; they not being within reach of our bell, the wished-for bell which we are so rejoicing in.

"It is so cheering to see our people literally running along the hills as they catch its sound. Some are even beginning to wish for clothing, which is a great step. Undwendwe, our special friend, amused us by his humorous dolorous expression when he told us that his best Sunday shirt had been burnt by the carelessness of one of his sons, and he wanted it mended by old Mam, who had just repaired his every-day one. When he brought it the next Sunday, it was nothing but great burnt holes, but he thought our needles had a magical power of renovation, and was quite astonished when we considered it past all improvement. We are very thankful for the box of valuable clothing you sent us, which arrived at the same time as the bell. There is a growing feeling about the seemliness of wearing clothing. The pen-cases are just the right size; from their being so large they fit the hole in the ear where the people carry them.

"I must tell you of an interesting visit I paid to Ketchwayo with my husband. When we came to within sight of the kraal where he was, we outspanned, and were told that the prince was sleeping according to custom. He habitually rises at daylight, and transacts business at that time, and rests during the heat. We too were glad to rest, for it had been a long trek, and we were thoroughly tired. Towards the cool of the day we were told that the Prince meant to pay us a visit, rather than trouble us to come to his kraal; and we soon saw him walking at the head of a small party of his Izinduna. Others joined him as he came nearer, who greeted him and then fell behind, seeming very much flattered, if he occasionally looked back and addressed any observations to them. There was a native dignity in his manner which showed he was accustomed to command, though he seemed courteous, friendly, and even familiar with them.

"He stepped on the wagon-box beside Mr. Robertson (his followers squatted on the ground), and greeted my husband quite as an old friend whom he looked up to. According to Zulu custom he unblushingly asked me what I had brought him, in allusion to a handsome bowie knife which my husband had given him in my name on his last visit. I told him I had sent the knife when I could not come. Now I had come myself. He said that was very nice, and then he told us how much he liked us.

"Presently we heard in the distance the wild hunting-song of the Zulus, and this proved to be a party returning from elephant hunting. They had been rather successful, and brought eleven tusks, which pleased Ketchwayo, as they are a source of wealth to him. The hunters formed in line in front of our wagon, then each in turn ran forward, sprang high into the air, and returned to his place, sitting on the ground as they do in the presence of royalty.

"Mr. Robertson consulted with Ketchwayo as to the best hour for Service next day, and was begged to arrange it for his own convenience, the prince saying he would be glad to come with all his people, that he liked his people to be taught. Mr. Robertson told him of the great sorrow that was uppermost in our thoughts at the time, the death of the Prince Consort, and tried to make him thoughtful, and to lead him to feel that he could not tell how soon *he* might be called away by death, and that he should be careful how he lived. He expressed great sympathy in our sorrow, and said he ought to send to the 'Amakosi' in Natal, meaning Mr. Shepstone or the Governor, to '*kala*' (mourn with them).

"Next day he appeared in good time with a large party of people. Seeing Mr. Robertson in his surplice, the Prince did not like to address him, but asked me if I would beg him to wait a little time, as he expected others to come. When all were assembled, it was most striking to observe the deep interest of Ketchwayo himself, and of many of his people. As far as he could, he joined in the responses most earnestly, and when Mr. Robertson had finished his address to them, he buried his head in his hands for some time after his people were beginning to talk to one another, and sighed deeply. It was very sad to see him. He was not indifferent, and yet he was so involved in political circumstances, that you could scarcely imagine his being impressed so as to break through all and follow Christ.

"Early next morning my husband saw him, and proposed to him to send his younger brothers, or the sons of the chiefs, to Capetown, for education at the Bishop's college. He said that he could never enforce their being sent out of the country, but that if any would attend instruction in the country, he himself would be very glad of it. We left, feeling much drawn to him."

CHAPTER VIII.

1863.

The beginning of 1863 found Mrs. Robertson as in former years, very weak and ailing, but the prevailing feeling in the Missionary's home was gratitude. The comfort of living in a house made sickness much more bearable than it had been in huts imperfectly built, and pervious to wind and rain.

The progress made now becomes more and more manifest, and we are astonished at the amount of industrial work accomplished, while the influence gained over the chiefs and the people, and the tact shown by Mr. Robertson in his dealings and conversations with them, must inspire confidence for the future. At the end of January he wrote to me as follows:

"We have had a dreadfully hot and damp summer this year, and my dear wife is very poorly at present, scarcely able to leave her room. I am afraid she will hardly be able to write to you by this mail. What a blessing it is to have a good house! Had she been still in a hut, I am sure she would have been much worse.

"You ask me whether Ketchwayo will allow his people to become Christians. It has pleased God to bless our labours by the conversion of two young men, Zulus: Undabankulu, about twenty-five years

of age, and Hlambula, about seventeen. They are both of them quiet, amiable lads, and very anxious to learn. Neither of them is as yet baptized. It would be unwise to hurry their Baptism until we have seen how they persevere, and until they have acquired more knowledge of the Christian faith. So far, I am most thankful to say, they have gone on well: their neighbours mocked and laughed at them, and one of them (Hlambula) has been threatened by his relations with death, but they did not care for that. Hlambula, I was told, replied to the threat, 'Although you kill me, I shall be happy after that.' In consequence of the proceedings subsequent to the great dances the fears of their relations were excited with regard to them, and I saw that it would be necessary to go and talk the whole matter over with Ketchwayo, which I did last week (Jan. 20—24 inclusive). Before going I called them to me and asked if I might. This was a trial of their earnestness of purpose, and they joyfully agreed that I should. At the same time I explained to them, that whatever the decision might be, it could not hinder them from being Christians. If Ketchwayo gave his consent, well: if not, they must endeavour to serve God faithfully in their kraals, or wherever they might be. I have from the first been most careful to impress upon them, that becoming Christians does not absolve them from their allegiance to their chiefs; and that they ought to honour and obey their parents more than others. Hlambula's parents have been wishing him to return home for some time, and since my return from Ondine he has done so.

"But to return to my visit to Ketchwayo. I formally reported to him what I called a good 'Indaba' (matter), viz., that two of his people who had been in our employ for some time, now wished to become Christians.

"The way in which reports are made to great men in Zululand is as follows: the matter is stated briefly and distinctly, the speaker pausing for a few seconds at the end of every sentence, to give the chief an opportunity of making a remark if he chooses, and the speaker time for recollection. When the report has been fully made, the chief enters into the discussion, and ends with his decision.

"When I had made my statement, Ketchwayo, turning to one of his councillors, told him to cross-question me, as to the names and parentage of the boys, and the regiments to which they belong (all Zulus are enrolled in regiments from the age of about fifteen); on all which points I had taken care to inform myself. After this Ketchwayo replied as follows: 'You see, Umfundisi, that to believe (become a Christian) is a new custom: we follow the customs of our forefathers. I like you missionaries, but I wish my people only to attend Church on Sundays, and then return to their homes. I do not wish any of my people to become Christians. These boys are soldiers; there are the great kraals at which they are known and where they serve. By becoming Christians they are lost to me; and if I consent to them, all others will follow them.' After this, there was a pause of a few seconds, during which I was thinking of Him 'in Whose rule and governance are the hearts of kings;' then I replied, that ever since our first knowing one another to this day, I had been most thankful for his kindness to us, and that although my heart longed after this matter, yet I would not trouble him with many words. There was only one word of his to which I wished to make reply, and that was his idea that by becoming Christians his people would no longer belong to him. 'Nothing could be further from the truth than that,' I said; 'by becoming Christians they will not cease

to be your subjects, but will be, I hope, more faithful and true than before. One of the first of *Christian* truths is, Love your parents, and obey your king; and no one can be a good Christian who acts otherwise.' I then went on to tell him of the first Christians serving in the armies of Rome, and assured him that we did not in the least wish to interfere with the services due from his people to him. He seemed now to be growing a little impatient, and stopped me, saying, 'Oh, seeing they choose it for themselves, what shall I say? But do not be in a hurry to come back with another such petition.' I thanked him without making any remark...He was very kind, and begged me not to leave so soon, and amused himself and his councillors not a little with my *one* excuse, which he said I had made every time he had seen me, 'so much to do at home.' I must be a great worker, he said; and turning to Usajabula, he asked him how it was that we had so much to do. Usajabula added to their mirth by saying that work at Kwamagwaza was like food at Ondine. 'You eat every day,' he said, and we work every day except Sundays.' This excited a great laugh, while Ketchwayo went over it again, 'all the week they work; on Sundays they rest; Monday comes, and out they go again.' After we had left, a servant followed us, who took us into a hut and gave us a fine dish of amasi. On our way home the boys and I had a long discussion upon what I had said about Christians serving native chiefs. Usajabula said he knew all I had said about the Roman Christians was true and good, but my fine words were altogether thrown away upon Ketchwayo and his people: no arguments were of any avail but such as approved themselves to their knowledge, experience, or common sense. They knew very well what the Christian Kafirs were in Natal, and what the few in Zululand are; viz., that they

do nothing but work, serving neither their own chiefs nor the government; they live only for themselves. The Zulus know this well, and no matter what you say or how right you may be, it will make no difference: they will believe when they see.' To this I replied by asking them what *they* thought about it. 'If all the Zulus as soon as they wish to become Christians, were to leave the service of Ketchwayo, what effect would it have upon him? Will he not refuse altogether to allow his people to be taught? Nay, if many forsake him, will he not become hostile to us missionaries?' To this they assented, and I went on to say that I was sure it was wrong, and that a man could be a Christian, even although clothed in monkey-skins and carrying a shield and spears; and I added, 'Perhaps you may find me one of these days packing you all off in a body to serve Ketchwayo.' This gave them prolonged merriment. They went along picturing to themselves what Mrs. Robertson would say, and what the Zulus would say: the latter would despise them, they said. 'Pushing them on one side, they would say, 'Get along you little trousers, what can you do?' If we had guns, it would be all right; they would not despise us then, we should be honoured.' Such were our thoughts and conversation as we went along the road. Do they not afford very serious matter for our consideration? I can see that, humanly speaking, we can look for but little good to be done, unless we do all we can to make ourselves felt at headquarters. I can fancy our working for years, as the Norwegians have done for the last twenty years, with only a very few converts, and they people of no importance, some of them only destitute children, gifts from the chiefs from time to time. Whereas, on the other hand, I think we may very well hope that by being much with Ketchwayo, by gaining his confidence, by really showing him that Christianity

among his people increases rather than diminishes his strength, a good measure of success may be the result. Ketchwayo is undoubtedly friendly to missionaries. Some years ago he even made some progress in learning to read, but left off through the remonstrances of his great men. Nothing is impossible with God: even Ketchwayo and his whole people may, by wise management, be brought to Christ. In writing thus I may be accused of enthusiasm, but I know that men who have *attempted* great things have *done* great things; and if we, trusting in God, do likewise, we may at least hope also. It will be most wrong if we *tamely sit still*, and let matters take their course. What Guizot says in his preface to the life of Monk on this point, is, I think most excellent. May God give us grace to act wisely and for His glory!"

Mrs. Robertson ended the next letter.

"I am not at all worse than I was in Natal, nor I think so really ill as I used to be in England. A great many comforts as well as medicines are lost upon me, because I do not profit by them. I quite think that, under God's blessing, I owe it to this house that I am not actually suffering so much as I did last summer. It is only the hot wet months of summer, and the coldest part of the winter, that I have to creep through as well as I can. Yesterday I fought against a headache to be at Church, and to have my class in the Sunday-school, which is getting more and more interesting, and has many encouragements in the visible influence it has upon my pupils. Umfundisi has a class for *all* the people who will attend. Those who can read do so, and to those who cannot he reads, and explains what he reads by pictures, and then he joins us with them all in singing a hymn and closes the school."

It is quite unnecessary to draw further attention to the affection which was mutual between the Robertsons and my dear brother; but the next letter gives such a true picture of the source from whence he drew the strength and the calmness for which he was so conspicuous, that I must insert it. It is from Mr. Robertson, and was written to me in March of this year.

"The post arrived on Saturday, bringing your kind letter. You cannot be otherwise than weak in body: the wonder is that you have been able to endure so much. Had you not been enabled by a greater than earthly strength you could not have done it. I often picture to myself that dreadful hour on the Zambesi when the sad blow fell upon you. I cannot tell you how often I think of him, and wish I were more like him. I often remember the last night he spent at the Umlazi. I occupied the same hut with him, and on coming to the room I found him on his knees, and did not go in until he had finished, which was not for a long time, I should be afraid to say how long. I never knew any one so holy and so full of love as he was; and although we are sure that he is now reaping the rich reward of his labours, yet we cannot help sorrowing for our loss. * * * I am anxious to be enabled to employ as many native teachers as possible. In this I entirely agree with the Bishop of Grahamstown. Missionaries from England are essential at first, and perhaps for two or three generations, to superintend the work of an indigenous clergy. Not to speak of the expense, where could a staff of English clergy be found sufficiently numerous to bring the whole or even the hundredth part of South Africa within reach of the means of grace? Such a native agency will no doubt be imperfect and ignorant, but

it would be raised in time. It has long been my idea, that although the native be behind his English brother in attainments, yet in bringing the Gospel to his heathen countrymen, the one (ignorant although he be) is a more efficient instrument than the other. In a fellow-countryman they can copy what in a highly-civilized white man they would (and I know *do*) consider beyond their reach. It is to our having so many Christian natives (none of them all that they ought to be—who is ?) with us from the first, that I attribute a good measure of the success with which it has pleased God to bless us. I am quite sure that—if not in our day, yet—the time will come when this agency will be very largely employed ; for supposing it the case that only Europeans were employed, the result of this would be that a large portion—perhaps the greater portion—of Africa would never be touched, for many districts there are, and those often the most populous, where no white man could live half-a-year.

"I am sorry to say that during the past three months there has been a great deal of killing going on in this country, chiefly on the charge of being '*Abatakati*' (wizards). In this they seem to be infatuated. It is not the King that does it, nor Ketchwayo, but the people themselves. I have heard of I do not know how many cases, in some of which Ketchwayo interfered, and would not allow the man 'smelt out' to be killed. In one case near here a great man was 'smelt out ;' and Ketchwayo said the doctors were liars—they must smell again—and the result was that the man escaped, but four of his people were slain. All this is sad, but we know that there is One who overrules all the evil in this world and turns it to good. My belief is, that He is preparing them for some great change—may it be so in His time !"

Mrs. Robertson in the next letter gives an account of a new little girl, one of Panda's sons sent to her. Her father had been killed a long time ago.

"*May* 13*th*, 1863. Our little Umhlobokozana is a dear merry little creature, and so loving—wild as a bird, and so coaxing and entreating to have her own way, it is almost irresistible, but in spite of it all she is really very tractable. When she first came we thought she would be quite a Topsy, she was so active, and so unaccountable in her doings. The day after her arrival we found her in the dining-room alone, with Fanny's hat upon her head, spreading out her little frock, and trying to walk like a grown-up person, brimful of fun and grimace. When she observed Fanny she snatched off the hat, and held it in both hands behind her back. A few days after I found her alone in the sitting-room, sitting in my chair—the old folding one of the Umlazi—leaning back, her hands folded, and trying to make her little feet reach the footstool. She looked so full of fun and enjoyment, I could only watch her trying to balance herself. My chair has lost its front legs, which added to her difficulty. She is so pretty and clever and affectionate that I hope much from her. She is rather younger than Hali and Billy, and Hali takes great pains with her. Sometimes he tells her so gravely that she must be good, that she may go to heaven.

"We are all very busy just now, helping in different ways to make bricks. We have had so much trouble with white men, who have worked for us, that Mr. Robertson has determined to make them himself, and he is most successful. My part, I am afraid, is mostly looking on, but still I can help by that. It is a most busy scene. Mr. Robertson makes the bricks ; that means he puts the clay into

the moulds, it having been properly prepared by boys treading in a large hole dug by the river, which is full of springs, and in which the oxen have first been driven. When the moulds are filled, boys carry them away, and lay them down carefully on the brick-ground. Then comes *our* part; that means the girls and little ones—to turn the bricks that have been made the previous day, and when dried to place them on one end, and build them up in rows a few feet high, not closely, to allow the air to dry them thoroughly.

"The boys sing while they are treading and jumping in the clay, sometimes in the most grotesque attitudes, making the others laugh, till all are full of fun and merriment, so that it is a very exhilarating scene. But it is really very hard work to them all, and especially to my husband, who has to keep them all in good spirits, and to stand working all day long. These bricks are to make a kitchen and four verandah-rooms for ourselv s, and a kitchen and rooms for the Samuelsons. Mr. Robertson has made me an awning of the cart-tent, and I take my work and sit in a wheelbarrow, with a bundle of dry grass for my feet; but my very presence keeps all the little ones in order, and Mr. Robertson says it makes them work with new strength to see us all come down.

"They are also working very hard at the saw-pit, preparing wood for the roofs, and as the saw-pit is close to the brick-ground we have quite an industrial school.

"At night we are disturbed by tigers and wolves, which have been unusually troublesome this winter, and have carried off a favourite dog and sheep.

"Mr. Robertson has early Kafir Service before our breakfast, and after it we have English prayers. I am anxious on his account, though he is feeling quite well, for he has so many continuous hours

of work, without any real rest. They do cease for one hour at noon.

"Besides brick-making and tiger-watching, our wagon is going down to Durban, and we have to think of all we need for the next half-year, if not year's house-keeping. It is no light matter to be short of soap, &c., &c., at Kwamagwaza."

The journals now tell us more of troublesome neighbours, unwelcome and uninvited, who paid nocturnal visits, in the shape of tigers, as they are called in Natal, (though their proper name is panthers or leopards,) beautifully spotted creatures, but very destructive to sheep and cattle. Catlike they make their entrance through holes so small, that it seems impossible their bodies should get through. Many favourite dogs were killed by these fierce animals, so whenever it was possible, Mr. Robertson destroyed them with strychnine, and very grateful the Zulus were to him, for ridding them of their enemies. They sang his praises, calling him their great Umfundisi and chief, and would only believe he killed them by magic. One man showed his gratitude by giving his little boy, a remarkably pretty child of 6 or 7 years old, called Godi, to the missionaries. Mr. Robertson did not think it possible that he would, knowing that he was his father's favourite; he said, 'he will never spare him,' but the man told Mrs. Robertson that his heart had already given him to the Umfundisi.

The little boys were delighted to have another playfellow, and Hali, though only a month or two older, was a great help in keeping the others out of wrong ways. On one occasion when Billy and Godi disputed as to who had torn Billy's

coat, Godi said "Let us *bula*" (inquire of the spirits). They retired to a heap of broken bricks with their hands full of sticks, with which they by turns struck the heap, calling out "Izwa," (listen). When no answer came, Godi said it was because Hali interrupted them. He did so to some purpose, quite scolding them, and especially Billy, whom he asked "How could he forget that God was seeing him, and knew all that we did, even when we tore our pinafores?" At the Sunday School Billy flushed when it came to his turn to repeat the first commandment, and whispered, "We won't do that again."

In July Mrs. Robertson wrote to a friend:

"The winter is a perfect delight to me in every way. To be able to bear all these little ones around me and live more entirely for them all, is the greatest blessing; and the sympathy we have received from you, and from others through you, seems like sweet sunshine which God has made to shine upon us in our daily life. In the same way the glorious scenery around us, as I am passing through our verandah, seems to speak in unutterable tones of love and holiness. It does not need the finest scenery to speak to us in such language, but when I see our distant mountains, in different outlines and tints from the nearer quiet green hills, it seems to be something specially *given* to calm and soothe our daily cares, telling not only of God's present love and care, but of a world of rest and peace, where sin is not, either in ourselves or others.

"I hope you are interested in Umhlobokozana, our very own little girl. The children call her Tapatapa. We have been quite struck with her rapid improvement, and she is a great pet with

every one. Her love for me seems like a rich treasure given to me. Though full of play and childlike fun, she is always earnestly watching to do something for me. She is very intelligent, and seems lately to have gained a light and understanding such as we have been watching for. You know how when you plant some valued seed, you look in impatience almost too soon for signs of life, and how your impatience leads to your despairing lest it should have no life, simply because you have sought it too soon. Then, suddenly, you are gladdened by the sight of two little perfect green leaves, which in spite of your close watching you do not see coming. It has been just so with our dear little one. When she first came it was natural that she should not care to learn to say a little prayer, and that she should ask the most irrelevant questions when I tried to tell her of her Father in heaven, who made her and all the world. But when this continued what seemed to me such a long time, and she would in her loving little entreating way say, 'I did say my prayers yesterday, I am so sleepy now,' in order to get off saying the few little simple words, my heart quite sank within me. I did not, however, betray it to the little unconscious creature; I used to say, 'Shall I say it for you, because God is so good to us every day, we ought not to get tired of thanking Him,' and she would mechanically repeat my words.

"Now it is so different. She *will* be taught, and her great desire is to go to Church, to have a new name from the Umfundisi, that she may be made a child of God. I did not say anything to him when I first observed such an evident light and understanding springing up in her, and it thrilled me with happiness when Umfundisi remarked the great improvement in her. She steals quietly into my room in the very early morning and says in such a reverent way the little prayer I taught her, and she has taught herself the

Lord's Prayer in Zulu, and has added it without any suggestion to her other prayers."

To a friend at home engaged in Mission work, (for, is not the Field the same, whether the labour be given to black or white children?) Mrs. Robertson wrote:

"I do not think that your labour can be lost. One sees so often in children who have had the benefit of the earliest good training, that they do not bring forth its fruits for many years. Indeed, the really good, holy, teachable child in each family, is too often only the exception to which all the others look. I do not think that we, in our work among those who are darkened by vice or heathenism, ought to despair when *we* see only disappointment. We have had many deep and bitter ones in our work, humbling to ourselves, and agonizing for those who have disappointed us, but still I do hope that the teaching may not in the end be lost upon them. They are *His*, and He can follow them where we cannot.

"I do not like to write much on the dark side of our work. You know we are working in the dark, toiling in the night, so I like best to tell you of the stars that peep out upon us. For our very best, our hearts often ache with disappointment. I look round upon them all with anxiety, and then there comes those comforting words, 'Your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' And then one feels the great work is after all with oneself. Our labour *is in the Lord*, but one is apt to grow mechanical, and not livingly abide in Him. My husband helps us by making Hope the subject of his sermon sometimes. He often puts in his head at the window, saying, with such a bright look, 'I have had such a nice talk with so and so. I'll tell you all about it by-and-bye;' but we seldom hear more, he has to hasten

away. He reads at all his meals, and after evening-school, which we manage to have over by 8 P.M., he is either reading or practising for Sunday Services. He is up at 5 A.M. at the latest, and at work as soon as the early Service is over, but whilst his hands are busy, he generally has a group of people round him, and the *real* work is going on too."

The next event of interest was a visit from Gaus, one of the greatest chiefs after the King and Ketchwayo. When about half-a-mile from the Station, he was thrown from his horse and broke his arm.

Mrs. Robertson gives the following account of the accident:

"Lately we have been greatly interested in a Zulu chief of considerable influence who has been staying with us. One of his kraals is within 12 or 15 miles of us, and whenever he is staying at this kraal, he is a constant visitor here, and evinces much sympathy with all our doings, indeed we quite look upon him as a personal friend. He is a middle-aged man, with quiet dignity of manner and a very pleasing expression. He was coming to see us on Saturday, when his horse threw him within a short distance of our house, and broke his arm: his younger brother, who generally accompanies him, came in haste and distress to tell us what had happened, and Mr. Robertson ran to his assistance and brought him home. It was so sad to see the expression of pain on his kind face, but otherwise he was so quiet—you could not have known his sufferings. We soon made bandages and splints, and my husband bound them on with such anxiety. We are very thankful that he wished to remain with us, and we gave him up our dining-room, at least the so-called dining-room, but which at present serves every purpose but that,

until our kitchen, store-room and bed-rooms are finished. It is in the day-time a sort of housekeeper's-room, a school-room in the evening, and then our children's sleeping-room. He was afraid of stooping so low as the entrance of a hut would require, or even to lie on the ground, and used a sort of couch all the time he was with us. It was a most interesting time to us, and we had no disagreeable inconvenience from the crowd of Zulus who came from all parts of the country to visit him. Our lawn has been covered with the spears, shields and sleeping-mats of the different regiments and companies that have come to pay their respects to him; but it was all so orderly—only the leading men were admitted to his presence, and the others were seated in groups about. The King and Ketchwayo sent several times to enquire for him, and each time an especial earnest message to my husband not to let him be removed until he thought fit; his own people wished so much to have him home, and Gaus himself, not wishing to go, had been obliged often to send for Mr. Robertson and Usajabula, and Heber, to fight his battle for him. Ketchwayo's people said that when he heard of Gaus being with us, he sent to some white gentlemen to enquire if our Umfundisi were a skilful surgeon, and being assured that he was the most able man in the country, it was his express wish that he should remain here. We are quite at a loss to know how he has acquired such a reputation, as he only set two limbs before, and one of those was in Natal: but we were very thankful at anything that brought us nearer to the people, and I only wish I were well enough to tell you all the striking scenes it introduced us to. His room opened into the same verandah as our own, which enabled us to see all. Many great chiefs came to condole with him. His sisters from Panda's court were received with great ceremony, a mat being spread near his couch, and no one

attempting to approach it, though the room was full. Another sister came also, one of Panda's queens, and she was accompanied by one of the king's sons and many attendants, bearing their travelling paraphernalia. It is not etiquette to mention the name of a prince in his presence, and he is introduced as 'the son of the King.' His name was whispered to me. The Queen is a very handsome person, but not by any means so pleasing as our good Gaus, her brother. They were both very friendly, and pleased that my niece should play to them some of Gaus's favourites, when he very politely begged her to do so. Whenever such visits occurred, one of his chief attendants whom we called the 'chamberlain' and the 'speaker'—he having so much to do as master of the ceremonies—came to announce them to us, and begged us to come, as they wished to thank us for our care of Gaus. Once there came an express from the King to thank us each individually: indeed, during the whole fortnight he was with us, our quiet home became more like a large military kraal. So many people came, they consumed more food than the nearest kraals could give them; they were obliged to go six miles or more only for a few boiled mealies. It speaks something for the kindly spirit in which they lived with us, that our dog, a great favourite with all the Zulus, accompanied them, and they told us with distress that they could not get him to share their food, though they crushed the mealies for him. He is a very savage dog to strangers, but soon became friends with them, which made them very fond of him. A kraal very near us, and in some way connected with Gaus, soon heard of the accident, and a party of women came in great sorrow—some were in tears, and the first smile we saw on his suffering countenance was to cheer them, and tell them in a kind humorous way 'he was not dying.' Two days afterwards an ox was sent from this kraal,

with such a touching speech, that 'it was the ox of tears, not of rejoicing;' it was sent to supply food for the people, and there was a good deal of ceremony in receiving it—such a fine creature, we were quite sorry for its approaching fate. It was sent away to the kraal where some of his people were staying, and the next day those who had been feasted sent one of their party to make a speech of thanks to Gaus. These speeches are called 'Isibonga,' and they were always made in a full, loud, rich tone of voice on the lawn, so that they might reach their poor chief in his sick room. Mr. Robertson told me that when the Zulus heard some of the psalms chanted in their own language, it reminded them of their 'Isibonga,' or thanks and praises to their earthly chiefs. The sad part of this accident was, the realizing the hold witchcraft has upon them, and their thorough belief in it. A man cannot die, or suffer any evil, but from some evil influence of the Abatakati, and such a great man as Gaus could not meet with this injury without an Umtakati specially designing it. But the most extraordinary part of it was, that the accused man confessed it, and named several others who were implicated in it. He was not a man of good character, and had long been accused of bad feeling towards Gaus, which no doubt guided the doctors to condemn him. Gaus had always refused to believe the accusations against him. One of our own people who was searching for stray cattle, met the poor victim as he was being conducted to Gaus's land for execution, and described him as walking, apparently at ease, before his captors, talking in a loud tone, telling them what he had done, and naming others who had joined him. Two of his wives had been also accused, and were to be killed. One poor mother had a young infant on her back, which they did not kill, but just left it to die. It seems almost too horrible to tell you that the poor

mother revived at night from the blows which were thought to have killed her. When we heard of the poor babe left there, my husband planned to have it found and to bring it up here, but the next morning we heard of the poor woman's awakening, and that she had hidden the child and gone some distance. She was obliged to stop at a kraal to beg for food, and here she was detained. They were kind to her, but would not allow her to leave; if they had aided her, their whole kraal would have been destroyed by the King. A condemned 'Umtakati' is looked upon as a condemned criminal is in civilized countries. They sent to Gaus the next morning, and as she was believed to be the worst of all the three, I am afraid there was very small hope for her.

"Can you imagine anything more dreadful, the sacrifice of four lives because one man fell from his horse? I hope you will not be repulsed by the cruelty and superstition of these ignorant people, and we may hope that the light is beginning to shine which shall clear away the darkness. You could not think Gaus a cruel man. On the contrary, he seems most gentle and kindhearted. He was so fond of all the children, and pleased with our care of them. He interested himself in all our doings. He quite enjoyed music in the evenings, and when he heard the harmonium, would send to beg for some favourite pieces to be played again. Those he liked best were 'God save the Queen,' and the 'Dead March in Saul." His brothers, who are much younger than himself, were so watchful over him and attentive to his wishes: nothing could be more pleasing than their intercourse with each other and with ourselves.

"Gaus himself said, that being under my husband's roof was like being at a brother's kraal, and a very kind brother who loved him specially. The last evening he came into our sitting-room to hear his

favourite pieces, and then he told us how much he should remember us in his home, in such a quiet, gentle, truthful manner. He wished us all to come and see him, and could scarcely understand that it was a longer ride than I could manage; but we promised that my niece should go. It was decided for him to walk home, as we feared the wagon, and he could not mount a horse; and it was quite with regret that we watched him with his long train of people winding their way over the hill. The wagon took his couch which he still required, and my husband accompanied him to take care of him by the way, and to be there with a saw to enlarge the entrance of his hut. Gaus's people were rejoiced to welcome him back, and my husband has been visiting him constantly since, always being received most gratefully and warmly—Gaus rejoicing to tell him what confidence the King and Ketchwayo have in him, and that messengers arrived as soon as they knew of his return, begging him still to be entirely guided by the Umfundisi; adding that he had never known them show such respect to any one before. At another time he said, 'I always knew how much you were liked at Kwamagwaza, but now every one knows you and loves you.' All this we treasure with deep thankfulness: it seems like a new blessing given us on our work in bringing them nearer to us.

"We often hear encouraging things through our own Christians. Christina has often heard the people exclaim, 'Why does the King send us such an Umfundisi that we must love, when he would punish us if we belonged to him?' and Lydia told us she heard some of Gaus's people say that everybody would like to stay here if it were not for fear of their chiefs. One great friend of ours, Umaigani, whom we have often told you about, a superior man and much looked up to by the Zulus themselves, said to our children, 'Am not I one of Umfundisi's people? Do

not I like to hear what he teaches? I do not dress like you because it is not the custom of my people, and I must obey my chief, but I do pray and wish to learn.' His wife is as nice as himself, and she has attached herself to us and often pays us a visit. When Gaus was with us, he heard the bell ringing for school, and asked me where I was going. I told him we taught the children in the afternoon. It was Sunday. His face quite beamed with pleasure as he said, 'That is good work, a nice work.' Every visit my husband paid him at his own home he inquired for each of the children by name. The visit this week was a very pleasant one, as the bandages were to be changed, and the arm was so well, he found he had the entire use of it so far as he was permitted to try it, to the joy of every one present. Mr. Robertson described it as being most exciting, as he gradually unrolled the bandages and removed the splints. It was all watched with such intense interest until the arm made its appearance like any other arm. There was a simultaneous shout of gladness, and Gaus himself is so happy and thankful. Since that he has sent over his brother to tell us that he is able now to go into any of his huts.

"*Sept.* 16*th*. We have lately had a comfort in Tobi: you remember her as the lone woman who attached herself to Umfundisi soon after our coming. A long time ago she installed herself in Mam's (the Hottentot woman's) hut, and made it her own work to keep the Church neat, but she has had a great prejudice against actually clothing herself like our other women, although she did so partially to satisfy our wishes, and Umfundisi had advised me not to urge it too much at first. Now she has come to beg me to make her a dress like the rest, and she appeared at Church two Sundays back neatly dressed, to the surprise and joy of all our Christians. She is quite an original, and when she came to beg me to dress

her, it was somewhat in the form of a lecture for not doing it sooner. You could quite see it was to hide a deeper feeling, for the tears were in her eyes the first day the dress was completed. She made the broom she uses for the Church herself, and she makes me keep it, with strict injunctions that it is to be used for no other purpose."

These gleams of light and hope were too often succeeded by the dark traits of heathenism, which were appearing at almost every turn in the Missionaries' life.

To my sister in Natal Mrs. Robertson wrote in October:

"We have had lately to realize very painfully the sad state of things in this heathen land. I was one day at lessons with the children, when Undwendwe, one of our first friends on coming here, came into the room with two medicine bottles which he wished to return. He is very fond of watching the children, and stayed chatting, but there was something in his countenance which made me ask if they were all well at home. He said, 'No, nothing is well at home,' that he was in great trouble, and that the Abantu (people) wished to kill him. I could not believe it, and thought he was only speaking figuratively, as they so often do, but I saw something was wrong, and proposed that he should talk with Umfundisi. At first my husband thought as I did, that he was only in some common trouble, but he was soon convinced that our good Undwendwe was in danger of his life. You ought to know him as we do to realize the horror of such a thought; he is such a good father and husband, and he has not only been a constant attendant at our Sunday Services since we came, but he has often sought Umfundisi to converse with him privately. He has such a bright expression of genuine goodness you must trust him from the very first, and his manner about holy things is so reverential. He lives about two miles from this, but he has always considered himself as belonging to Umfundisi, and he often shoots for us, and has always clothed himself since we first gave him a shirt. I must tell you the cause of his trouble.

"He has a young brother of about 16, who three years ago was living with the Prince Umahama. Every prince has a certain number of kraals which owe him service, perhaps because they are related to his mother, or simply because they have been given to him. The kraals of Undwendwe, Umaigani, and Ungiza belong to Umahama. One day Undwendwe's young brother, Usiguba, had the misfortune when giving the Prince some water to drink, to let a leaf fall into it, which he swallowed. He threatened to kill the poor boy at once, and there was a great 'indaba' made of it, but Undwendwe and some other influential Zulus interfered to show that it was an accident.

"Some time after this the same boy was sent to order a young girl in the service of the Prince to grind him some snuff, which he was to bring back. The girl refused to grind it, and the Prince was so enraged with him for coming back without it that he tried to kill him, but he ran away to one of his own people's kraals some distance from Kwamagwaza, where Umfundisi chanced to go shortly afterwards. This was about two years ago. The boy came home with him, and has either been working for us or staying at home with his father, but there has been great resentment about it at the Prince's kraal.

"Another tyrannical custom of the Prince's has caused Undwendwe great trouble. Any young girls that they or their people wish for, are ordered to come and live at their kraals, and there they must remain, until they do not care for them, or else they

are given to be wives to some one who has plenty of cattle, and, whether they like it or not, these men must receive them, and pay the cattle demanded. For some time past every effort has been made to get possession of two of Undwendwe's daughters for this Prince, but their father is most averse to parting with them. This of course has increased the irritation against him, and now two people of the Prince's kraal having died, they accuse an 'Umtakati' of having caused the deaths. The doctors are inquired of, and all Undwendwe's people say they are sure he will be the victim. It is always kept a secret who the accused is, until he is surprised one morning in his own hut by an ambush, who surround his hut, and either kill him on the spot, or lead him away to the supposed place of his evil influence. The Prince had sent to take all his cattle from him which had been under Undwendwe's care, and his people were saying at all the neighbouring kraals that this and that man was suspected, carefully avoiding Undwendwe's name, which all look upon as a sure sign that he will be the accused. He is advised by every one to escape to Natal, as the only means of saving his life, and that day he had quite made up his mind to do so.

"Umfundisi advised him strongly to apply to Ketchwayo, and offered to do so himself, but he did not then consider he had sufficient proof to produce, and it might only cut off his chance of escape. The next day, however, came an angry message from the Prince taking the rest of the cattle away from Umaigani and Ungiza's kraals, for not joining in the inquiry that was being made of the doctors about the death of his relations. Umaigani is as close a friend of ours as dear old Undwendwe, and he has great influence among the Zulus as a good and just man. He came to talk with Umfundisi about it, and he has determined to go to Ketchwayo, my husband

promising to use his influence with him to prevent such a sacrifice of life. Meantime, his poor wives are in great anxiety. One poor thing came to me on Saturday, looking so sorrowful. She seemed to find comfort in talking to me. She has two young children, both of them babies, and she says, 'How can I escape with both of them out of the country?' If Undwendwe has to go, he is most anxious to take his whole family with him, and especially his grown-up daughters.

"The last case of death as 'Abatakati' was when Gaus fell from his horse. Some witchery certainly caused it, and a man and his two wives were destroyed. A young babe on its mother's back was left to die. The whole kraal would have been destroyed, but Gaus interceded for them. It makes one sad to indignation to see such a fine manly person as our Undwendwe, so full of energy and good feeling, and so thoroughly good and kind, thus sacrificed. Both he and his wives have told me at different times what comfort they felt in the thought that we were praying for them. All the people express such gratitude to Umfundisi for his advice and smpathy, and it is one source of comfort to us that they do look on us as friends in their hour of need.

"Can we wonder at the trials and anxieties we encounter with those under teaching, in trying to raise them in social life, when we realize the state of degradation they are in? I often look at Christina with surprise when I think that a few years ago she was a refugee from this country. With all her shortcomings and infirmities, still what a different creature she is from the girls here. Not that I think they are worse here than in Natal; I believe there is here more of the sanctity of domestic life. They are not married at the will of their parents. Perhaps there is a general order given by the King that certain regiments at a certain age are to marry, and the

young girls of such and such an age are to be married. Their choice is not consulted, but the father in Zululand, instead of being the oppressor, is often the protector. This order was given last year as a jubilee on the coming of age of Ketchwayo; it is not frequent, but the great evil is the way in which young girls are claimed by the princes. I am afraid to say how many girls are at Ketchwayo's different kraals. Their life is a most oppressed one, and many try to run away to Natal, at the risk of their lives if they are retaken. And we can do so little but sympathise with them, and teach them God's will so far as they can accept it.

"There are two kraals we know of where they do pray with their families, and come regularly for religious teaching and to worship; but the whole country is so pervaded with superstition and tyranny and cruelty, it sometimes seems appalling, especially when we have to realize it as now. At other times there is such a cordial friendliness amongst them all, and outwardly their lives are so simple and pastoral and quiet, that it seems hopeful ground to work upon.

"It is sometimes with almost a faithless, hopeless feeling one says, 'When will the true Light shine that shall drive the darkness away?' Then, in spite of our own weakness and littleness, compared with the greatness of the evil, comes the remembrance, 'He sent them two and two into all places and villages whither He Himself would come.' If we are *sent*, we may hope."

Writing on the same subject to me, Mr. Robertson said:

"It is fearful to think of the numbers of people who are annually put to death as witches, men and women, guilty of no crimes whatsoever in most cases:

a daughter, a good garden ground, a few cattle coveted by some one else, being the chief causes. That in *every* case there is collusion between the people and the witch-doctor there is not the least doubt. You have heard of Undwende's trouble. I was taking a journey on his behalf, and on the way had very nearly met with an accident. I rode Spring—so called after your brother's horse in Natal. He is one of the best of his race, powerful and fleet, but at the same time so gentle that a child may do anything with him. You may fire a gun from his back, or slip off by his tail, or do anything with him. On the day in question the road often took me round the head of deep gullies, and in passing one of them suddenly the ground gave way beneath us. Spring gave one plunge, and held on to the bank with his knees, where he remained as quiet as if nothing were wrong. In a moment I was off; as soon as he was disengaged from my weight, he rolled head over heels into the hole below. He was actually on his back, with his feet up in the air. Had he been nervous, or I unable to disengage myself from him, I should certainly have been hurt. It all happened in a moment. The road was very horrible.

"Eight Amatonga men arrived on Saturday last, so I am well off. They are a very docile, teachable race. I wish very much we might have a good mission in their country. I am assured that one would be well received; I have had a present of ten skins sent me from their chief. There is a healthy ridge between them and the Amaswazi nation and abutting upon Zululand, which would be just the place for one. It would in fact be a central Mission for the three countries. The Amatonga are great traders, and dreadfully fond of money. They will do almost anything for it. Their songs are about money.

"It is most interesting to read of Bishop Patte-

son's work. What we want is, I believe, a modification of the monastic system; a bishop with his staff of clergy and artisans, &c. Their great object ought to be to live simply by their own labour, as nearly as possible, and the products of the country. I am striving with all my might by planting, raising cattle, &c., to bring about so desirable a result here. Our *first* beginnings have been very small, and we have not as yet much to show, but if it please God to spare and bless us, even our small beginnings, like the tiny spark we read of, will one day appear. I am so anxious to have a good Bishop over us."

In the next letter we have an account of a visit paid to Zulu royalty. Mr. Robertson wrote to me on the 7th of November:

"I am just returned from a most pleasant and satisfactory visit of a week to King Panda. It is about a year since I was at Kanodwengu, and he has repeatedly sent messages saying how much he liked to see me, but I put off going until now, sometimes on account of other engagements, and partly on account of the expense, for such visits cannot be paid without to a certain extent incurring that. It is a custom of the land, and though there is also a custom that a return should be made, that part is often forgotten. On Monday week a messenger arrived from the King to call me, having directions to accept no excuse, but to stay here until he *brought* me.

"After so urgent an appeal I could not but go. I reached Kanodwengu in the evening, and saw the King next day, being very kindly received by him. He asked me many questions about Natal affairs, and about the English and other tribes across the sea, and I gave him a long account of England's greatness, the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and the American war, interspersing the whole with such

remarks as I hoped would lead the minds of him and of the other great men present aright. After this he scolded me gently for visiting him so seldom. I had a number of excuses ready. When I mentioned that we were often short of boys, and that it was difficult to find baggage-carriers, he raised himself up, for he had been resting, and said, 'Where is Unhlongolwana, the Induna of Kwamagwaza? Has he no boys? Why do you not get boys from him?' I replied that he and all his people were very kind, and that his young men often worked for us, but that often, as at present, they had their own work to attend to, and could not. He replied, 'When you want to come here, they must put their own work on one side. You may call them whenever you want them.' For this I thanked him. I must here state, once for all, that in relating a conversation with the King, or Ketchwayo, I cannot do so literally, but am rather conveying the sense. I have now perfectly mastered the Zulu mode of address, and practise it. Every sentence then contains some such epithet as the following, History of enemies, Tiger, black Tiger, Lion, Father, &c., which would sound rather strange in English. These are nothing more than titles of honour and respect, and my using them adds to their estimation of me. I overheard them praising me for it, and remarking that no other white man did so. After about an hour's chat I visited the princesses, who are always delighted to see me, especially Ubatonyile, Umkungo's sister. They were full of inquiries for the ladies; why did I leave them behind? Then I went to my hut, and was soon followed by a fat sheep which was killed. I meant to have returned home next day, but the King would not let me go. He sent me a leg of beef, and I had interviews with the Princes Uhamo and Umsutu."

A few days after, the letter was ended at

Kwamagwaza, with the melancholy tidings that both his horses were dead. Mrs. Robertson wrote to me:

"The visit to the King was a very hopeful one, but the happiness was overclouded by the loss of both our horses, which were quite friends, Spring especially. I never see Umfundisi's broken gun, which fell with Spring down the precipice, without warm love for the animal, who in God's watchful care over our dear Umfundisi was made his preserver. Both Kanodwengu and Ondine are fevery bad places for horses, but by avoiding the sickly season we had taken them hitherto with impunity. This year it seems to have begun unusually early.

"I am so glad to tell you that Undwendwe's case is settled for the present. His neighbours fortunately were so faithful and true to him, that his enemies were obliged to give way. Next time Umfundisi goes to Kanodwengu, Umdwendwe means to accompany him. As soon as it was settled favourably, he hastened to us with such a different expression, so bright and happy, and in his beautiful untranslatable Zulu said, 'With such a glad heart I must come before the Lord to-morrow' (Sunday)."

In the beginning of December Mr. Robertson paid another visit to the King at Kanodwengu, where he witnessed the great annual dance, and (what may be considered) some religious rites, practised by a people whose organization obviously vibrates between that of the Negro and the Arab; and I may mention that some of the ceremonies and words in use among the Zulus point to a similar conclusion. The very name by which they are generally called—Kafirs—which means literally, unbelievers in the doctrines of Mahomet,

is a term of constant occurrence among the Arabs.

Mr. Robertson was sent for by the King to visit one of his daughters, who was thought to have broken her arm. He writes:

"On December 2nd I started with the wagon to see what I could do for the poor princess, being accompanied by John Adams, Dabankulu, Hali, Billy, Charlie and Godi. I did not leave home with a light heart. My wife was ill, and much work must be retarded by my absence. We reached Kanodwengu in the afternoon of the next day, and were welcomed by Umasipula, who drove with us in the wagon to the top of the kraal where I was to stay, that I might be near my patient. I paid her a visit, and found that the arm was not broken, but partially dislocated at the elbow. One of the bones of the forearm had been forced out of its place by her having fallen on her hand. The bone had been replaced by a Norwegian mechanic, who had bound up the arm. I tried to induce her to bend the elbow and place the arm in a sling, but she would not, keeping it out straight. She promised however to try the sling in a day or two.

"In the evening I had numerous visitors, and next morning the Princes Uhamo and Umsutu came to see me. They sent us presents of beef and beer and amasi. I found it rather difficult to keep the children from romping too much. It is very well for them to sit still a little while, but for a long time it is trying; so after making them read for an hour, I made them dance a Kwamagwaza Highland Fling, while I whistled, 'My love she's but a lassie yet.' This turned out to be a great hit, for we had soon an admiring audience of princesses and their attendants, who were extremely amused. Hali with his long legs did not keep time, and they noticed it.

"Two days after was the commencement of the great annual dance, and in the morning the King's hand-carriage was had out, and after a great deal of shouting and noise, about 3000 men assembled in the great kraal, and went through their dances and other exercises before the King. It was a very interesting sight, and one almost impossible to describe to those who have not seen it. Much the same or more difficult than it would be to describe to a Highland company of shepherds a glorious musical festival. The words, generally speaking, have little meaning, but one of their songs was in derision of the Natal Kafirs.

"After each song, those soldiers who had signalized themselves came out of the ranks and cut their capers, amidst the praises and laughter of their companions. Sometimes they looked extremely savage, and pretended to despatch a foe; and one very muscular, tall, well-made fellow elicited great praise by jumping from the ranks, and, with legs distended as far as it was possible to do so, by a series of bounds coming close up to what I may call the royal carriage. I don't think any English mountebank could have performed the feat. The King was much pleased with our children, and he sent me an ox to take home with me, and a leg of beef for present use, but with an intimation that I must not go home yet.

"The next day—Sunday—was a fearfully hot day. Several regiments were reviewed, and we had in consequence but a poor congregation, not above 50, the others making one excuse or another for not attending. Those who did come seemed really interested, and I explained what was the real object of a missionary in coming among them. I longed for a small bell or a gong to call the people together, for they would soon learn they will not be waited for after the second ring. I always feel as if it were a

disrespect to the service of God to *wait* for the people to come, but I am not satisfied about the rightness of this. It was a most oppressive day, but a thunderstorm cleared the air.

"In the afternoon detachments from the seven regiments arrived, amounting to about 4000 men, and a great dance took place. After a time a large black bull with sharp pointed horns was driven into the midst of them. The people rushed, some seizing it by the tail, others by the legs, others by the horns or the head, and having thrown it on its back, dragged it—sometimes actually carrying it for a distance of about half a mile—into the cattle kraal at the head of the parade-ground, when it was dispatched by cutting the spinal marrow in the neck. After this the state doctor cut open its stomach, and extracted certain portions, which were burnt in a crucible with a number of medicinal herbs, to be administered medically (perhaps it would be more proper to say religiously) to the King. The whole was then burnt with fire along with a goat. The wood with which these animals were burnt was brought by the soldiers in the morning, each carrying one stick and throwing it into the enclosure as he marched past. During all this time the troops were assembling, marching up and down the great enclosure. At length the King made his appearance, and they all formed in line in front of him. Some speeches were made, and then the King was wheeled close up to the smoking bull, when the doctors and great men administered the powder from the crucible, rubbing it upon the King's person, and upon an old spear, the blade of which was a yard long, and always used on these occasions. A decoction of bitter herbs was also made, which the King took into his mouth and squirted in all directions. Then he was supplied with sea-water, which he sprinkled upon the soldiers near, and a young pumpkin was brought to him, with which he struck the

shield of one of his great men. After being cooked with medicinal herbs, the pumpkin was administered to the King, and then the bull and the goat were finally consumed by fire. All this time the troops were chanting their songs outside, and when the ceremony was over, all dispersed, and the King returned to his hut. Before prayers in the evening I had a refreshing talk with Dabankulu, whom I believe to be thoroughly in earnest. His confession before Umasipula, his chief, was a test of his sincerity. God grant that others may follow his example!

"Next day I was visited by one of the princesses, Utandile, the meaning of whose name is 'she has loved.' She was the only one of the royal family at the Service on Sunday, and she came to say she liked the hymn so much that she wished to hear it again, so we sang it for her benefit, and explained the meaning. I liked her much, and she said as I believe sincerely, that she wished much to serve God. Poor girls! their life is but a miserable one after all, fed like the beasts of the stall, and not allowed to marry, although some are between thirty and forty years of age. Any departure from virtue is visited upon them with death, while all around them unbounded license reigns. There was another thunder-storm to-day, and one of the people said, 'We are sore afraid of the thunder, we always pray to God when it thunders.' Simple words, but I believe them to be true, and they give a hope that when the day comes and the door is opened for them our work shall not be unfruitful.

"Next morning before I was up a great sound of singing was heard. This proceeded from a large body of men, each carrying a branch of a tree, which he threw down in a heap for the use of the King's blacksmiths. There are two with about half-a-dozen attendants, constantly at work, early and late, making

bracelets of copper or iron. They are both of them intelligent old fellows. The King has sent me constantly presents of beef, and all regret that I must leave them. 'We shall be so lonely when you are gone,' was said over and over again by the princesses, who have been constantly about the wagon. It is very cheering to see how my visits here are appreciated.

"Next morning, though we made an early start a number of people were up to see us off. Several of the princesses came to bid us good bye. I have had many interesting talks with Prince Uhamo. He is very kind and respectful, and wishes much to see us at the Pongolo. He made quite a joke of it, saying I had talked about it very long, quite long enough. Oh, how I shall rejoice when the talking is done, and we come to doing. He told us that there was a pleasant place at an easy distance from his great kraal, and lots of fine trees; which on inquiry I found to be of the valuable kinds. He sent me a message after I had started, to say that there were some sheep at a kraal near the Black Umfolosi, which he means to give me. It is very gratifying and encouraging to see these great men so kind. God grant that we may be enabled to improve opportunities so good. Altogether this has been a most happy visit.

"We reached Gaus's kraal in the evening, where we were hospitably and courteously welcomed. Next morning we passed the kraal of Godi's father. I am thankful to say he has overcome his enemies who wished to destroy him. Ketchwayo after hearing the case, told him to go home and sleep; no one should disturb him. When I reached home I was thankful to find my wife better than when I left."

One of the remaining events of the year was their faithful old watch-dog, Bruce, being seized

by a tiger in the kitchen, where he was asleep. Though badly wounded, he drove it away. The instinct of danger made the calves cry out in their house, though they were not hurt. Mr. Robertson's skill as a physician brought patients to him from great distances, and much quinine, rhubarb, jalap, calomel, &c., were administered; and these were freely given in the hope of doing good. The great people generally presented him with an ox or a cow, and the poorer would occasionally bring mealies in payment, and the doctoring led to more intimate intercourse, and to talks on the health of the soul.

Christmas Day was a beautiful one, and the home-anthem was sung, "Hark, the herald angels sing." The wagon arrived from Durban the last day of the year, with only half a load—the roads were so slippery—and, as the journal records, "alas! no shoes." A Hottentot man came with it, who begged that he might remain and get religious teaching. Mr. Robertson at first said he could not receive him, he had so many depending upon him, but Tom, as he was called, refused to go, saying, "I can work and do anything for you; I only want my food and my clothes;" so he was added to the Mission party, and Mr. Robertson wrote to me: "He is worth his weight in gold, quiet and diligent at his work, and very diligent at his book, never having learned anything before."

CHAPTER IX.

1864.

I NOW enter on the last year of Mrs. Robertson's life, *that* life which seemed so valuable and so necessary to the Mission, to her husband, to the women and children, and to the morals of all around; there is much that can only be done properly by a woman, in teaching and caring for the heathen. I must proceed to the few remaining events of her life, and I will begin with a letter to me, written in January, 1864:

"We are quite crowded with people, who now come to Umfundisi from all parts, and it is not the least interesting or hopeful part of his work. The other day a poor man was carried here thirty miles from Kanodwengu with compound fracture of the leg, a week after the accident. The wound was in such a frightful state, we had scarcely any thought of his recovery, but he has been with us nearly a fortnight, and Umfundisi has hopes of him. He requires his attention four times a day. In another hut he has a poor girl brought by her mother, who had been wounded in the head and eyes, besides others at neighbouring kraals, who stay there to be under his care. The other day a man came from the Zulu border—at least 100 miles—for advice, and we have nearly come to the end of our medicines. We are glad to have any help in the way of medical books,

hints, medicines, &c.; and it becomes very interesting as a study. Heber and Usajabula are very good, and help us to accommodate those for whom we have not room.

"You were probably prepared for the event which took us by the very greatest surprise, the sudden appearance of the Rev. L. Procter early in the morning of the 19th. We have not yet received our letters by the December mail, and we did not know he had been obliged by illness to leave the Zambesi * * * * His marriage to my niece is arranged to take place in Easter week, and it makes my heart beat, only to think she may see you again, and all loved ones at home. It brings us too so near your beloved brother, having Mr. Procter here, and it was such a mingling of joy and sorrow, that at first it was almost too much, and Umfundisi could scarcely go through the Sunday's ministrations without breaking down. Mr. Procter is the first clergyman he has seen since we left Natal, and the companionship is quite refreshing to him.

By the same mail Mr. Robertson wrote to me :

"This has been such a happy day to me, and to explain the cause I must go back a little.

"I told you Ketchwayo had given permission to Hlambula to remain with us and become a Christian, but his father and two uncles came and took him away. He was most unwilling to go, but I advised him to do so, and overcome his father by kindness and good behaviour; above all not to forget to say his prayers, and I was sure a day would come when he would be allowed to return. That day has now come. During the many months he was at home I frequently saw him, sometimes at Church, when I always made a point of saying something to meet his case, and sometimes by accident as I rode about the country. He always expressed his desire

to return to us, and twice attempted to do so, but his father followed him and took him back. About a month ago he made a third attempt, and this time he was unmolested, but three days ago his father returned and another man with him. They set about their work as usual, coaxing at one time, threatening at another, and even laying hold of him. For three days I reasoned and pleaded with him, offering to come to an arrangement with him by means of gifts, but without success. I showed him there could be no danger either to him or his son, seeing he is with us with the knowledge and consent of Ketchwayo, and that he would not even suffer pecuniary loss, as all the lad's earnings, for a time at least, should be his. After this he was overheard to say to the man that came with him, 'I see that force will not do here, let us be cunning, and say there is a purpose for which we want him, and he will be sent to us as he was before.' They accordingly came to me with smiling faces, making apologies for the past. They were not angry with me, they said, only they wanted the boy for a short time. I was their chief. Could they quarrel with me? &c. In reply I told them that I was doing nothing to hinder Hlambula from doing what he wished, but that I would not send him, inasmuch as I remembered their fair words nine months ago, and their subsequent conduct. The father peremptorily demanded that his son should go home with them. I told them I had done with talking, and was on my way to Ketchwayo, and they might go with me if they liked. Against this they exclaimed, and returned home alone.

"I took Usajabula and Heber with me to see Ketchwayo, and was much comforted by their talk as we went along. Partly from the jogging of an old horse Prince Umahama had lent me, and partly from anxiety, my head ached dreadfully. I felt that speaking about Hlambula *might* do good, and it *might* do

much harm, by possibly causing him to be entirely removed from us, never to come back.

"The Prince and Gaus received me very kindly, the former repeatedly thanking me for having cured Gaus, and also for having attended several of his people. Trusting that God would order all for the best, I determined to speak. You may imagine my joy when he at once confirmed his former permission, and told me to send Hlambula's father to him, and he should see whether they would refuse. I thank God for all His mercies. We returned with lighter hearts than when we set out.

"We had our feast on Christmas-day, a very happy one. Early Service at sunrise, full Service and Holy Communion at 11 A.M., a good dinner of beef, plum-pudding, and potatoes for the children. Twelve of my wife's little favourites from the kraals were invited, who enjoyed themselves much. We were visited by crowds of natives too, who, although we could not spare them much to eat, yet thoroughly enjoyed themselves, taking part in the racing with great glee. The grown-up people had their dinner in the evening, and it was a very happy day, every one was so perfectly satisfied, and not the least pleasure was it to us all to hear dear Hlambula with his merry laugh once more amongst us.

"We are very grateful for the help promised to support native teachers. For Usajabula I have had £12 per annum since before we left the Umlazi, but I should be very glad to give him more now. We could employ almost any number, but Usajabula and Heber are all we have fit for the office here. Others however would be found in Natal, if we had the means of supporting them."

Speaking of Mission-work a month or two later, Mr. Robertson said:

"We must not be discouraged if for years we see

but little fruit of our labours here. Further north, where the tribes are smaller, and their Government less despotic than in Zululand, I think we may hope for speedier results. Here the great object ought to be to influence Ketchwayo. Were we once to win him, then under God we may well expect to see—as it happened in our own beloved country—a nation born in a day."

Mrs. Robertson, writing by the same mail, said:

"We have promised to accompany Mr. Procter and my niece as far as Durban on their way to England, if our hearts don't fail us at the last moment; but there are so many important things always happening in the most unexpected way, demanding prompt sympathy and instant action to turn them to account, that it makes it very doubtful whether Mr. Robertson ought to be out of the country even for a day."

On the 13th April the Mission party started for Durban; Mr. and Mrs. Robertson with Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Usajabula and Christina, and all the children. They encountered the usual difficulties on their way, crossed some rivers with difficulty, sat still at others, looking and longing to see them fall, *i.e.* subside, the wagon stuck fast in bogs and quicksands, and everything in it, ladies included, had to be unloaded and carried over. In one river, when the wagon entered it, "the water," Mr. Robertson says, "did not come higher than my knee, but before we got it out it was up to my waist." At the Tugela, the oxen had to swim for about eighty yards, but at length, on the 30th, Durban was reached in safety. Here they rejoiced to meet the Bishop

and Mrs. Gray, who had just arrived from Cape-town, and Mr. Robertson wrote—"I quite look upon my coming as Providential, I am so thankful for the privilege of being able to take counsel with him."

On the 3rd May they parted with their niece and Mr. Procter, accompanying them with all their children and people to the Point to say farewell. The visit to Natal lasted for a month, and was full of interest. They greatly enjoyed seeing Bishop and Mrs. Gray, and being present at the Confirmation and the Church Council. Just before they started for Zululand again, they paid a visit to their old home at the Umlazi:

"*June 2nd.* The Umlazi visit was such a great happiness. At first the decrepit buildings and tumble-down appearance of the whole place, the choked and overgrown gardens, &c., made it painfully desolate; but it was so *beautiful* still, and we found out so many of our old black friends there that it was deeply interesting, and Umfundisi and I both had the feeling that it was the sort of place where we should like to end our days. Umfundisi had Service there twice, and at the Isipingo on a week-day, and after the Service and sermon there, all his old friends begged him to give an account of his mission, which he did until sunset. We have wagon and tent pitched, ready to start to-morrow morning, really home we trust, with all the speed one can hope for in a wagon."

The start was made on June 3rd. The daily journal tells of much kindness received at the stopping places, and of the pleasures and difficulties of the journey.

"Every one would load us with kindnesses, too much for our wagon. We are *desperately* loaded, and

yet we have not brought *any* of our English boxes, but the small one. I have a little box of coffee trees from the L.'s. The cuttings I brought from the S—'s garden are doing beautifully, oak trees, ivy, and roses, they are quite growing and shooting.

"*June 9th.* Clear bright morning, but the heavy rain the greater part of the night made it very slippery and a bad preparation for our trek through the bogs. We treked on successfully the greater part of the way; being forewarned, we passed the bog we stuck in by moonlight on coming down, by going off the road by the hills, and we did the same again several times, until at last down went the wheels as far as the axletree in some treacherous boggy grass, as we were returning from one of these digressions from the road. We unloaded and got out and treked about ten minutes, and went worse into a bog on one side of the wagon, a most desperate stick, even unloaded as we were. We could not get out, when Mr. D. with a wagon came to our assistance, putting his span in front, and after some time the two spans took us out. You know how fatiguing it all is.

"*June* 11. Unloaded at daylight and treked on into another bog, where we stuck so fast that we were only just out at 11, when the kind A.'s who had been expecting us, came to meet us with a wagon to take half our load. They told us pedestrians and horsemen could scarcely travel on the road without being bogged, so we went on very happily, thankful for all the help given us.

"*June* 12, *3rd Sunday after Trinity.* Morning Service and a Baptism.

"*June 13th.* Started after breakfast: kind Dr. Addison and his wife send their wagon with half our load, to help us through the Umvoti river; treked on without any hindrance; Umfundisi walking before to find a way through high ridges where there is no road; reached the Sinquazi (Mr. McCorkindale's) at

sunset. Soon after we arrived, an express messenger came from our dear Metropolitan, such dear, kind words of 'Good-bye.'

"*June* 14*th*. To-day we were to re-pack the wagon so as to leave some things behind; as we have no helping friends in Zululand, we must try to lighten our load. Umfundisi had a Service and a Baptism. We have made out at least twelve families, some with a number of children, living without any kind of religious ministrations, and it has been so for years.

"*June* 15*th*. Determined the people should all breakfast well and the oxen feed before encountering the formidable Tugela. Jack proposed putting his span on too, rather than we should unload for the boat; Umfundisi had doubts, but yielded. We got a third of the way across, and then got into a quicksand, and then for an hour they tried to get the oxen to pull, but they would not even try. We unloaded, the things were carried to the nearest bank for the boat to take them, then the oxen pulled: just as we neared the bank, 'Skreeman' sank in a quicksand and was nearly strangled with his strap, the other oxen pulling him on; he gave one groan, his eyes starting, and I thought he was gone. At last they reached him with a knife, and he soon extricated himself from the quicksand. And now we are loaded up just going to inspan.

"Good-bye, dearest ones all. Which will be home first?

"Our first trek in Zululand. We came on bravely; no stoppages. The white people on this side had boiled us three bottles of milk, and sent them as a present unsought. They would not receive any payment for bringing the goods and children across in the boat. Dadi, Tilly and I, went in the wagon; I think we were quite two hours in the river. If it had not been for anxiety about getting through, it would have been very enjoyable, it was so bright, and the wooded hills at the Tugela mouth were such a great contrast to the bright sparkling river. 'Captain' kept in the water near the oxen all the time, swimming round and round the wagon, and looking so wistfully in our faces, and even seeming as if he echoed our thoughts, 'What shall we do?' *Now* we are outspanned on some fine *Zulu* grass. Our poor oxen have not had such a feast on the coast. I am much stronger than when we went down, and my cough has been improving ever since the night we slept in the bogs, although we dreaded that at the time. We enjoy our quiet evenings in the tent. We have Prescott's *Conquest of Peru* in reading, and the *Quarterly Review*, and the children count and spell for amusement. Master Dadi often attracts the attention of all by his vagaries; to-night he made oxen of all the little girls' shadows on the tent, and the whole scene of the Tugela difficulty was acted with his usual energy. At last he attacked his own shadow, and whenever he did so, it raised its hand too, which increased the vigour of his treatment to 'such an ox.'

"*June* 16*th*. Treked off at eight o'clock this morning. We made a détour from the road we came down by to avoid bogs and the Umsinduse river; we were told that if we got in with even an empty wagon we should not get out again, and there are bogs too on that road. So we went a round of a few miles, and outspanned without anything of exciting interest, but it was a pleasant trek; the grass which was only just springing up after burning, on our way down, is now covered with a variety of flowers—large red convolvulus, and so many I cannot name, one a pretty pink, something like the large blue persecaria, a pale pink with deep purple eye and yellow stamens, glossy little dark purple buds and stalks; then those delicate

flowering grasses, some white and pink, cinerarias, large white daisy-looking flowers with crimson buds, you will remember; but you know this is not half: the effect was of a mosaic of all *variety* of colours on a bright green ground. I want you just to picture what we have often seen at Kwamagwaza. As we outspanned, Mr. S— joined us; he and Umfundisi by comparing times decided that we were three hours in the Tugela yesterday, and we were in deep water all the time: we stuck until the wagon began to go down on one side. I am much stronger, and not nervous at rivers as I was going down. We outspanned at once (4 o'clock); here the vegetation was so rank and luxuriant that the oxen must not eat it, the poisonous sort of chrysalis which kills the oxen being in abundance from the thick growing trees and shrubs; it is quite tropical here. So Hali was obliged to herd the oxen in the river whilst we unloaded; and what did I do? Not help in carrying the heavy things up the hill from the back of the wagon. I darned a pair of socks for Umfundisi. With so much walking he is always getting them wet and in such holes; I get possession of them, and then you know when he wades the rivers I can make an exchange. This stopped us three-quarters of an hour, but we were obliged to trek on until the sun was gone and the moon brightly shining, and yet we were not in wholesome grass for the oxen, or near water to boil the porridge. At last we were all very glad to hear, when we came to a more open mimosa glade, that we might outspan, and that William had discovered a stream of water. The fire was lighted under two mimosa trees, with the tent and wagon at a little distance, from fear of the grass taking fire."

These are probably some of the last words Mrs. Robertson ever wrote.

The end is soon told. Two days after they

were penned, this devoted servant of the Lord met her death by the upsetting of the wagon in which she was, leaving her poor husband a desolate and bereaved man. The account of how the accident happened I will give in his own words:

"*June 20th.* My dear wife was killed on the 18th about 11 A.M. by the upsetting of the wagon. *
* * I was walking in front to examine the road when I came to a dangerous place. The wagon was about thirty yards from me. I called to the drivers to stop until we had decided on the best way of getting past. I had walked in front of the wagon nearly every mile of the way from the Tugela, and in no journey have I been so anxiously careful to prevent accidents. The drivers replied that wagons did not go that way now, but another, to which they pointed. I saw the track, and it looked quite safe, and indeed is much less dangerous than many places we had passed. But the grass being very slippery, about half way down the descent the wagon went too quickly over a little brook and upset, first falling on its side, and then again resting with the wheels right up in the air, throwing the whole weight of the front portion of the load upon her and little David who was behind her. We cut the side of the wagon open with axes, and I tried to pull her out, but it was impossible, so firmly was she wedged in. She calmly said, 'Oh, remove the boxes,' that was all, and in less than five minutes her precious spirit had fled—gone to Him Whom she loved and served so well. * * *

"The thought came to me that she would now be with your dear brother whom she loved so dearly. Little David, I am thankful to say, we were able to get out unhurt. I believe he was saved by being close to her. * * *

"The place where the accident occurred is near to the Norwegian Station belonging to Mr. Oftebroe. Nothing could exceed their kindness. They came at once with their wagon and removed her precious remains to their station, and out of plank which I had bought in Durban to make doors of (little thinking of the use to which it would be put), they made a coffin for her. At 11 P.M. she was laid in it and removed to my tent, where I kept watch by her the whole night. * * *

"The kind missionaries made her grave near to where they hope to build a Church, and on the following day I read the Service over her myself.

"On the morning of her death it being cloudy, she took the longest walk in front of the wagon with me that I have known her take for a long time. We were counting the days that it would take to reach Kwamagwaza, and talking so hopefully of the future, laying plans for many a future trek in the new wagon I had ordered in Durban. * * *

"With regard to the future I mean to go on quietly, doing my work as God shall enable me. I shall try to be as much with the King and Ketchwayo as possible. I am more and more convinced that we ought to do all in our power to try and influence them, as through them we may hope to influence the whole nation."

A letter of sympathy and condolence was addressed to the bereaved Missionary and signed by Bishop Gray and all the clergy in Natal.

Bishop Gray, in his published *Journal of a Visitation of the Diocese of Natal*, thus speaks of him and of Mrs. Robertson.

"The Church had not two more loving and devoted labourers in her service. Mrs. Robertson was full of love for the native race and tenderness for their

children, of whom she brought several with her from Zululand. She was also full of zeal, gentleness, devotedness, and even enthusiasm, for the work to which her own and her husband's lives were devoted. He goes back to a desolate home, to labour, as he says, with more entire devotion in his Master's service. But I fear for him. He is not a strong man; and of earthly comforts and supports he has but a small share in his distant and solitary outpost. Marvellous are God's dealings! We see not why such strokes are permitted to fall, but we shall know hereafter."

CHAPTER X.

1864—1865.

MR. ROBERTSON met with unexpected comfort and sympathy when he reached home. An English Clergyman, the Rev. C. A. Alington, on his way to England, went to see the Mission Station at Kwamagwaza, and arrived at a time when he was much needed, just before Mr. Robertson got back. The next letter from him is dated July :

"I am now here at Kwamagwaza, having reached it on the 24th ult. God is very merciful to me in giving me such kind friends. Mr. Alington I found on my arrival had been waiting for some days. All the people here are most kind, the Samuelsons, and the whole neighbourhood. Natives have come quite a day's journey to condole with me. God grant that her labours for them may not have been in vain, but may, in His time bring forth a rich harvest—a Crown of rejoicing for her in that Day."

Accompanied by Mr. Alington, Mr. Robertson paid a visit in the month of August to the King, Panda, at his kraal at Kanodwengu, where he says, "every one is most kind to me." And on his return to Kwamagwaza he wrote thus—

"Providence seems to point to my going about a good deal among the people of this land, and as far as I am able I shall do it. Ketchwayo and Uhamo

have sent for me, and after having rested a few days at Kwamagwaza in passing, we mean to visit them.

"I like the Bishop of Grahamstown's ideas on mission work very much. They entirely accord with my own respecting the employment of native agencies, and I shall be most glad to see a good institution set on foot in Natal for the preparation of promising Christian youths for that purpose. Of our Hali I have great hopes, if he is spared. The amount of Scriptural knowledge he is in possession of is quite astonishing, and he knows English almost as well as his own language.

"Yesterday word was brought to me that a dead man had been found near Unwendwe's kraal. They are all in great trouble about it, as according to Zulu custom Dwende will be held responsible if the murderer is not found, or if the witch-doctors do not acquit him. Alington and I went over at once and saw the body—that of a young man. He had been dead about ten or twelve days. I hear on all sides murmurs of wizards and witches, and oh, let all our friends pray earnestly for this poor land, and especially for Ketchwayo. Under God how very much depends upon him. I trust and pray that God will abundantly prosper my visit to him next week. He is, I know, impressible, and I do hope earnestly that God will touch his heart. Lately he has been very unwell, and I heard the cause the other day. One night he had a horrible dream, and in the morning he was quite ill in consequence. He saw his two brothers whom he slew nearly eight years ago, standing before him and asking food from him. Had wise counsel been there, what good might not have come from this! I fear his wretched counsellors and witch-doctors will undo all. It ended in his killing twelve of the largest oxen he could find to appease his brothers' spirits."

Mr. Robertson continues a month later as follows:—

"*Tugela Drift, Sept. 7th*, 1864. I am here at the Tugela, as you see by the heading of this. I parted yesterday with Mr. Alington, and right sorry I was. He has been more than a brother to me, and with the exception of your dear brother departed, I have been drawn to no man as I have been to him. I am very sorry that we could not keep him here, but I must submit and be patient. God in His own good time will provide."

By a former mail Mr. Robertson had written very urgently to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, imploring them to add to the strength of the Mission staff.

"A good English Priest (he said) ought to be added to our number, so that in the event of anything happening to me, he may be ready to take my place; and meanwhile, for the effectual carrying on of the work, he is absolutely essential. In consequence of multitudinous home duties, I am unable to visit the King, Ketchwayo, and other great men as often as I should. Ushujo, one of the most enlightened Chiefs in Zululand, has been begging for a visit for more than a year, but I have been unable to accomplish it. Some months ago he told one of my people that he was only waiting for the King or Ketchwayo to set the example, and so soon as he saw his way clear, he should send some of his children to Kwamagwaza to be taught; and he is not alone. I know that there are many in the country who are looking for a better and happier state of things.

"It is possible that the day may not be far off, and we ought to be ready to seize the opportunity. I am most anxious that our work here should be extended as soon as possible. But I am afraid of men

with lax principles. They generally cause disappointment in the end. We ought to have none but thorough Churchmen, Catholics to their backbones. Besides, they ought to be men of some intellect and attainments: good and pious men do good wherever they are, but something more is wanted in a missionary, even to this rude people. They are remarkably shrewd, and soon estimate a man at his true value, and respect or despise him as the case may be. So strongly am I impressed with this from instances which have come under my own eye, that (so far as it may depend upon me) I feel much inclined to refuse all, but such as by their attainments we may hope may be able one day to take a standing of their own. None but such are a *real* help, only an increase of care and anxiety."

It will not be amiss here to give Mr. Alington's own account of his visit to Mr. Robertson, and the impressions he carried away of the real work going on amongst the people.

"I was very glad to have the opportunity of visiting the King under the auspices of Mr. Robertson, for he seems to be a general favourite in the country. Wherever we stopped on the road, I was sure to meet friends of Usimele's, for this is the name by which he is known throughout the country. You might ask for Mr. Robertson till you were tired, and no one would know anything about him, but I think you would find that Usimele was known through the length and breadth of Zululand. Our English names don't suit African tongues. If the original name is attempted, it is so altered that its proprietor would hardly recognise it; my own name, Alington, was Zuluised into Ualinduna. The natives generally seize upon any peculiarity that is noticeable, and apply a name which English schoolboys would call

a nick-name. Usimele means 'the man who can stand by himself.'

"His friends turned up at every camping-place. It was on our journey to the King's kraal that I first made the acquaintance of good Undwende, who was afterwards cruelly murdered. He was then on duty at Umaranana's kraal, near the White Umfolosi River. He seemed so full of happiness at meeting Mr. Robertson, it was a pleasure to see him. Undwende was not a Christian; but had his life been spared, I think he would soon have become one. He was very grateful to Mr. Robertson for several acts of kindness shown to him, and never lost an opportunity of showing his gratitude. Umaranana, too, who is a son of the King's, owed a debt of gratitude to Usimele, and did all he could to show his feeling, though he is not in general the most amiable being. So anxious was he to gratify Mr. Robertson, that when he was asked if his people might attend Service at the kraal, he said at once, 'If they don't come, I shall kill them:' rather a startling way of showing gratitude! Certainly, Mr. Robertson has made his presence felt in the country; the natives know him as a friend who is ready at all times to help them. If a man gets badly wounded, he is sure to send for Usimele; if a man's life is in danger, and he has warning of it, away he rushes to Kwamagwaza, and Usimele intercedes for him, and often with good effect. Is there sickness in the kraal, and does the native doctor say there is no hope—is the poor dying woman or child a burden to her friends? I have seen them brought to Kwamagwaza, and the single living-room is at once an hospital.

"So is Christianity set before the Zulus—healing for the body and healing for the soul; the love that prompts the one opens a way for the other. And herein lies the secret of Mr. Robertson's usefulness—love for the tribe amongst whom he lives. It is not merely a matter of duty with him, but his heart is full of love to the people. Surely the contrast must strike the Zulus, were they a slower witted people than they are, between Christianity and their own wretched state—surely they must own that the religion of Jesus, set before them as it is, as peace and love, offers a bright contrast to their own miserable condition of unrest and terror. Living as they do under an iron despotism; conscious that their lives are in danger from the malice of any one who may trump up a charge of witchcraft against them: seeing their friends and neighbours suffering persecutions of this kind, and dreading that their own turn may come next;—with all this misery before them, surely the number must be increasing of those who look with longing eyes on the peace that follows where Christ dwells, and to whom the Mission Station at Kwamagwaza appears, as it does to me, a bright oasis in the wild desert of heathenism."

The October letters told of the arrival of two new women desirous of being taught.

"*October* 10*th*, 1864. It is beautiful spring weather now, and the peach trees and flowers are all in blossom. I have good news to give you this time. Two young women attached to two of our young men have come from the kraals to be taught. Perhaps you will say that the motive is not a pure one. Nether is it, but Christ's net has many folds, and the best of us little imagine for how much of our goodness we are indebted to our natural affections. Their relations consent to their remaining here, but I have still to get Ketchwayo's consent. I was urging perseverance upon them the other day in learning to read. They said, 'Oh, we know that nothing is learned at once. Even our dances require long practice before perfection can be obtained.'

They are very hearty and nice, but how helpless I feel in teaching them! I am doing my best with Christina's help.

"I cannot tell you how thankful I am that you all with whom we have corresponded, have such just and true views of mission work, I mean in not being in a hurry to see the fruit of our labours; for that we must submit to wait patiently and faithfully—at the same time like good husbandmen. What husbandman having sown *good* seed ever doubts respecting the harvest, provided that God bless the field with gentle showers and the genial warmth of the sun? "I hope and pray that we may not long be left so single-handed as we are now. At the future I dare hardly look. I do my work from day to day, and pray God may provide.

"*November 29th.* You will remember the two young women who had arrived from a place a long way beyond the Black Umfolosi, wishing to become Christians, and eventually to be married to Daniel and Usandulela. Their past history has been an extremely sad one, and that more than anything else, has been the cause of their taking the step they did. Two years ago, famine at their homes caused them to pass Kwamagwaza in search of food. In passing they rested awhile, and never having seen native Christians before (except perhaps a trading Kafir), they were very much struck, and being kindly treated, they thought how they would like to be with us, but they said nothing then. Daniel and Usandulela, passing their kraal some five months ago, had a long chat with them, and they determined to follow them as soon as possible. Their father was killed when they were quite children in a quarrel with his brother. After this they were brought up to womanhood by a cousin. He again was killed by Panda, together with a great number of his tribe.

"Very shortly after this, our two friends were married to Umanembe, an M.D., and a great man who had no fewer than forty-seven wives. As may be well supposed, their married life was anything but a happy one. But it was of short duration. About four years ago their husband with nearly 200 of his family and dependents were killed. Very few escaped. Ketchwayo, to whom our friends were personally known (having when girls been attached to his mother's establishment), gave orders that they should be spared.

"When I first saw them on my return from the Tugela, I was very anxious as to how it might end for them. But they were so earnest and nice in every way, that I determined to trust that all would come right. At first I wished to go and talk to Ketchwayo, but my advisers, old Umxam, and others, would not hear of it: I might cause their whole kraal to be destroyed, &c. I sent off Heber to their kraal begging that their brother might come to me that we might consider what should be done. Heber found their brother not unwilling that they should remain with us, but he must consult his chief, Ubacela. Ubacela was extremely alarmed, and at once sent to Ketchwayo to say that on his return home he had found that the women had been missing for about three months, and that they had just found them at Kwamagwaza. He put it in that way to save himself. Ketchwayo was said to have been very angry with me for having concealed them, as he thought, and sent an Induna (a man well-known to me) and four other men, their relations, to take them away by force. Their orders were to take them home and marry them at once. If they refused to go, they were to beat them, but not actually to kill them. To me his message was that he was angry because I had not reported them to him; but he felt sure, from my past intercourse

with him and my knowledge of their customs, that I should have a good excuse to make. It so happened that I had kept by their customs exactly, *viz.*, by reporting them first to their brother. What follows was most painful to me; but I knew what I was about, and that if I had acted differently I should not have been able to bring about the happy result that I did. But I must not speak as if *I* had done it. I was only an instrument: to God alone be all the praise.

"I at once related to Umapinda all that I had done, adding, 'Ketchwayo is the ruler of the country, the people are his; I cannot oppose him; I am to blame in nothing in this matter: the women are here; you may take them away.' (I must tell you, however, that I had from the first assured the women that there was nothing in my power that I would not do for them.) The women were called. They refused to go back to their kraals; they had had enough of heathen life: they would die first. They would go to Ketchwayo, and he might kill them, but go back they never would. So they started to sleep at a kraal near. I was glad to see them go, in order that I might be able to say that I had given them up and they had gone. I sent after them, however, and called back Umapinda, made him a present of a blanket, and told him that if he wished to continue my friend he must on no account allow them to go to the Prince. He promised that he would not, and during the night, as he thought, talked them round. But the young ladies had other thoughts in their heads. In the morning they said they had changed their minds: they would go home. Umapinda's work then was at an end, and the four men started, as they thought, on their way home. But after they had left Umapinda's kraal a little way, they said they must go past the Station to get their mats: they could not think of leaving them. You may imagine

the chagrin of the men, when, instead of finding their mats, they came and sat down in the sitting-room, saying, 'You may kill us here: we shall never go.' They tried hard to get them to go, but it would not do. Umapinda was consulted, and he gave them a scolding for being so simple as to let them come back at all, adding that he had done his part yesterday. They then determined to take them by force, I having made up my mind not to interfere before a certain point—viz., until they had gone as far as they had been commissioned to go. But to take by force two strong women, was not such an easy matter. One of the men began by clutching at the younger of the two—such a gentle nice person she is—when the other jumped up saying, 'Ah! you cowards! begin with me!' and gave them a box on the ear. Upon this, all the four seized hold of her, but she bit, scratched, and struck, in a manner that soon made them let her go, and seizing an Enfield bayonet, the hiding-place of which she knew, she soon cleared the room of them. I felt that if she wounded any of them, there would would be no chance of doing anything, so I went up to her and took it from her, giving her an encouraging word at the same time. After this they got hold of her, and dragged her along the ground beating her, but not badly. During all this time I only once interfered. I saw one of them throttling her, when I went up and pushing away his hand with my foot, said, 'It will be as bad for you as for her, if you kill her!' The men soon sat down to consider what they should do. I asked them what they were going to do next: they replied that they were beaten; they could do no more. I then talked kindly to them, told them that they were their sisters; it was a great sin to ill-treat them; it would be much better to arrange for them to stay here always; that I was ready to accompany them to

Ketchwayo and plead for them, &c. To all this they entirely agreed, saying that they only acted as they did to save their own lives and those of their families, which would be in danger if they did not obey the commands of the Prince. I said they might be easy about that now; they had done all that they had been told to do, and I hoped the Prince would listen to what I had to say. I determined to accompany them there the following day.

"During the evening I had a long talk with the women, trying to comfort them. I cannot tell you how nice they were—so determined whatever might happen to remain; and they told me how they had prayed during the previous night.

"*Dec. 1st.* It was exactly midday before we started. The road was most beautiful. But I was very tired in body and anxious in mind. I went along picturing to myself how sad it would be to return unsuccessful. Often did I try to pray 'in faith, nothing doubting' that God would prosper my way; but doubts and anxieties would come back again. I thought of Elijah when his faith failed him, and tried to take courage.

"I reached Ondine about midday, and found the Prince asleep. Presently I was called in, and on being announced outside the hut, the Prince called me, saying, 'Come in, my brother. Why does my brother stand outside?' I felt as if a heavy load had fallen from my shoulders. I went in, and after the usual salutations, yes, and a secret prayer for him, I began my petition. I rehearsed the whole matter to him, and concluded by saying that I had come there not to oppose him, but to beg that the poor women might be allowed to remain with us. If he did not consent to their staying, only one thing else remained for him to do; viz., to send and *shut up the other eye* (Anglicè, kill them). One eye was already shut up (*i.e.*, they had been beaten). Only one remained: but what advantage would he gain by destroying that? 'I beg then that you will allow me to return home to *collect the bones*, and see what I can make of them. I know very well that you will answer, *Shall I enlarge the nations?* but I deny that by your people becoming Christians your strength will be diminished. Your strength is diminished by your people running away to Natal; but I wish to identify myself with your nation; and I do not call your people mine, nor wish to take them from you when they become Christians. I therefore beg most earnestly that you will spare these women, and allow them to live and bear children *for you* (*i.e.* who will be your subjects). The above is the substance of what I said. I took pains to make everything very clear to him, and put it in thorough Zulu fashion. He remained silent all the time, and for a few minutes after I had done speaking, when he said 'Yes, you may go and collect the bones.' Oh how I thanked him: I hardly ever remember feeling so grateful. He then asked quite kindly after them by name, showing that he knew them quite well. Were they much hurt? Did I think I should be able to cure them? &c. Afterwards the conversation became general: in the course of it he made a very touching allusion to my beloved wife. 'Ah! Umfundisi,' he said, 'We are very sorry for you; the insika' (pole which supports the roof of a hut) 'of your house has come down!' I am sure Ketchwayo has a good heart in him, and that the horrible cruelties which so often occur, are to be laid to the system under which he lives, rather than to him.

"Being anxious to get home for Sunday I soon took my leave. I was also anxious to deliver my good news as soon as possible. The walk took me eleven hours, and I rested one hour. During the latter part of the day it rained hard, but I pushed on, and was rewarded by the joyful welcome which

awaited me. One welcome was not there, and my heart filled when I thought how glad she would have been. Although the rain was coming down in torrents, every one came running to greet me as soon as I arrived. As for the poor women they could hardly speak for joy.

"*Dec. 4th, Sunday.* Had this been a week-day I think I should have remained in bed, I was so stiff and tired, but I managed to get up in time for Church. I felt very grateful to God for being permitted to worship with my poor friends. During the past two months I have been constantly teaching the young women Scripture history, Christian doctrine and duty: and D.V., I propose to baptize them on Sunday next. The preparation is a much shorter one than I have ever allowed before, but I feel sure that in their case I am justified. They are thoroughly well-behaved, but I know that among these poor natives it is unwise to defer marriage long, when once it has been decided on.

"*Dec. 11th.* This has been a very happy Sunday to me; the Baptisms took place. The gentle one I named 'Anne,' and the other 'Fanny.' I know that you and all our friends will pray for them, that they may abundantly adorn their Christian profession, and may soon be followed by many others.

"*Dec. 16th.* One thing that has come to my knowledge within the last few days has made me happy. From the first (nearly) of our coming to Zululand I have perceived that there was a stumbling block which lay in the way of the Zulus being allowed to become Christians. Ever since the 23rd January, 1863, I have kept it steadily in view in all my interviews with Ketchwayo, and I hope that by God's help it has now been removed. The Norwegian Missionaries, some of them, had been at work for about fifteen years, but with the exception of a

very few, who, had been given to them, they had made no converts, their Christian natives—the few they have—being Natal Kafirs. The chief reason of this I conceived to be, and Ketchwayo has over and over again confirmed me in my view—a mistaken principle upon which the Missionaries have acted, of making an *imperium in imperio*—teaching that it is wrong for Christians to continue to serve—pay the usual duties of allegiance to—a heathen ruler. Ketchwayo has over and over again frankly said to me when I have spoken on this subject, when I have protested most strongly that I had no wish to take his people from him, that to become Christians would only make them better and more faithful subjects—often, I say, has he replied, 'What? Shall I increase the nations? Shall I diminish my strength by giving away my people to other nations?' When I was last at Ondine I dwelt very strongly on this point, and I am thankful to say that God has blessed what I, his unworthy servant, said. After I left he discussed the whole matter with his counsellors with great satisfaction, and sent a message two days after to say that he had 'laid hold of that word.' A Christian Kafir, belonging to the Norwegians, happened to be there, reported all, and before a week had passed away, Schreuder went to say that he now wished his people to konza (pay allegiance).

"Immediately after Christmas, I mean, D.V., to go and introduce all my people—not as mine, but his—and I pray that God may grant His blessing, without which all our efforts will be in vain. An anxious work it will be in consequence of the weakness of the poor natives, but if it is right, we must not shrink from it because of the difficulties we may see ahead. I shall leave them as little as possible to themselves—going with them, or sending some one with them as a rule. If they behave well, I can well see how much good may come out of it.

For the time, we may say, a little Church will be bearing witness to Christ at the head-quarters of the heathenism of the country; and the Missionaries will have many good opportunities given them, we may hope, of influencing the Prince himself.

"*St. John's Day.* The marriages are, D.V., to take place on Monday next, so Christina has begun her cooking. I have never known any so earnest as Fanny and Anne are. It is quite wonderful how they have taken to civilized habits, which were so entirely new to them.

"Some years ago, finding that beginners had great difficulty in remembering Scripture names and histories, I wrote a few narrative hymns, not in verse, but as like the Psalms as possible. Not having them in print they were laid aside. But since I have had to teach these women, I have taken them up again, and am more and more convinced of their utility in communicating religious truths to an illiterate people, and I find that such hymns have existed from the earliest times in the Christian Church.

The marriages took place on the appointed day, but Mr. Robertson was confined to the house by a severe attack of illness, and was unable to officiate. Mr. Samuelson took his place. The women wished to wait for Mr. Robertson's recovery, but this he would not allow. Ten days later he was well enough to pay Ketchwayo another visit, and early in February the wagon and people were sent off to cut timber for the Church now to be built. A new Station also was formed 24 miles from Kwamagwaza, on the road to Durban, of which Mr. Samuelson was put in charge. The site was given by Ketchwayo, and Mr. Robertson said, "It was very gratifying to see how willing he granted it, before the words

were hardly out of my mouth." He thus describes it—

"It is a most beautiful spot, having splendid views in all directions, forest, river, mountain, and on clear days the ocean in the distance. I do not know any other district in Zululand of equal extent with so large a population. The valley of the Umhlatuze is very rich as well as extensive, and there are people alive who remember its being cultivated throughout its whole extent. It is now a dense bush, and the haunt of herds of buffaloes and other game. Such is war.

"Udosi, the Induna of this District, and several of his people were present at the Service we held on Sunday, and are grateful at the prospect of having a Missionary among them. It is a strange coincidence from which I take hope, that in Udosi I meet with a relation of the two young women lately baptized as you know by the names of Anne and Fanny. Nothing can be more encouraging than the kind feeling the people are showing towards us, and one old Inkosikazi (chieftainess), in whose kraal I have often held Service, means, I am told, to send an ox to Ketchwayo to thank him for what he has done."

Mr. Samuelson's account of the interview with Ketchwayo, confirms all that Mr. Robertson has said of the Prince's friendliness with him.

"We arrived at Ondine at 1 p.m. It is not customary with the people to get audience of the Prince in the afternoon, but Mr. Robertson sent a message at once to say that he wished to see him. We remained in a hut in silent prayer till a messenger called us. Having entered the quarter of the kraal where the Prince resides, we sat looking at one another for a little while, as the Zulu custom is. Then the Prince shook hands with Mr. Robertson so

heartily, that every one could see they are intimate friends. He also soon recognised me as his old friend, who in years past lived at the Empangeni, and shook hands with me most heartily. He looked very attentive whilst Mr. Robertson was speaking; when he had finished, the face of the Prince gleamed with pleasure, and he gave his consent at once, saying—'Ye are Missionaries, and do no harm in my land, build ye where you like.' All his attendants and ourselves thanked him heartily. Mr. Robertson gave him a present, and we shook hands again, and took our leave with thankful hearts.

"The place is one day's walk from Kwamagwaza on the road to Ondine and Natal. We think the ground is good, and there is no end of fuel. It is accessible with wagon from three different sides, and it is one of the most populous districts we know of in Zululand. We have called the place St. Paul's."

One advantage of this new Station over sites granted before for Mission Stations, was, that being on the road to Durban, the same wagon and oxen would serve for the Samuelsons and for Kwamagwaza, which was a great saving of expense; in the course of a few weeks we heard that Mr. Samuelson had nearly finished building a house 20 ft. by 12 ft., and a little outside kitchen, and was thoroughly happy.

Before long another deed of cruelty came to trouble Mr. Robertson; good Undwendwe, whose life was thought to have been saved when his enemies sought it before, was murdered with great cruelty. Mr. Robertson thus tells us of it:—

"*April* 6. Little did I know when I began this letter, how sorry it would make you. Good Undwendwe was killed yesterday. Just as I was finishing the last page, a lad came and told me that a large body of men had passed his kraal for that purpose the night before. I at once started for it. A most sad sight met my view. Blood was everywhere. In the first hut into which I entered one of his wives was lying dead. On going a little further I came to Undwende himself, covered with wounds, and quite dead. I cannot tell you how sorry I was. His shield was by him, the rod which traverses it broken. His hands were firmly clenched, and his teeth set, but I thought that about his eyes, which were open, there was a happy look, and I trust that he had time to commit his soul into the hands of Him who, we may be sure, will judge mercifully. In another hut I found his old mother with a fearful wound under her chin. She with two dogs were the only living creatures in the kraal. I had not been there long before three boys (friends of mine) joined us, and from them I learned that early in the morning, a force of, they suppose, over 100 men surrounded the kraal, and began their bloody work. Undwendwe, was soon overpowered. Two of his sons also were very badly wounded, but they made their escape, and have not been heard of as yet. A second wife was, I learned, lying dreadfully wounded a little way from the kraal, and the third had escaped unwounded. All the others were prisoners in a kraal close by, and with the

ttle, will be taken to Prince Umahanana's kraal. ca"I now considered that my first duty was to see what I could do for the living, so I covered the dead over with grass, and went to the kraal where the executioners (too mild a term for one of them) were staying. I spoke kindly to them at first, appealing to their better natures. I lamented what had taken place, expressed my hope that none present had been personally interested in what had been done, and

ended by saying that I meant to do what I could to cure the wounded, and hoped they would not interfere with me. Several of the better-disposed praised my mercy, but others jeered and said I must pay them blankets. I then altered my tone, and in no uncertain sound proclaimed the wrath of Heaven upon the bloodthirsty and cruel man, until the blackest of them became *pale* before me. These men have consciences, and I have reason to know that a single word often clings there like a serpent, entwining itself closer around the man's being, the more he strives to drive away. It was necessary for me to seek their consent, for they had left the two poor women as dead, and had I attempted to remove them without respecting their authority, they might have come in a rage and quite killed them.

"After this I returned to the poor sufferers. The younger was wounded in eight places. Wonderful to say, she was able to walk all the way to the station, a distance of more than two miles, but the elder was so old and weak we were obliged to put her on horseback, Adams and Usajabula supporting her on each side. They are both in the sitting-room, and most sad it is to see them, and to listen to their sad complainings. I have a hope—a very slight one it is—that they may recover, but so very little can be done for such fearful wounds. The elder (Undwendwe's mother) must be between 70 and 80. She is quite white-headed, has not been more than a few yards from her home for years, and is nearly blind.

"Poor Undwendwe! How very differently he deserved. He worked like a slave for Umahanana, building his kraal, planting and weeding his garden, and this is the return. In his time he had been in several battles, and bore the marks of several wounds. When I remarked that with one he must have had a very narrow escape, he replied so nicely, that 'the

Lord had not said he should die that day.' I added, that I hoped he had graciously spared him in order that he might end his days in His service."

Any comments on this bloody deed must seem trite and unneeded. Mr. Robertson did all that he could to alleviate the sufferings of the living. From Ketchwayo he obtained permission to keep the mother and wife of Undwendwe, so he was able to shut the mouths of whoever might wish to do them evil. Soon afterwards he wrote that he was thankful to say they were much better, and able to walk about a little. He also tried to get some of the children from Prince Umahanana, who refused them, but promised to give a child one day. He added—

"I fear we shall not be able to do much with Undwendwe's old mother, beyond feeding and clothing her. Ututose is forgiving and resigned to her lot, but the other spends her days in lamentations and revengeful thoughts. One day I told her to put such thoughts from her, and that God in His good time would visit the guilty. She replied with a grunt that it would be well if He did so quickly, she should be happy then. Another time she startled me with an explosion of breath like a puff from a steam-engine. I asked her what she meant. She named certain parties, and said, 'I wish I could blow so, and make them as sick and sore as I am.'

"Ututose is often talking of being always here and being a Christian. Once I said, 'Oh! perhaps if you get well your friends will take you away, as they did one of the women who stayed so long with us last year.' She replied with an earnestness which showed her sincerity, 'They shall kill me first. Never, never shall I again live in a hut.' I did not conceal from her how very little hope

I have of her recovery. I tell her of a better world and a Saviour. Her answers on such occasions are all that one can expect, 'I love the Lord. I delight to worship in Church. I did so even when you were from home. I know my Saviour, I know His name—Christ. I trust in Him, I praise Him.' She likes me also to pray for her."

The care bestowed on these poor women was not lost. The younger one, contrary to all expectations, recovered from her injuries, and by degrees learnt civilized ways, and better things besides. Subsequently she was baptized and is married to Martyn, one of the native Deacons trained at Kwamagwaza. The old woman also lived to desire and to receive Baptism.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Robertson had now been a sufficient time in Zululand to understand the real wants of the people, and the way in which a Mission amongst them could be best carried on. This subject naturally was often in his thoughts, and to a friend in Scotland, who had constantly corresponded with him, and taken a special interest in his converts and Catechumens, he said in one of his letters—

"There is one thing which has been occupying my thoughts very much of late. It appears to me that our beloved Church is only *learning* how to conduct missions to the heathen—a work essentially different from that which the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* has hitherto carried on among our own countrymen in foreign parts. There can be no doubt whatever, but that the Apostolic mode of sending out a Mission was, to send a Bishop at once with his little band of Priests and Deacons. However small that band might be, a Bishop was deemed a *sine qua non*. Without a Bishop on the spot, I am sure the work can never prosper as it ought. I believe that the office of a Bishop is of Divine appointment, and we cannot look for an equal blessing to follow an imperfect organization. Another point which ought ever to be borne in mind by the promoters of missions to the *heathen* is this: that such missions are, and *ought to be*, from their very nature, always

spreading and extending. A healthy Mission is like a healthy and increasing family. In a family, if the children do not increase, it will in the natural course of things come to an end. But, as children are born and grow up there are increased calls upon the parent for fresh outlay. Clothing, food, and a number of other things, must be provided. Until the children arrive at a certain age everything must be done for them—and so it is with new missions to the heathen. Unlike the missions among white people, who may be expected to do something for themselves from the very first—they call for increased outlay. After a time no doubt they too will not come behind in this duty of self-support; but we cannot expect it soon. Two points are thus suggested to us: (1) that when a Mission is established, it is not enough to provide for it only what is requisite for the first starting, but also for its expansion. And in this respect *I* have no reason to complain. I bless God for having put it into your heart, and into the hearts of so many others, to provide for this in the Zulu Mission. (2) That where it is possible, advantage should be taken of such means as God may place within our reach, to do something for ourselves on our several Missions towards rendering the work self-supporting. Now, to my mind, Mission-work is not less important to a Church, than is the building up in the faith those members already within her fold. A healthy Church ought to be Missionary both at home and abroad. The religion of Christ is essentially an aggressive religion. Herein especially it will be found to hold good, that 'there is that scattereth and yet increaseth:' and our own measure will be large or small in proportion to the measure of our liberality to others. No—the importance of Mission-work cannot well be over-estimated. But when we look at the Church of England, and compare her greatness with what she is doing to

spread the Gospel among the heathen, one cannot but be humbled, and alarmed too, to find what a faint proportion the one bears to the other.

"I am sure it is good to make use of natives largely in this work. A white man may talk till his throat is dry, and the natives will say, 'Oh that is the inheritance *by nature* of the white man, nature did not mean it for us.' It is different when they see the Christian graces shining through the black skin."

At the time that this letter was received, I had returned to England, the possibility of continuing Mission work in Africa being ended for me. But it was only natural that I should continue the correspondence with those who were still allowed to labour as before, and also by circulating the letters I received, try to make others apprehend how much need there was for the help we at home can give, to those who are seeking to bring the multitudes of heathen within the One Fold. When the Zambesi country was abandoned, the Zulu Mission re-asserted its place as the one most connected with our former life, and Mr. Robertson was already well known by his letters, to a great many friends in England and Scotland. As the number of those who wished to read them increased, it was suggested that it would be a good plan to print them, and this was the origin of the Monthly Missionary Magazine, the "NET," which I began to edit in 1866.*

A remarkable impulse had, a little before this time, been given to the work in Zululand. Two of the laymen who were with Bishop Mackenzie's party at the Zambesi, and who, after Bishop

* Published by Bemrose and Sons. Price One Penny.

Tozer's arrival, had returned to England, entreated me to help them to go back in some Missionary capacity to Africa. A printed appeal was circulated amongst my brother's friends, and so much more money was sent me than was really needed for passage and outfit, that I began to take counsel how I could best apply it.

When the idea was first suggested that a Missionary Bishopric Endowment Fund was the most lasting memorial of my brother's name, it seemed too mighty an object to be accomplished, but I was encouraged by Mr. Robertson's constant desire that a Bishop should be sent, and the late Metropolitan of Capetown, Bishop Gray, when asked if he would approve, wrote—

"*October* 29, 1866. You ask whether I will sanction your endeavour to raise funds to found a See in Zululand, beyond Natal. I need scarcely say, that I will not only sanction the plan, but that I am very thankful it has pleased God to put it into your heart to make the attempt to raise the needful funds.

"That is one of three Sees which in published appeals and many speeches, I entreated the Church, in the year 1858, to found. Of these three Sees, Zululand, Independent Kaffraria, and the Free State, the last only has been founded, though grants in support of Missions, to be headed by Bishops in each of the others, were at one time made by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. For Zululand, your dear departed brother was named, and to it he probably would have gone, had not Bishop Colenso expressed a desire to go there himself, and had not the Universities Mission at that time needed a leader. You are right in saying that my original view was, that we should stretch into the interior, from South Africa as our base, by a regular chain of Missions. I have never changed

my view, and I greatly grieve to find age creeping on, and life passing away, without being permitted to behold the establishment of Missions on a greater scale for the interior of that vast continent. The appointment of a Bishop to Zululand, will be to take a step of great importance towards the end which has been so long delayed."

Meanwhile Alfred Adams, one of the laymen to whom we have referred, had reached Zululand, and his help in the industrial work at Kwamagwaza was invaluable. In the course of 1866, Mr. Jackson, a student from St. Augustine's College, was sent to Mr. Robertson's assistance, and the Mission party thus strengthened, found every year brightening with fresh promise and hope for the future, when prayer would be answered, and a chief Pastor sent out to give permanence and solidity to the work.

But it must be remembered that during all these years, now nearly six, since Mrs. Robertson's death, the women and girls on the Mission Station were without that care and superintendence which only women can give to women, and Mr. Robertson had been earnestly begging and praying that a married couple might be sent out, because he saw, more and more, what a serious evil his widowhood had become. We at home did our best to supply the want, and readers of the "NET" will know how disappointed we were when all our attempts came to naught. Therefore it was a matter of great thankfulness when he announced his approaching marriage to a lady who had been a fellow-passenger with him to Africa nineteen years before. They were married in Durban towards the end of 1869,

and she at once began to exert the best influence upon all within her reach.

The routine of work went on much as before. At one time the letters would give hope that Ketchwayo was inclined to give his people more liberty; at another they would tell us of fresh deeds of cruelty. Still, though apparently so little had been effected in the way of Christianizing the nation, every letter mentioned some who longed for Baptism, but were deterred from asking for it for fear of their Chiefs. Once when Mr. Robertson had been asked if he was not too patient with the King and the Prince, and the possibility had been suggested of starting a new Mission elsewhere, or of threatening Panda that he would do so, where the obstacles he and his Chiefs put in the way of the people becoming Christians did not exist, he replied:—

"Your letter has moved me very much, coinciding so entirely as it does with my own thoughts and feelings. One thing, however, must not be thought of. Zululand must not be abandoned. No, not by any means. We must hope that God, whose promises never fail, will, in His own good time, cause the work abundantly to prosper here, as elsewhere. We must consider also what this work has already cost. Kwamagwaza, from being an open field seven years ago, has now become a valuable property. *Every penny* I have received has been expended upon it. Where nothing but grass could grow, fruit trees have been planted and fields enclosed, cultivated, and manured* in a manner which enables them to produce abundantly. All this must not be given up. Besides, however unsuccessful the work may be here, Kwamagwaza will always be a good point of departure for the North.

"You ask me if I am patient. I am often very impatient, and I fear at times wanting in faith, but I commit all to God and endeavour to submit to His will. Others before me have spent their whole lives in (in their time) unfruitful labours, why should not I? By this, however, I do not mean that I spare either rich or poor. All I exhort, persuade, threaten. What makes me impatient is the extreme slowness with which everything Missionary must be done. Although this is the age of steam and telegraphs, time passes away with astonishing rapidity, bringing with it, although I am still as strong, if not stronger than ever I was, forerunners of the end, to which we all of us are tending. It is this that makes me impatient.

"There is a work being done, although we may not always be able to perceive it. I feel sure that the blessed Spirit is working in many a heart in this land. Again the Zululand of to-day is very different from the Zululand described by Captain Gardiner in 1834, and the change I attribute much to the influence Missionaries have had upon them. An itinerant Missionary with his hands quite free from Station work is wanted. Such a Missionary would be equal to many Stations. If there is one thing I am more sure of than another it is that this people are thoroughly prepared for a radical change.

"Of Ketchwayo I think very well. I believe he has a good heart, and capable of being influenced for good. It would be very wrong to lay all the murders that take place to his door. The people themselves originate most of them, and I have heard that lately he has saved many, accused of witchcraft, from death. I am so glad to know that you, and I hope others also, pray both for him and the King. We always do so here publicly in the words of good Bishop Heber."

* This is abhorrent to the Zulu nation, and the fact of Mr. Robertson having improved the land in this manner is a convincing proof (if one were wanted) of the influence he has gained.

Missionary work among the purely heathen must necessarily be very slow work, with few visible results, for the Missionary in his relations with the people, can exercise no authority save upon those who accept his teaching; on all the rest, his influence depends entirely upon persuasion. But a leaven of Christianity has already begun to work in the land, evidenced in many ways. For example, within a considerable radius of the Mission Station, Sunday is observed; and it excited surprise in a heathen woman to see Mr. Robertson, who had been sent for to mend a broken limb, taking a journey on that holy day. Many say a grace before their meals, and the difference is fully recognized between Christian and heathen practices. When Mrs. Robertson was applying a healing stimulant to a wound, her patient remonstrated by saying—"You are as cruel as an unbeliever." And at this time, the great obstacle which Mr. Robertson had, in every interview with the King or Prince, done his utmost to argue against and counteract, was, *in a measure*, removed, and leave was given that the Zulus might become Christians. This was obtained by Mr. Robertson after an interview, first with Ketchwayo, then with King Panda, when, after listening to all the old arguments, and trying to avoid giving any positive answer, Panda at length said, "I agree," and paused, "I agree that all be allowed to become Christians who wish it, only I never can think of all the Zulus becoming Christians." Mr. Robertson adds:

"We must not, however, think that all our troubles are at an end, only lessened. We are in exactly the same position as Missionaries in Natal. We shall have trouble from the parents and masters of those who really wish to become Christians. Patience and forbearance, however, will overcome these difficulties.

"At these great kraals there are hundreds of girls for whom my heart always bleeds. I asked for and obtained one. After she was brought to me to the wagon quite a troop of her old companions came to see her in her civilized dress which I had taken ready for her. Several of them said, 'Oh! how I wish it had been I;' and one in particular, whom I was much struck with, said, 'I am living in the darkness of death here!' Did I see my way to taking proper care of them I could get numbers of these girls. I told Ketchwayo that he might expect me back for another, and that he was the tree I should always probe; this made him come out with such a hearty ringing laugh! I meant that he was the hive from which I should always draw honey. Bees build in hollow trees here.

"God grant that our prayers for him may be heard. He has unlimited power over his people, and is the most advanced and humane ruler Zululand has yet seen. One of his sisters is, I believe, a true Christian in her heart, but she has been forced to return me all her books, because he feared she would learn to write, and thereby be able to communicate with his brother who is in Natal.

"The finding some employment that will pay for the people presses more and more heavily upon me, but I will not trouble you about that, in which you can, as far as I know, give no help. I am sending some fibre home to see if anything can be made of it.

"I am doing all I can to get the Christians to work for themselves part of the year, as I have been paying more than £100 of wages per annum, which is too much. If you could see us, you would not find us idle.

"Oh! I am so impatient every day! It has pleased God in His Providence to peril the spread of the Gospel upon the earnestness and liberality of the thousands who already are Christians—sad it is to think of the thousands who do nothing at all—and of the exceedingly small number who at all approach the measure which God requires of them. It is sinful neglect of one of our plainest duties.

"Perhaps it is my ignorance that makes me think people in England should do so much more than they do for Missions; but I cannot help being sad when I see it is as easy to get money by thousands for earthly objects, as it is to get hundreds for the spread of Christianity.

"I have often said that I think our beloved Church has yet to learn how to do Mission work well. Let us pray to the Lord of the Harvest that more of the spirit of the early and mediæval Missionaries may be infused into it—a spirit which shall count nothing too hard, nothing impossible, when the command is given, Go forth!"

Such a spirit may well encourage us to do our utmost to strengthen the hands of this single-hearted Missionary, who has but one desire, to spend and be spent in His Master's service. The circumstances in Zululand make Mission work there very different from what it is in Natal and Kaffraria. There, there are white settlers who are glad to give employment to any who seek it; in Zululand, there is none to give employment but the Missionary himself. In Natal, if a native raises any product from the soil, he can sell it to the colonists; in Zululand there is only the Missionary to buy it. And, lastly, in Natal, a Christian may live by himself, or in his kraal with his heathen relatives: in

Zululand, he is as yet obliged to leave his home and live at the Mission Station. Mr. Robertson, in writing of this difficulty, says—

"To find some industrial work which will pay, is the one great consideration which presses itself upon me more and more. When in Natal I got several valuable hints, and I mean to try one thing after another until something answers. I have a perfect trust in Him who has hitherto supplied all our wants, that He will continue to provide all that is necessary. I have often wished for money, *in order that I might be able to advance His cause* more than I have yet done. Abundance has been denied me, but still enough to make both ends meet, has always been forthcoming. Sometimes the supply has come most unexpectedly, and I now believe that I shall never have more, the promise only being "food and raiment" from day to day, and perhaps if we had had more, we should have been less industrious, or have made a bad use of it. I do not, however, believe that all this excuses me from endeavouring to obtain by all proper means what is needful. Last week I received another favour from the Prince. For some time back we have felt cramped for room; it was represented to him by the Induna of Kwamagwaza, and the Prince ordered him to give me all I required, which he has done, about 2000 acres for cultivation and building purposes, in the presence of all the chief men here.

"The Apostles, I expect, accommodated themselves to circumstances. If St. Paul had been a Missionary to the Zulus, no doubt he would have worked with his hands as I have done. He would have told them too, as I have done, that 'if any man will not work neither shall he eat.' As I have done, he would have asked them to give according to their means to God, but if that had not been sufficient he would have applied to more favoured lands for help.

"I do not know why it is that such a desire has come over me to see you and other dear friends, once before I die. You know how I feel with respect to the departed. I believe they are nearer to us now than when they were with us in the flesh, but still there is a strong desire in the heart of man to see and embrace those who have loved and befriended them. He whose work it is knows what is best for us, and will direct our steps. In Him I trust, and to Him I commit all my ways."

This desire was soon to be fulfilled. In 1870, the endowment for the Memorial Bishopric to Bishop Mackenzie was completed, and the Rev. J. E. Wilkinson, of Rickinghall, Suffolk, was consecrated as the first Missionary Bishop in Zululand and the tribes towards the Zambesi River. After his arrival at Kwamagwaza, it was felt that the time had very properly come when Mr. Robertson might, after nineteen years' absence, re-visit his family and friends, specially as medical care was wanted for Mrs. Robertson, and they came to England for one year's holiday, where Mr. Robertson did good service to the cause so near his own heart, and gave to many a truer and deeper interest in Missionary work than they had known before. But it was not all pleasure. The little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which had lately made itself felt at Kwamagwaza, increased, and, before he left England, it was but too evident to many amongst us, that sorrow was again in store for him. These fears proved but too well founded, and the wife, who had again become the chief stay of his home, and the helper and adviser of all the women folk around, was taken from him and them, in June, 1874.

In the meantime, important changes have taken place in Zululand. King Panda is dead, and Ketchwayo has succeeded him on the throne. Though he is strong enough to hold his own, against all rival claimants, he is not able to withstand the public opinion of his chief men, and fears to commit himself to any innovations upon Zulu customs. An expedition was sent by the government of Natal, of which Mr. Shepstone was the head, to instal him as King of the Zulus, and a Magna Charta was proclaimed to which all Ketchwayo's brothers, and the rulers and councillors of the country gave their assent. Mr. Robertson was present. The four points agreed on were—

I. That the indiscriminate shedding of blood shall cease in the land.

II. That no Zulu shall be condemned without open trial, and the public examination of witnesses for and against, and he shall afterwards have a right of appeal to the King.

III. That no Zulu's life shall be taken without the previous knowledge and consent of the King after such trial has taken place, and the right of appeal has been exercised.

IV. That for minor crimes, the loss of property, by way of fine, shall be substituted for the punishment of death.

Unhappily, murders continue to be almost as frequent as ever, for the Zulu idea is that if witch doctors be suppressed, wizards and witches will have full sway and destroy many victims. But to have these principles embodied as a law, to which a Zulu may appeal when oppressed, is surely sowing the seed, even though it may yet take many years to grow and mature.

Ketchwayo is a man of considerable ability and much force of character, and he ranks far above any native chief in the country. Mr. Robertson and he are excellent friends, and any request made to him by Mr. Robertson, whether it be to spare the life of a subject, or to allow his people to be taught, or for any lesser thing, has always been most willingly granted. At one time he proposed to send his son to Kwamagwaza for education, but this has never yet taken effect. Since Bishop Wilkinson has been in Zululand, a Norwegian Missionary, Mr. Carlson, has joined the Mission, and been ordained Deacon, and two natives have been made Deacons, and plans have been formed for pushing on northwards in various directions. Perhaps, as is inevitable with new comers, his work has been more that of an explorer than one of consolidation, and at the present time it is altogether uncertain what his future plans may be. He has an idea of extending the Diocese considerably to the North.

It is, however, with Zululand, and with Mr. Robertson that we are here concerned. It may be thought that there may be more promising fields of Missionary labour elsewhere. But where the Church has begun it would be faithless to recede, and though the work is slow and carried on amidst disadvantages, there are manifest tokens of God's blessing having rested on what has here been done, and, let it be remembered for how long Mr. Robertson has worked all but single-handed. It is many years since he wrote begging to be enabled to begin a new Mission to the Amaswazi, in the North, and if reinforcements of

men and women could but go, he may yet live to see his heart's desire fulfilled. In the meantime he has been gaining experience, and has grown into the knowledge and love of the people, who all lean upon him as their best friend; and one longs that while there is yet time, others should go and learn from him how to deal with the natives.

In June of this year (1875), a Clergyman and his wife, the Rev. W. H. and Mrs. White, are going to his assistance: they will be joined on the way by a young English Schoolmistress; and Mr. Shildrick, a student from St. Augustine's, who has added some knowledge of medicine to his other qualifications, is already at Kwamagwaza. A very important work is beginning at the Tugela, combining industrial trades with more direct education, and this will tax all the resources of the Mission. There is a considerable population there waiting to be taught.

Mr. Robertson is still in the prime of life, but time passes quickly away, and if we do not seize it by the forelock, we may have to rue the loss of opportunities wasted, and talents unused. Let him then have all the help and encouragement that can be sent to him, and may God overrule all mistakes for good, and bless every endeavour made in His Son's name, to carry the Gospel not only to the Zulus, but to all who are settled in Zululand.

When the Memorial Mission to Bishop Mackenzie was fixed to be in that country, it was in the hope, that from it ultimately, the Zambesi would be reached, but it was not expected that this could be done in one generation; and to plant both feet on a firm basis, before moving

onwards, was the definite idea of the common expression about a chain of Mission Stations reaching from one to another.

It is still hoped that in time the lonely grave on the Shiré may be reached from Zululand, but there is a greater obligation than there was even ten years ago, for securing the permanence of work already begun in Zululand, now that the Gospel is being carried to the Zambesi, and to Lake Nyassa by the direct route from the sea on the East Coast. May God speed the labours of all who are engaged in this blessed work, and in His own good time, may all unite from the North and from the South, and from the East, and join in ascribing all glory and praise and honour to the Lord, Whose last command was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

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